THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Ingersoll Time

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EDITORIAL

The Dollar Watch Where Is It?

IT'S a shock to walk into a store and find that the Ingersoll Yankee—the watch that made the dollar famous—is $2.50. Probably when we tell you that you're getting the Yankee today 29 cents cheaper than you could have bought it in 1896 when it was a dollar, you will decide that we are trying to beat Hans Christian Andersen at his own game.

Yet that statement is not a fairy tale, unless the U. S. Census and the New York Times Annalist are engaging in romance.

First, we assume you've noticed that the dollar has shrunk. But you may not realize—and here we turn to the census and the Annalist figures for confirmation—that the 1920 dollar is worth in buying power less than one-third the 1896 dollar. The 1896 dollar was *the* dollar the Ingersoll Yankee first made famous.

That dollar makes the 1920 dollar look like thirty cents. You get thirty cents' worth of commodities today for the dollar bill that bought you 100 cents' worth in 1896.

To put it the other way, it takes $3.35 in 1920 to buy what a dollar would purchase in 1896. So, to represent *exactly* the same thing as the Dollar Watch in 1896, the price should be $3.35. But it is $2.50—and thirteen cents of that is war tax.

Obviously, if $3.35 in 1920 will buy only what a dollar would in 1896, a bit of simple mathematics will show that $2.37 in 1920 will buy only what 71 cents would have bought in 1896; which makes that remark about getting the Ingersoll Yankee twenty-nine cents cheaper than in 1896 pretty logical, doesn't it?



This man woke up in the middle of the night and wanted to know the time. To find out, he had to get out of bed, find the light chain, turn on the light and then let his eyes get adjusted to the glare before he could know.

This man had an Ingersoll Radiolite under his pillow. He knew the time at a glance. How about you? Only $3.50.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS



The Reliance—Extra Thin and Extra Accurate

Advertising is a funny thing! For four years, advertisements have been appearing in the leading magazines and newspapers, telling about the 7-jewel Ingersoll Reliance. And still there are probably hundreds of thousands of people in the U. S. A. who don't know that the Reliance is the *thinnest* 16-size, 7-jewel watch made in America.



It is—and it's handsome in other respects as well as a tested, accurate timer. Price, $8.00 in solid nickel screw-case—or $11.50 in gold-filled case.

How to Use Your Watch as a Compass

Take out your Ingersoll. Lay it flat, face upward, and point the hour hand toward the sun. Then south will be in the direction half-way between the hour hand and the figure 12, counting forward as the hands turn in the morning hours and backward in the afternoon.

Does your watch tell time in the dark? Ingersoll Radiolites do!

BOOK REVIEW

Time Telling Through the Ages

Did *you* know that clocks and watches were made possible by a cathedral lamp? That a preacher was America's first clock maker? That men and women once bought watches to match each separate costume?

Did *you* know that a hog bristle was the ancestor of the "hair spring" in a watch? That a watch repairer once made a locomotive so small that it could be covered by a thimble? That the first watch resembled an egg?

These are only a few odd facts from the 294-page Ingersoll book, "Time Telling Through the Ages." It is now in public libraries. Or it can be ordered from Ingersoll dealers, or at book stores. Price, $3.00.

Norman Hapgood says: "I have greatly enjoyed the book." Chas. A. Eaton of Leslie's: "I cannot recall a more interesting book."

Dr. Frank Crane: "Reading such a book as this, the American Boy cannot fail to be impressed that for him the door of opportunity is unlocked."

George B. Mallon, formerly editor of Everybody's: "You have produced a classic on watch making." Maxfield Parrish, famous artist: "Most absorbing."

N. Y. Police Kept Busy Answering "What Time Is It?"

Many People Want the Time But Have Failed to Get a Watch; Ingersolls Cost Only One-Tenth of a Cent a Day.



The New York Times has been interviewing policemen. It has found that "the question most frequently asked and repeated on Broadway is about the time o' day" and that "it takes precedence over all questions of place or directions." One policeman reports that he is kept busy for hours answering this one question.

All of which goes to prove that people must have the time and that clocks aren't to be found when most needed—even on Broadway.

A great many people, it seems, have put off getting watches because they haven't realized what a good watch they can get for a low price. For instance, a salesman who joined the Ingersoll organization a few months ago says that he once went without a watch for two years—before he "asked the dealer" about Ingersolls. Then—an Ingersoll joined him and before long he joined Ingersoll.

Have you ever thought how little it costs to own an Ingersoll? One-tenth of a cent a day! At that rate how can anyone afford to ask a policeman?

Every man or woman, boy or girl who is without a watch is advised to call on an Ingersoll dealer without delay and examine the variety of handsome, guaranteed, accurate models that make up the Ingersoll line. Prices range from $2.50 to $11.50.

VACATION



Vacationists! Ingersoll dealers the country over are ready with good stocks of Radiolite wrist watches.

But they will go fast because the Wrist Radiolite just fits the vacationist's needs—it's sturdy, it tells time in the dark, and it's where you can have the correct time with a simple twist of the wrist. Get yours today, $6.25.

COMMUNITY PLATE



The Service of Iced Drinks

INTENT on putting her guests at ease, the accomplished hostess sees the awkwardness of the ordinary teaspoon with the tall glass of *Iced Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Lemonade, Grape Juice, Sangaree, or Loganberry Highball.*

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The Romance of Tomás Dozal

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THIS Tomás Dozal, sir, was a fine chunk of a man, with bowlegs and a squint in one eye, which rendered his countenance of a ferocity when he was angered. You Anglo-Saxons are fond of saying that the Latins are ungrateful lovers and soon grow cold when their love has triumphed; but, by goodness, I will show you how a Latin can love and how tenderly he remembers the object of his adoration, even though years and years have rolled by. Wait, and you will hear the story of Tomás and little Antonia.

Now, Dozal was a dashing, fiery fellow and he had a rough, harsh way with him. Moreover, he was possessed of a devil of a temper, sir, which made him feared by the other young men of the place. But Antonia did not fear him; no.

Antonia was nothing short a child when her mother noticed with much restlessness how often a man of very doubtful behavior walked on front of the house, gazing unceasingly towards a window. Her curiosity demanded an explanation as to whom that devil was promenading along the sidewalk on front of the house for, and with the instinct of maternal defense she got a heavy, short pine club and patiently waited.



He Had Grasped the Hand of His Adored Idol and Was Sighing to Express How Beautiful That Night Appeared to Him

The clock of the cathedral stroked lugubriously ten o'clock with a monotonous intermittence that revealed the tiredness of that ancient Spanish timekeeper, donated to the church by a viceroy one hundred years before, when Antonia started to unfasten the rusty and massive irons which barricaded her windows. Tomás, concealed under the shade of a weeping willow near the corner of this shrine, began to advance towards his goal stealthily. He had grasped the hand of his adored idol and was sighing to express how beautiful that night appeared to him; yes, the hands of the two innocent and unsuspecting lovers were still tightly interlocked, their hearts fluttering through a delightful sensation, their breath held and a heavenly scenery in their minds, when a swift blow on the ribs of Tomás Dozal broke the sepulchral silence.

Taken at the cruel surprise, Tomás grunted and broke loose from the fingers he had so reverently kissed, intending to run to save his hide, but a second contact between the club and his head delayed him. Justly fearing a third aggression, this modern Romeo applied to his aid a pair of legs that moved quicker than a sewing machine, and the old woman, disappointed at the now inactivity of her club, abused for a long time the daring interloper who had already escaped safely beyond the limits of the city.

Was it not sad, sir, that these faithful lovers should have been so brutally separated? They had been lovers since the day when Tomás espied Antonia returning from school, dandy in a blue dress and blue shawl, with white stockings on her charming legs. He gazed at her with devouring eyes and heaved a sigh; he whispered "*Adios, Chula!*" as she went past; and Antonia, who was fourteen years old then, smiled dazzlingly on her first lover.

The next time she went by to school, with her rosy cheeks and white, white teeth and charming legs, Dozal was emboldened to murmur, "*Me quieres, Chula?*" to which the lovely Toñita replied, "Yes. But do not tell it to anybody, eh?" Which was not so bad for her age, at that, sir!

This Antonia was very beautiful. She had thick, silky black hair and eyes of velvety softness. They seemed to say, "You like me, do you not? Well?" And they were violet in color. By goodness, violet eyes are nice! Do you not think so, sir?

Her father, Ynez Jiménez, was a steady, honest laborer who had, through efforts of hard toil and economy, placed himself in a rather independent position. The old man was the owner of a carpentry shop, centrally located in the town of Mezquital. He had about fifteen skilled laborers toiling daily under his eye and he owned a little adobe house with a fruit grove, and with red roses, nards, jasmines and carnations scenting the air with their perfume of luxury. Inside was a small hall furnished in oak, very carefully polished, and here and there were images, framed and adorned with paper flowers.

Also he had a buggy drawn by a mare as old as her master, and a cow which fed itself in a stable very pleasantly.

But Señor Jiménez was cursed with a very strong-minded wife, a woman of much virtue, but disagreeably religious and fond of cleanliness, who entertained ambitions not at all in keeping with his own ideas. She had a mad desire to elevate her daughter to a social position far above the one they occupied, and therefore educated her with the utmost care, paying for same as if Antonia had been an offspring of the *aristocracia*. Indeed, she had nothing in mind but that the girl should ensnare some rich landowner who, by coming into the family, should give a polish to their name. For these reasons she had no use whatever for poor Tomás Dozal, who was not a bit the sort of husband she wished for her sweet wildflower.

"What difference does it make to you that Antonia should have a sweetheart?" demanded her husband displeasingly. "What of it? Have you forgotten how young you and I got married? Were we not as crazy and fond of each other as these poor children may be?"

"But in the name of heaven," she replied to him, "is there any comparison to be considered between you and that—that ——"

"That what? If Antonia's sweetheart has not come around clad in a duck's-tail coat, you are the only one he displeases. To you he is just a common *pelado*, not worthy of consideration. But I don't think the same as you do. No, no, no! In accordance with my steady principles none but a hard-sweating workman shall ever take Antonia from this house. So you had best quit your foolishness, woman, and come to bed. Trying to give a certain course to a stream! If our daughter's heart is conquered you might scratch your head to the extent of digging your brains out, but you could not bring her back to us. Antonia is not ðurs any longer."

The mother shed tears of mortification, sir, and retorted that this Dozal was nothing short a bum and never held a job, anyhow. So they argued back and forth and did not arrive anywhere; but a similar scene to that which resulted so disastrously for Tomás' ribs was enacted with frequency, for the obstinate fellow would not easily give up the girl who loved him. He came back night after night, and the cranky old woman went without sufficient sleep in order to wait in ambush.

Perceiving at last that she could not change the course of a stream and that her stupid husband spoke truth, the Señora Jimínez thought of a devilish scheme to make trouble between the lovers. She determined to encourage the advances of one Miguel Gonzales, whose father owned a great plantation not far off. Now this Miguel had a beautiful mustache and all the girls were crazy about him, sir, with the exception only of Antonia.

"He is a mustached woman and a fool," the shy young creature declared to her mother. "He makes me sick the way he looks at himself in the store windows all the time!"

"But his father owns El Fresno and a palace in Durango!"

"I'm not thinking of marrying his father," retorted Toñita.

Nevertheless, she was flattered by the attentions of young Gonzales, merely because they made the other girls jealous. This often happens, do you not think so, sir? So whenever Miguel appeared outside on front of the house she rewarded him with a smile or perhaps a motion of the hand from her window. And Gonzales strutted up and down, sticking out his chest and thinking what a terrible havoc of love he was working up in Antonia's heart. What do you know about that!

"Who is the *hombre* that I saw promenading on front of your house last night?" Tomás demanded of his sweetheart very resentfully.

"Oh, just a cousin of mine."

"Hem!" said Tomás. "These cousins! He had best take his walks in another part of the city, else there will be a vacancy in the family, girl."

Antonia laughed, well pleased that she had made him angry. But she had to stroke his chin and look at him with a very lovely expression, sir, before she could coax him back to good-humor, for Doza! acted surly and thoughtful.

The very next night an unfortunate thing happened. As Tomás was hiding in the corner of a ruined wall, watching the window of his sweetheart with the intent and anxious gaze of love, who should come strolling along but this Miguel Gonzales. He was dressed like a stiff-neck, sir, and smelled very sweet because of the plentiful perfume he had sprinkled over himself. Dozal sniffed and then he gritted his teeth.

"Aha!" he muttered in a suffocated voice. "What is that scoundrel of a cousin doing there?"

It soon became apparent what Miguel was doing, sir. He promenaded past Antonia's window several times and just as it grew dusk he began to sing. Toñita, poor child, being unaware that Tomás was lurking near like an evil spirit bent on destruction—you see, sir, the treacherous wretch had told her that he was going away for a few days into the country after some goats; yes—unsuspecting Antonia opened her window ever so little and let drop a flower. All that Dozal could discern was her slender white hand and the window closed again immediately.

Gonzales seemed transported with delight. He ran to pick up the flower, and at that very moment Tomás Dozal leaped from the gloom like a mountain lion, right upon the back of Miguel. They struggled a moment there under her window, but the scented son of riches was no match for the bow-legged *pelado*. Tomás soon had him at his mercy. He wrested a knife from Miguel's grasp and stuck it into his ribs very opportunely. Then he grabbed the flower from the ground and ran. By goodness, yes, he beat it!

Now Tomás knew that the sword of authority would fall and chop him to pieces. His rival enjoyed privileges accorded to plutocrats exclusively, and the judges would do the bidding of his powerful father. Therefore, Dozal did not let the grass grow under his feet, but traveled as fast as he could, out of that city and into the wilds.

He aimed to go into Chihuahua and live the life of an outlaw, near to Nature and to our only Maker. Accordingly he headed north, and never rested until a safe distance had been put between himself and the *jueces de acordada*. Once he saw a bunch of his pursuers ride past while he was hiding under some rocks, and another time an old wrinkled woman from whom he begged a *tortilla* and some beans told him that soldiers were out searching for a murderer thought to be skulking in that vicinity. Yes; they hunted him like a beast of the jungle. But Dozal was a tiger in stealth and daring, sir, and he eluded them.

He penetrated far into Chihuahua. By a fortunate chance he was able to steal a horse from a small rancho and shortly afterward, falling in with a woodchopper who was on his way to find a revolution he might join, Tomás felled him by an unexpected onslaught from behind and possessed himself of a rifle and fifty-five cartridges. Being now fully armed and equipped he was sure of obtaining food and shelter wherever he might find himself. Accordingly he went forward with a stout heart.

Yet the image of Antonia remained always in his memory, as after the tempest the rainbow appears in the sky. Sometimes he raged in jealous fury; again he was all tenderness. On one point he was firmly resolved—namely, he would see her again some day at any cost.

General Pablo Urbina had his headquarters at Tres Hermanos plantation, sir, when this Dozal rode into our camp.

"Tell your general," he shouted in a loud voice to the first soldier he saw, "that a lion of the mountains has arrived to aid him." What do you know about that!

When he was marched into the presence of the terrible Urbina the latter eyed him a moment and gave a grunt.

"What do you want?" he asked. "You look to me like a tough guy. What're you doing here?"

"I have come to join you," said Tomás, bold as a lion. "I am here to show your Chihuahua bunch how the men of Durango can work and fight."

Pablo Urbina, he grunted again. "Fine!" he said. "But to tell the color of a mule I've got to have the hairs in my hand. We will soon find out about you, *hombre*. Take charge of him, Don Darío."

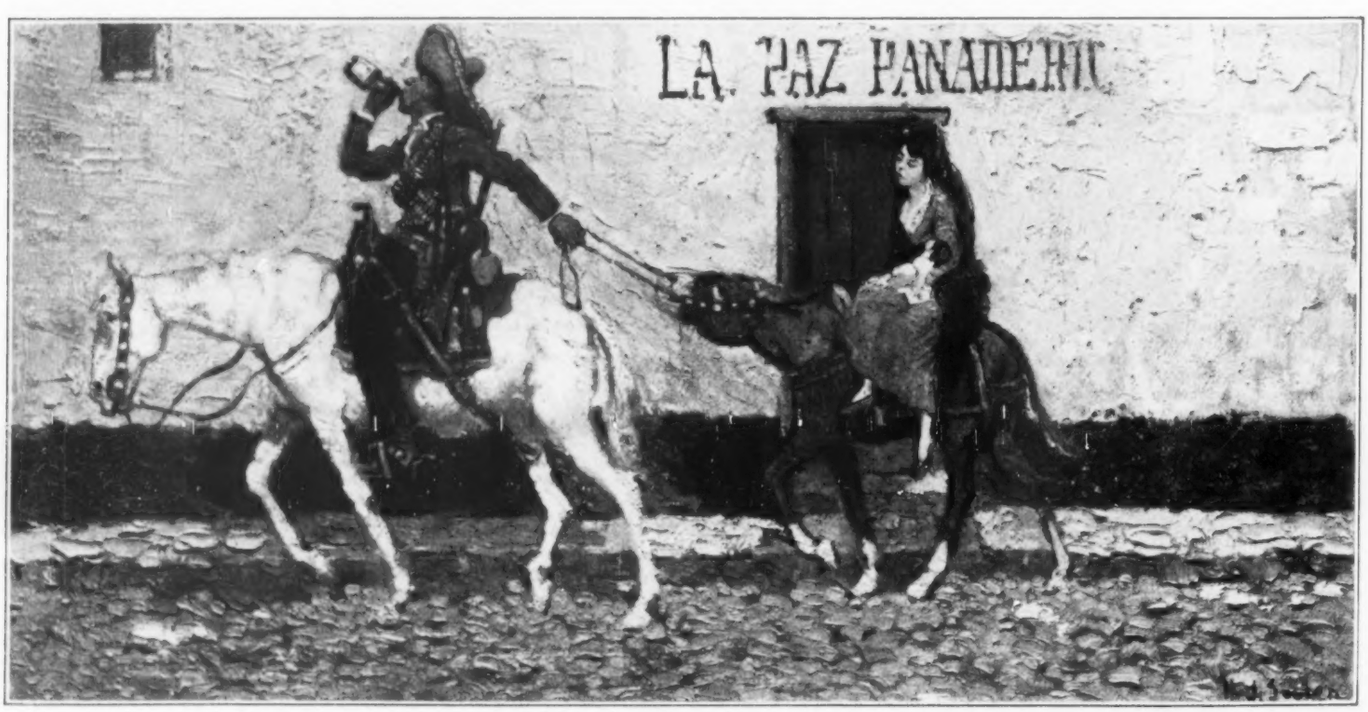
Well, sir, I put Tomás with my own command, and inside a month he was a sergeant. Yes; you never saw such a worker, and whenever any other soldier disputed what he said Tomás beat him up. It was apparent to us all that he was cut out for higher things and his rise was rapid.

Meanwhile Toñita was left desolate. She had heard the noise of the scuffle outside her window, but she could not guess the cause of it. How could she, when the perfidious Dozal had assured her that he was going into the country for a few days? Therefore, her chagrin and grief were terrible when she learned next morning what had occurred and that her sweetheart was now a fugitive from a justice that cried out for his blood.

Pity poor Antonia, sir, in her hours of penance and anguish. She had lost her lover. Oh, why had she been so foolish as to give him grounds for jealousy? This was a question she asked of her soul over and over again; but I think she deserved to suffer for treating her lover so mean. What is your opinion?

Yes; Toñita bitterly regretted the girlish impulse that had prompted her to encourage Gonzales, whose memory she now hated—for with the instinct of her sex she blamed the luckless fellow for the predicament in which she had landed herself. Perhaps if he had died pity might have entered her heart; but the knife glanced off one of his ribs so that Miguel suffered nothing worse than a bad wound, of which he was well in no time.

(Continued on Page 73)



So Antonia Went With Tomás and the Army

A VICTORY DANCE

By Alfred Noyes

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



THE cymbals crash,
And the dancers walk
With long silk stockings
And arms of chalk,
Butterfly skirts,
And white breasts bare,
And shadows of dead men
Watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men
Stand by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball.
They do not reproach,
Because they know,
If they're forgotten,
It's better so.

Under the dancing
Feet are the graves.
Dazzle and motley,
In long bright waves,
Brushed by the palm fronds,
Grapple and whirl
Ox-eyed matron
And slim white girl.

Fat wet bodies
Go waddling by,
Girded with satin,
Though God knows why;
Gripped by satyrs
In white and black,
With a fat wet hand
On a fat wet back.

See, there is one child
Fresh from school,
Learning the ropes
As the old hands rule.
God, how that dead boy
Gapes and grins
As the tom-toms bang
And the shimmy begins!

"What did you think
We should find," said a shade,
"When the last shot echoed
And peace was made?"
"Christ," laughed the fleshless
Jaws of his friend;
"I thought they'd be praying
For worlds to mend;

"Making earth better,
Or something silly,
Like whitewashing hell
Or Picca-dam-dilly.
They've a sense of humor,
These women of ours,
These exquisite lilies,
These fresh young flowers!"

"Pish," said a statesman,
Standing near,
"I'm glad they can busy
Their thoughts elsewhere!
We mustn't reproach 'em.
They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
"So were we!"

Victory! Victory!
On with the dance!
Back to the jungle
The new beasts prance!
God, how the dead men
Grin by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball!



BABEL

By HUGH MacNAIR KAHLER

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

THE clouds, which floated whitely above the stacks drew Matthew Trafford's eyes. They were little clouds, woolly and shining in the slant of the morning sun, and they made Trafford think of children, tubbed and starched and spotless, venturing joyfully on forbidden ground. The clear cobalt sky beyond and above them increased his sense of impropriety, affront. There was no room for clean little clouds and open sky where the mill stacks lifted from the ranks of low brick buildings and serrated glass roofs. Both seemed to trespass impudently, mocking the impotence which clutched him, malicious and witless as the sudden paralysis of strong muscles. They harmonized with the stillness which lay over the mills like an invisible, suffocating blanket, a silence infinitely more disturbing than the wonted clamor of the shops.

Distracted by the unwholesome brooding quietude, Matthew Trafford's mind refused to focus on his problem. He struggled against a persistent diffusion of attention. He must think somehow—think straight and fast. It wasn't as if there was someone else with whom to take counsel. This was his affair, his only. Not even the men at the chamber of commerce—his lip twisted at the thought of them, intimidated, pacific, wagging their heads and urging compromise. He straightened his shoulders suddenly, his own defiant impulse stiffened by the memory of those flabby, frightened weaklings.

The first thing was to protect the mills. There would be no trouble for a day or two while the men enjoyed their holiday and ate up their wages. But after that—a kind of terror woke at the thought of what might happen to the plant at the hands of two or three thousand fools, led by two or three rascals. The wire barriers wouldn't stop a rush. There must be men to do that, men with sawed-off shotguns and the will to use them. Militia would be less effective than guards of the professional type. He crossed quickly to his desk and spoke into the telephone. He'd get into touch with McKenna, of the Employers' Service, over the long distance and arrange for a couple of hundred special guards. The mills would be safe at the worst of it.

As he replaced the receiver the sound of a turned latch startled him. He wheeled abruptly, tense with the wakened fear of an attack—not a personal, physical danger to himself, but a threat against the wired glass and intricate machinery which were more intimately a part of him than his flesh. The tension smoothed gratefully under Margaret Patton's quiet eyes. He had a stab of shame for his alarm.

"A committee," she announced levelly—"Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Perry and Mr. Wolff. I thought you'd see them."

"Yes."

He had bristled at the first word, fancying it referred to a delegation from the men. These fellows would only beg him to surrender, as they had begged him last night. Donaldson, with his installment furniture in half the cottages along the river; Perry, aghast at the thought of no customers for his restaurants; Wolff, anxious lest his sales of silk shirts and three-dollar neckties be diminished. White mice, these. He felt a compassionate contempt for them as they filed in, patently afraid of him under their air of importance. He jerked his hand carelessly toward chairs, nodding his greetings. They sat, exchanging glances of encouragement. Donaldson was the spokesman.

"We represent the chamber of commerce, Mr. Trafford," he announced. "After our informal conference last night the executive committee talked it all over, and we came to the conclusion that the best thing would be to compromise. The town can't afford a strike."



"Think of the Blood in Us, the Men Who Chose to Fight Their Way Back Into the Hills and Make a Nation in a Wilderness"

"Bad for the installment business, eh?" Matthew Trafford was vaguely puzzled at his hostility. Donaldson, plump and soft and pompous, irritated him suddenly. "That's your trouble—all of you. You can't see anything but your own pockets. You make money faster when my men are overpaid. Never occurs to you that I have to find the money to pay them with.

"The town can't afford a strike, you say? What do you mean by the town? The men? They can afford it all right. They're bragging that they've got funds for a three-month lay-off. Or perhaps you mean Donaldson and Perry and Wolff, eh?"

"We mean the whole community," said Perry with a touch of spirit. "You don't realize that so far as business is concerned the mills are the town. Everybody in Trafford depends on the mill pay roll. When that stops we all stop."

"Glad you see that, anyway," Trafford chuckled. "Because it's come to the point of deciding, once for all, whether the mills close or go on. These demands would mean a loss on every tire we ship. It's a choice between winning this strike and putting up the shutters. And if you fellows have got that far toward the facts there's a chance that you'll finally see where you stand and help me instead of whining about a dull week or two. But I don't need you. I can fight this out alone, and I'm going to. That's final."

The three emissaries consulted with aggrieved eyes. Wolff spread his hands in an eloquent gesture of helplessness, tilting his head to one side. Donaldson returned to the argument, his voice sullen now.

"In other words, you're ready to bankrupt the rest of us for the sake of your own profits," he declared. "You'd rather ruin Trafford than reduce your own ——"

"I've just told you that there's no question of profits. If I grant these demands I'll lose money on every tire."

"Oh, come, we're all business men here!" Wolff grinned. "Boost your prices a little like all the rest."

"Pass the buck to the consumer, eh?" Trafford spoke evenly. "That's the easy way out—for almost everybody. But it won't do in my case. I'm selling in competition with manufacturers who can cut my costs from five to twenty per cent and still show profits. On quality I've managed to get a shade more than most of them or I'd have gone under long ago. I know my market, gentlemen. Another penny on my prices and my sales won't drop—they'll stop."

He saw that they did not believe him.

"Trafford's no place for manufacturing," he went on, faintly amused at their stupidity. "I have a longer haul on rubber and cotton than the Akron factories; my coal costs me a dollar a ton more than they pay; and I'm farther from my market on top of that. The one item which has kept me in the running is the labor cost. I've had a bit the best of that so far. Now you ask me to pay more than any other tire maker in the world. It can't be done."

Again he was conscious of disbelief. These men, in his place, would have lied. They were accordingly convinced that he was lying. Perry, slight and undersized, voiced what was clearly the common attitude:

"If Trafford's such a rotten factory site, it's funny you picked it out. There wasn't anything here when you started. You could have gone anywhere."

"Yes, I could have, but I didn't. And because I didn't, because I located here and fought my way through the bad days, there's a city here now—a city big enough to have a chamber of commerce and to support a profitable department store for Donaldson and a string of eating places for Perry and a plate-glass haberdashery for Wolff. And if I go under it won't be long before Donaldson and Perry and Wolff will be there with me. Don't forget that."

Wolff snickered.

"If I don't go bankrupt till after you do, Mr. Trafford, I wouldn't worry. What worries me is that maybe I go first. I ain't got behind me what you got."

Trafford understood that he aimed at flattery in this arch disbelief, the sort of flattery which would have been effectual in his own ears. He checked an impulse to put the truth before them, to make them understand how near the edge he stood. What use? They couldn't help him, but they might hinder. Even cowards can whisper. Let them cling to their conviction that he stood for nothing but an undiminished profit for himself. They could understand that at least. Each of them would fight for his

pocket's sake. He became suddenly aware of the basic difference between himself and these others—the essential contrast which had eluded him till now.

They built nothing. Each in his own way, they waited for stronger men to create, spying for a chance to profit when the task was done, without the toil and strain and turmoil of construction. Trafford's prosperity had drawn them here; they had not helped to make it. He rose abruptly, impatient of their presence.

"There's no use in discussing it. I told you last night that I was going to fight this out to a finish. That stands. I'm going to break this strike so small that nobody'll ever try to put the pieces back together. I don't want any help and I won't take any hindrance. The man who gets in the way is going to get hurt—that's all. If you and your pussy-foot crowd of profiteers don't like it you can say so. That's your privilege, but it won't get you anything."

"Very well." Donaldson wrapped a pursy dignity about a bruised self-importance. "We've tried to warn you. If you'd be reasonable we'd stand with you to compel a just compromise. But this attitude means that you're against us as well as the men. You'll regret it, Mr. Trafford. No man is big enough to fight a whole community."

"That depends on the community—and the man," Matthew Trafford laughed. "I built this town of yours with my two hands, and I'm able to run anything I ever built. And if I can't run it perhaps I can break it. There's something to think about, Donaldson. Good morning."

The telephone signal hummed softly. He lifted the receiver, deliberately ignoring their presence. He had forgotten the long-distance call in his wakened joy of conflict. The wires smoothed into silence and a rasping, abrupt voice came to him.

"McKenna speaking."

"How soon can you deliver two hundred special guards at Trafford? I want men who won't be afraid to shoot."

McKenna pleased him by revealing an accurate knowledge of the situation. A glow of fellow feeling warmed him toward the man at the other end of three hundred miles of wire, blunt and forceful and competent. He took pains to make the tenor of their brief interview clear to the listening three. As he rang off he faced them happily.

"You're at liberty to spread the news. I'll have the mills under guard after to-morrow morning. There won't be any broken windows to replace when this is over. That's all."

He felt better when the door closed on them. After all, without intending it, they had helped him. Their counsel had been just the provocation he had needed. He knew now that he would win. There was none of the weariness, the depression of last night, left in him. He pressed a button inset in the wide desk and, after his fixed habit, he began to dictate as Margaret Patton entered.

"That's all," he said presently. As she rose a dim consciousness of something unfamiliar in her aspect came to him. "A moment," he checked her halfway to the door.

She turned, her eyes meeting his evenly. She seemed in some indefinable fashion to convey a disapproval. He felt a slow, wounding irritation. If this woman stood against him, too—the thought made him aware of the degree to which he had come to depend on her. As far as he could delegate his burdens and responsibilities, she was in some sense his only lieutenant. No one else stood very close to his confidence.

"You—you don't think I can beat them, Margaret?"

The tone was personal, almost pleading. He felt a strange suspense as he waited for her response. Her opinion was worth having for its own sake, but it was something else he wanted from her, something distinct from advice, suggestion. A need of supporting loyalty, of sympathy, woke in him.

"I'm quite sure that you can," she told him. "You don't realize how strong your position is. You can win in a week if you use all your advantage."

The words delighted him. His contempt for the opinions of other people did not extend to Margaret Patton's ideas. She had a quality of caution in her speech with which he was respectfully familiar. And she knew his affairs almost as intimately as he knew them himself. If she felt so sure of success—he checked an exuberant restatement of his intent. His ear detected a want of enthusiasm in her voice. He hesitated, studying her gravely.

She faced him, a tall, erect figure, with a kind of pliant solidity suggested in her poise. She made him think of a tall, slender tree, willing to bend, but firmly and deeply rooted below the seeming complaisance. He found himself analyzing her face, confronted for the first time in their relation with an inner question concerning its claim to beauty. There had been no time or place for softness in his life; women interested him only when they impinged on his considerations of business, and only then as possible factors in business equations. Now, strangely, he wondered whether Margaret Patton was homely, after all.

He had been comfortably sure that she was. Pretty women, in his experience, made poor employees, concerned inevitably with masculine admiration and predestined to marry when they should have been yielding dividends of efficiency on the investment of their schooling. If Margaret Patton had impressed him as even feebly pleasing to the eye he would not have taken her so far into his inner confidences. He had assured himself when David Patton died that Margaret would develop into one of those modern old maids who devote to business all the passions and hopes and hungers which other women divide between husbands and homes and children. Her willingness—in the absence of any pressing need—to enter his service had seemed to him to argue that she would stay there. Business to her would be something more than a way of earning money, employment for empty hours. He had felt a sense of accomplishment in securing her.

So far she had justified this. She had neither sacrificed nor intruded her individuality, but rather formed it to complement his own. Without command she saw to an

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"I Had to Come," She Whispered. "I Tried to Stay Away, But——"

THE RUHR AFLAME

The Red Capital

By WILL IRWIN

WE HAD left the dwindling siege of Wesel, the wire hound, the Herr Professor and I, to find insurgent headquarters in the roaring Ruhr and to discover what the whole row, which we had seen too closely for a general view, was really about. The wire hound is the correspondent of a great American press bureau and knows no fear except that he will be separated for more than six hours from a telegraph key; the Herr Professor, a German, teaches modern languages in Düsseldorf and had—partly because of his long residence in San Francisco—been joined to our expedition as interpreter.

How we chased up the miniature war in the Ruhr until we found the Reichswehr half besieged in Wesel; how every day we shot the Rhine bridge through the fringes of a battle at the bridgehead, back and forth between Wesel and a telegraph connection with Paris which we had found in Belgian occupied territory; how we were sniped at by insurgent riflemen while in the Belgian zone, thus making ourselves a minor international incident; how the wire hound, by intelligent planning, scooped all his hated rivals; how he was ordered to insurgent headquarters at Essen, thereby wrecking his hopes of Easter at home—these things I have set forth in a previous article.

Now all this time both the strategy and spirit of the miniature war at Wesel had been puzzling us. The provincial German newspapers, creeping scantily into the little farming town where the Belgians held an advanced headquarters, reported one day that there was a forty-eight hour truce. Almost simultaneously silence settled over the lower courses of the Rhine. But it lasted only six hours. Then they were at it as hard as ever, with rifle fire, machine guns and artillery. Every few hours would come these complete lulls; then the battle would break out again.

Other things puzzled us. The Reichswehr government troops said that they were merely doing their duty by putting down red anarchy on behalf of the republican government at Berlin; yet all through their ranks I found an indefinable atmosphere of the old German Army—its prides, its insolences, even the resumption of disciplinary customs ordered abandoned by the republic. The Reichswehr without reserve called their opponents Communists, Spartacists and Bolsheviki. On the other hand, when we stopped at Düsseldorf on our way to Wesel and found the town in complete occupation of the workingmen's army, we had been solemnly assured that the real reds played only a minor part in the movement; that this was a workingmen's government, not a red government; that they were not fighting for the social revolution—at least not at present; that they were merely out to destroy the reactionary Reichswehr.

Now as we zigzagged back through Belgian occupied territory, changing and rechanging trains so as to enter the Ruhr by the back door of insurrection, the Cologne Zeitung came aboard. This stands out among German provincial newspapers as one which shows a dim idea of the nature of news. It printed prominently an agreement made that day at Bielefeld between the insurgents and the government. Under its terms the workingmen were to deliver their arms and accept what—it seemed—amounted to a general amnesty. This promised an early end of the little war.

There were further clauses, however, which made us gasp with amazement. The government was to proceed at once toward a complete socialist program. The industries,

Wehrkreiskommando V
Abtlg. Chef Nr.

Stuttgart, den März 1920.

A u s w e i s .

Herr Will J r w i n

befindet sich auf der Reise von Stuttgart nach dem Ruhrgebiet um für seine amerikanische Zeitung (Saturday Evening Post) die Ereignisse zu verfolgen.

Herr Will J r w i n

ist dem Wehrkreiskommando V als Reporter bekannt; es befürwortet eine Unterstützung seiner beruflichen Tätigkeit.

V.s.d. Wehrkreiskommandos
Der Chef des Gen. Stabes:
J.A.

Majer
Hauptm. im Gen. Stabe.

WEHRKREISKOMMANDO V · STUTTGART ·

Pass From German Government at Stuttgart to Reichswehr Front

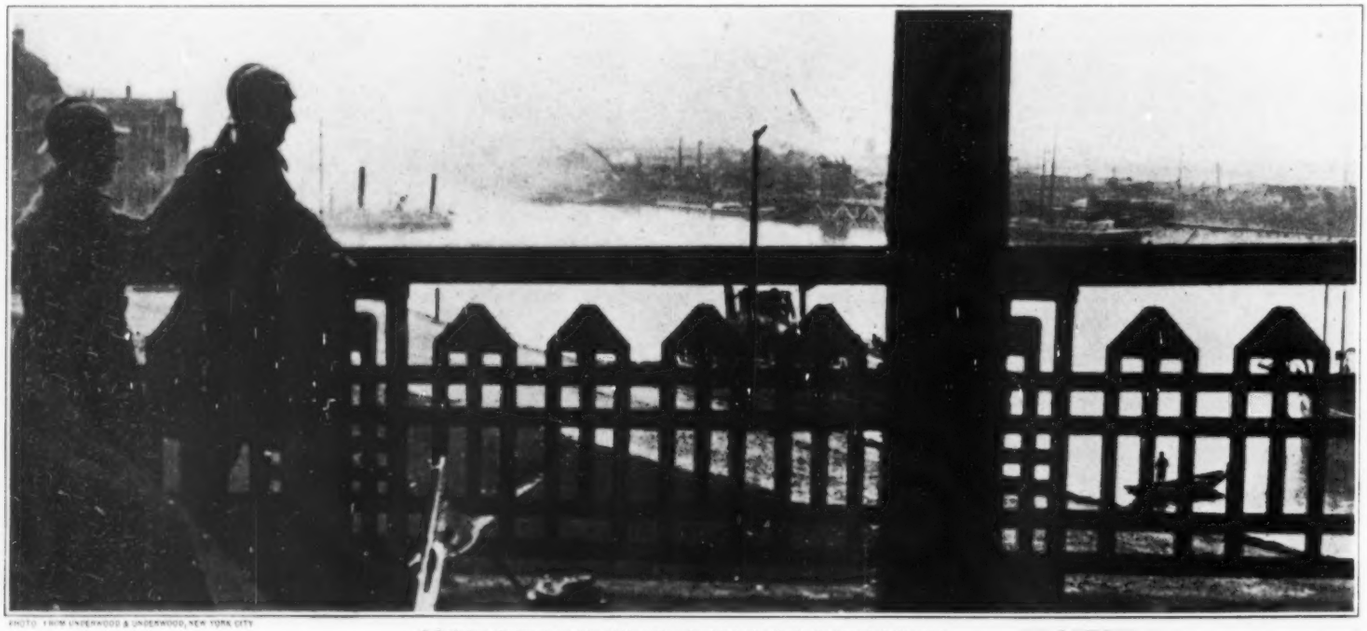


PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

A Belgian Outpost on the Rhine Overlooking the Ruhr Industrial District



PHOTO, BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK



PHOTO, FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, NEW YORK CITY

Armed Reds Who Held Full Sway in the Ruhr District Before Allied Intervention. Above—A Detachment of the Reichswehr in Westphalia

"ripe for socialization," were to be taken over at once by the workers. At that period, with cabinets changing daily and hourly, the political situation in Berlin was a mystery—even, I understand, to those on the ground. This looked like a startling move to the Left. I wanted to be in Wesel, in Essen and in Berlin all at once.

But when we finally made our way across the Rhine into Düsseldorf, that fine, spacious and rich financial capital of the Ruhr Basin, the atmosphere, though calm, did not at all resemble peace. True, the factories smoked and the city proceeded about its normal business. But the workingmen still held a tight military grip on the town. Armed guards in pairs, often with only a red brassard for a uniform, still patroled every street corner, watched every bank and station. And this was significant: Whereas a week ago half of them wore red brassards, indicating violent revolutionary tendencies, and the other half the green-and-white bands of the newly formed workingmen's police, now all colors but the red had completely disappeared. Evidently this was following the rule of revolutions—from moderation to extremes.

The Ruhr Republic

AT THE statehouse we sought out Comrade Stahl, visible representative of the workingmen's government, whom we had annexed to our staff of informants when we skipped through the town a week before. The statehouse still bubbled with the demands of citizens asking passports and privileges, the debate in heavy Germanic voices of red guards, who stood with their feet apart, their rifles hung handily over their shoulders, discussing the soviet system versus guild socialism, the treachery of Noske and even the theory of music.

Physically the statehouse had passed from a corral to a pigpen. Glimpses through the open doors, where men in red brassards worked at files and papers, showed the remains of breakfasts on floors and tables, dirty rugs and passé newspapers in the corners, piles of secondhand army uniforms, rifles, cartridges, grenades strewn everywhere without rime or reason.

Comrade Stahl, when our names came in, left his committee and took us into his private room. But for his characteristic mustache and goatee we should have scarcely known him, he had changed so in a week of work and anxiety. His complexion had become pasty, his face lined, his eyes hollow. A day later, as a matter of fact, they put him to bed, suffering from a complete general collapse.

We had sworn among ourselves not to mention in insurgent territory the guilty fact that we had come from the Reichswehr front. I think, however, that he suspected it, because he questioned us narrowly on the possible Reichswehr and Allied action if the red extremists began blowing up the Ruhr coal mines. That subject seemed to be much on his mind. Also behind everything I felt in him a note of anxiety which I was not until afterward to understand. But from him I completed the knowledge that I had been picking up all along the line concerning the organization of this extraordinary Ruhr republic, which never quite cast off its allegiance to the German Government and yet had its little day of absolute power, and I had best, I suppose, describe it here:

A government without a head, the executive power—to all intents and purposes, the legislative power—resided in a central committee, varying in number with the shifts in the politics of the affair from nine men to fourteen. Four among them composed a committee of action in charge of military operations. The legislative function was vested in a general committee, evenly divided among the Social Democrats, the Independent Socialists and the Communists. This, I was to learn later, had little real power. Like the Reichstag of the old empire, it was partly a debating club and partly a sop to public opinion. Each town in the whole Ruhr district, which must have a population nearly as large as that of Belgium, was governed by a small workingmen's committee varying in political complexion with that of the districts. In moderate Düsseldorf, where the Social Democrats are strong, the Independent Socialists rather mild, the Communists comparatively few, moderate elements held control. Duisburg was in the grip of the Communists—all red. These local bodies appointed the delegates to the general committee. The mining town of Hagen had started the movement—had been the capital for a week or so. Now the insurgent government had shifted to Essen, the industrial heart of the Ruhr Basin, and almost, I might say, of Germany. And Stahl admitted that Essen tended to be rather red.

Antimilitarist

HERE, too, I might review the history of the Ruhr republic to date.

Persistent report has it that the Communists, inspired from Berlin and probably also from Russia, had been planning an uprising in the Ruhr for about the first of April. I am not in a position to affirm or deny this rumor, but I hold it likely. The movement was too well organized to have sprung up in a day. According to the same report, the Kapp *coup d'état* of March thirteenth, followed by the general strike, afforded an opportunity too good to miss. The Communists rushed their plans, began to roll up their army, to put towns under control of workingmen's committees and on the fourth day of the general strike to advance against the Reichswehr. By the fifth day the red army had struck with terrible force the main body of government troops in the Ruhr, had routed it, was forcing the remaining detachments back on Wesel, where there followed the curious half siege which my companions and I had been witnessing during the past week. By now the zeal and spirit of the insurgents seemed to be dying out.

Yet though the Communists probably started the movement, though they were all through its nucleus, though they were eventually to become all that remained of resistance, the affair was not in spirit prevailingly Communistic. The average miner, puddler, car conductor, paper hanger or carpenter of the Ruhr who took up arms and went to the battle of Elberfeld was fighting to down the military. He was proceeding on a conviction that the Reichswehr was just as imperialistic, militaristic and monarchical as the Baltic troops who burst into Berlin with Kapp.

"If those fellows get their way they will have us fighting France again in two years," not one volunteer but twenty said to us.

In the rank and file—always excepting the Communists—it was the uprising of the cannon fodder against the cannon; the revulsion of plain German people against the system which brought on the war. The seasoned men among them were avenging four and a half years of brutal Prussian discipline; the boys were fighting to prevent its

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ENCORE LES FEMMES!



By Elizabeth Frazer

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

WHITHER is the American woman of to-day tending? What is her goal? What does she want in politics? What does all this newly loosed energy, the woman vote, portend in the future of the nation? Will women work in harness? Will they stand without hitching? What are they going to do to that ancient and honorable institution, the Republican Party, and likewise to that other hoary and rock-ribbed institution, the Democratic Party? Will this new force follow meekly in the channel of political expression already carved out by the men—or will it channelize a fresh course for itself, more sympathetic, more harmonious to its own peculiar power? Are we going to have an independent third party—a woman's party?

What is America headed for? A matriarchy? A woman President? Women cabinet members, women governors and United States senators? Will women in politics bring any fresh contribution to the business of government—or will they be mere reiterators, echoes, reverberators of men? Is America, under the influence of this slow but certain trend of the women away from the home circle out into the hard dusty highway of public life, in the process of achieving a new type of being, a sexless, defeminized woman? Can the defeminized type persist, Nature—as well as man—abhorring it as she abhors a vacuum? Can a nation endure in which sex is deflected, diverted, polarized or obscured? Is such a type in the nature of a triumph or a defeat? What force, what energy or power has set the conservative feet of women in this new path of activity? Woman herself? Man? Or the resistless, dynamic pressure from behind of a machine-driven world? Whither goest thou, woman—restless, radiant energy of the ages, unknown to man, and even more unknown to thyself?

Queries of this nature, like a buzzing swarm of bees, hovered thick in the air about a month ago in New York, at a great nonpartisan meeting called to discuss the position of women in present-day American politics. It was a semipublic, semiprivate affair, demipolitical, demisocial, where diamonds and décolletés mingled with severe tailleurs; United States senators in dinner coats sat cheek by jowl with Tammany ward heelers; and veteran war horses of the woman's movement, lean, brusque, mannish of gesture and grim of eye, hammered the new gospel of duty into the shallower brainpans of their more frivolous sisters of the social monde.

Rounding Up the Political Mavericks

THE most brilliant intelligences had been collected from New York, Boston and Washington. There were Democratic and Republican speakers; men and women speakers; speakers witty, blithering, vapid, logical, and unutterably uninspiring and dull. The women on the whole spoke better than the men, crisply, practically, to the point; but only one speaker in the entire lot attacked the subject with any breadth or originality of thought, and that one was a man.

The immediate subject under discussion was this: Why is it a good thing for women to join the ranks of one or the other of the two great political parties rather than to remain a lone, solitary kicker and iconoclast, on the outside? "Come with me, and I will do you good," was the Biblical text of both parties for the evening. And to that text the women listened. They listened enthusiastically, or meekly, or thoughtfully, or perplexedly, or cynically, or rebelliously, according to their various temperaments.

And presently, as the meeting progressed, two facts emerged in unmistakable clarity. The first fact was that so far as that particular body of women was concerned they did not want a woman's party. The second was that neither did they consider either of the two old parties such a grand, howling success that they should swallow it down whole. Either one was, in truth, a bitter dose. But the leaders explained, persuaded, cajoled, patted the women on the back—figuratively—intimating that they were good little children and fine patriots all, and that though this medicine which they were asked to swallow down looked bad, smelled bad—especially in New York!—and undoubtedly would, at first, taste bad, yet swallowed it must be for the sake of the commonwealth—not to mention the solidarity of the Republican and the Democratic parties. What an unholy thing was a split!

On one side was repugnance, more or less frankly expressed; on the other side was transparently camouflaged fear. Bosses and machine leaders of both organizations feared that this new element might bolt, stampede, scratch the ticket, do some mad, wild, extravagant deed at the last second, such as merging in one solid block to vote for a candidate they wanted, regardless of party lines, and thus disorganize and upset the prognostications and plots of the party machines. In order, therefore, to avert this terrible catastrophe, which simply meant at bottom a cleavage from the ancient tradition and a readjustment along new lines of force, both parties joined hands in the crisis, to round up the newcomers, to herd them into the corral and to hurry them to the branding iron. It mattered little, for their immediate purpose, which branding iron was employed—whether it was one marked D or one marked R; the main thing was that all should be branded, tagged, and ownership duly registered so that there should remain no wild free maverick bands roving the political plains.

Such was the fear of the politicians—an active, immediate fear lest this new unknown element might confound their calculations by crystallizing along new lines. So they started in to crystallize first. Of the power and potentiality of this newly released force they had no more idea than had the women themselves, or than Franklin had of electricity when he sent up his kite in a storm; but unlike Franklin these gentlemen did not propose to risk any shocks. They were not scientific experimenters; they were not statesmen; they were practical politicians. They were not interested in this power as a power; they were interested solely in its control.

But these astute leaders, political cow-punchers, were not alone in their fear. There were others present that night, serious men, serious and unserious women, of all types and tempers, who admitted, if not fear, at least curiosity, wonder, doubt. What the women would do in this present political campaign was indeed but the advance skirmish line of the main query. Behind it there marched, shadowy, vague, unsubstantial, yet poignant, profound, a whole host of other queries, racial, social, industrial, biological—in short, the entire shining fabric of man's and woman's united life. There was no use disguising the existence of this vast host of queries, silent for the most part, yet now and again breaking forth into sardonic or savage comment. And if now some of those comments are reported, it is not that the reporter guarantees their validity or worth, but simply that all the cards shall be laid face up on the table for inspection.

Said one man, an editor: "I've always voted for woman suffrage. I believe in women. I believe in women's rights—though I don't know exactly what those rights consist of, and I doubt if women know either; or if they are as eager to assume their fundamental obligations as they are to assume their fundamental rights. Anyhow, I voted for them. But I'm not at all sure that the American woman of to-day, of the twentieth century, is not getting off on the wrong foot. It's not this particular thing or that particular thing. It's the trend of the whole stream. Mind, I don't say it's her fault. I'm not interested in placing blame. But it seems to me that in playing her present hand the American woman is overlooking some of her best and biggest cards. She seems to be playing out of her weak suits and discarding her profoundest strength. If she keeps up that system, where we'll come out I don't know."

"I do," responded another, an essayist on social subjects, a publicist and general all-round handy thinker. "We'll achieve a matriarchy, a defeminized race of *savantes, cérébrales*, with man the court jester, the harlequin in cap and bells. Who was the Frenchman who said he would rather marry a servant than a *savante?* Some able thinker that! And wasn't it Herbert Spencer who wrote that 'Out of the many elements uniting in various proportion to produce in a man's breast the complex emotion we call love, the strongest are those produced by physical attractions; the next in order of strength are those produced by mental attractions; the weakest are those produced by intellectual attractions; and even these are dependent less on acquired knowledge than on natural beauty—quickness, wit, insight'? But speaking seriously and in the large, using the ages as a measuring rod, it appears that men and women differ along certain fundamental lines, and it is along those particular lines that we are in for trouble. It is along those lines that the nation, in my judgment, may turn some dangerously sharp corners."

A Handy Thinker's Views on Women

"WHAT are some of your vaunted differences?" demanded a woman suffragist of the party. "Now don't tell me either that I'm an aberration of Nature or an inferior animal or an undeveloped male."

"Well," he retorted with a fine smile, "one of the differences—a minor one—is the tendency of man to think in general and abstract terms, while it is the tendency of woman to reduce everything to a concrete personal issue."

"I don't!" she protested indignantly. And amid a general laugh she added: "At least, not usually. I suppose you hold, then, that if a woman thinks straight she is mannish?"

"Not necessarily. I don't conceive of gray matter as either male or female; it is just gray matter. In addition, almost every man has a streak of the feminine in his make-up; if he is that abnormal animal called the genius, he usually has a wide streak in him of woman and also of child. In like manner most women have a streak of the masculine element. There's no such thing, in modern civilized life, anyway, as a pure, unadulterated male man, or a pure, unadulterated female woman. If there were we'd lock them up! But what we do want, in my opinion, is to keep our majorities straight—keep the men from becoming effeminate and the women from becoming masculine. What I started out, however, to say was this: There is a certain more or less clearly marked line of cleavage between man and woman. It is not superiority or inferiority on either side. It is just—difference; the difference between blue and red. Man, if you conceive him as a pendulum, tends to swing through a larger arc than the pendulum called woman. He goes farther in both directions; and thus recorded history reveals on the one side more geniuses who are men, and on the other side more idiots and fools.

"But this larger swing is what I am talking about just now. This fool-man, genius-man, boy-man; man the vagabond, the wanderer, the fighter, the dreamer; man the irregular, the irrational, the unfaithful, polygamous; the adventurer, originator, inventor, philosopher; the restless, ever-questing, never-satisfied; dying at the stake for the sake of unknown truth; drinking to see what drunkenness is like; sinning to see what sin is like; toiling up to the pure stars of heaven; tumbling down into the nethermost pits of the beasts; hell-bent to test out every power this side the great white throne, to reduce it to a formula and set down that formula in a book—what, I ask, is going to happen to that full, wide, free swing of the pendulum—a swing inherently destructive and yet profoundly constructive—when woman, the conservative, the home-guarder, takes the helm?

"Won't she work to make life, society and man chemically pure? Won't she limit the swing of the pendulum at its darker extreme by declaring firmly: 'You cannot do that,' or 'You must not do this—or this'? But everybody knows that you cannot have a high light without a corresponding shadow. You cannot have a pendulum swing to one extreme without a reverse swing to the opposite extreme.

"We have to pay for our Poes and our Shaksperes. To still the pendulum on one side means to still it on the other side. And then what do you get? A race of tame tabby cats, with not enough nostalgia, wanderlust or original sin in their systems to sneak out and yowl their disgust on the back fence.

"That's what women cannot or will not understand, because of this very difference of swing I'm talking about. To give a concrete example: Personally I don't object to saloons—in moderation. I believe in teaching my son to walk past them; or even to walk into them if he wants to; or even to take a drink if he wants to. I want to put the power to guard him from drink, and every other form of vice, in himself, in his upstanding will, and not in any external law. But my wife, who represents the average woman in this respect, can't see it that way. She voted for prohibition and I voted against it—though I rarely take a drink myself—because I don't want a namby-pamby world and she does."

Reducing Woman to a Chemical Formula

"HAVE it your own way," retorted his wife gayly. "You look to your narrow little future with your theories, and I'll look to a still bigger one. There'll be enough powers of darkness for my son, and other sons, to struggle with, even with the saloon eliminated. And I don't believe in your little old pendulum theory, anyway. Is it worth to you, to your intellectual amusement, the price of happiness in a hundred poor homes?"

"It's not worth anything to me personally. I'll sell it to you for the price of a smoke. But the thing's true for all that. Since the beginning of time men have dreamed, and dabbled in science, in chemistry, in dynamics, hunting for the source of power, and uncovering in that eternal search forces which have revolutionized the world. And since the beginning of time woman, a primal force herself, has opposed him, trying to make him stick round home. I'll venture that when Galileo said to his wife one day: 'Well, my dearest, what do you think I have discovered?' Mrs. Galileo responded tartly: 'Some money, I hope. There's no bread in the house and the children's feet are on the ground.' 'No, my dear,' murmured Galileo sadly. 'Not money. Merely that the earth is round.'"

"A fat lot Mrs. Galileo cared for that!" laughed his wife. "And I have a sneaking sympathy with her point of view. Round earths butter no parsnips. A man's first duty is to his family."

"There you are!" exclaimed her husband. "There you have the whole difference in a nutshell—this difference in swing I'm talking about."

"Which side is right?" somebody demanded.

"Both. Both," replied the publicist quickly. "That's the devil of it all. That's why, with women in the saddle in judicial, executive and administrative capacities, this nation in the future has before it some dangerous curves. For woman herself is a power, a compulsive force, with certain characteristic attributes, certain attractions and repulsions, subject to laws and principles, just like any other energy—like radium, like coal, like iron. And she's releasing this power in a disturbed unstable world; releasing it, moreover, with absolutely no knowledge of its fundamental characteristics, its actions and reactions, where it is destructive, where beneficial, what it will do or fail to do. She's going it blind. And going it blind, she's apt to sell out the future stock of the nation in order, like Mrs. Galileo, to procure her children shoes."

"I know what you're hinting at," said his wife, nodding her head sagaciously, "but you needn't worry. The maternal instinct in women is too strong ——"

"I wasn't talking about the maternal instinct, madam."

"Well," said his wife, laughing as she rose, "you will be in a minute. But write a book on the subject. Get it out of your system. And I'll tell you what—put in a lot of mean, stinging things about women who don't have children but expend all their tenderness on lap dogs instead; then I'll read a paper on it before our Tuesday morning social-science club and make Mrs. Van Kidless, who has no children but three blue-ribbon Pekingese, perfectly raving furious!"

The notion of women as energy, with calculable characteristics, actions and reactions, stayed in my mind. If one somehow could get hold of their properties and attributes, formulate their constant elements, as one formulated the constant elements of water or of coal, would not such a formulation be serviceable as a guide in this new field of politics? If water, composed of two constant elements in the proportion of two to one, H_2O, could be changed by the action of heat into steam which could be applied to drive a ship, could not similarly one get hold of the constant elements in the energy called woman, and transmute them into terms of political action that would help and not hinder the world? In other words, what were woman's constant elements—her H_2O?

That, it appeared to me, was in the long run more important to determine than whether she should vote the Democratic or the Republican ticket. Thus I posed the problem to myself. But without profound knowledge of mathematics, or chemistry, or man, or woman, or politics, I knew no more how to solve the question I had asked than the man in the moon. I stood rooted in my tracks. My only solace was that nobody else seemed to know any more than I. No use to ask information of the political gentry. Those practical, astute gentlemen were engaged solely and single-heartedly in branding the herd; and after they had branded me—which they did inside of five seconds—they completely lost interest in me. What particular kind of substance they were branding, how it could best be utilized for the Government's good, these little tin gods of the machine knew as much about as they knew about the nebular hypothesis—and cared less. Had it been cattle instead of voters they were rounding up, worth so much a pound on the hoof, they could have told you with admirable exactitude exactly what you wanted to know. The value of cattle to the commonwealth lay in their ability to be transformed into beef, hides, tallow and fats; which substances in turn could be transformed into food, clothes and solid yellow coin of the realm. But the question of how to transmute woman's peculiar energy into service for the state they met with a blank stare.

"Don't you women go and spill the beans," they advised with humorous anxiety. "That's all we ask of you."

And yet, even to a casual observer, here was a big energy, recently loosed, and as full of potency as a mass of bright water tumbling over a dam. The women to whom I turned were little if any better informed than the men. One thing only was clear, and that was crystal clear: The power was there, attributes known or unknown, and that power the women proposed to use up to the hilt. A humble nonpartisan seeker after truth—which is beauty—might demand further: "But just what is the nature of the power which you've got in your hands? What are its attributes? What can it do? Will it burn, like coal? Will it drive under pressure, like steam? What are its significant actions and reactions? Under what conditions, for example, will it boil or freeze or explode?"

Water is Water—Woman is What?

"WHY—why," exclaimed one scandalized feminist to whom I proposed the query—"that power is—is—woman! And you know what woman is as well as I do. She's existed throughout the ages, a noble, glorious, sacrificed—slave! Now she has come into her own."

"Yes, of course. But when she was a slave did she still possess this power?"

"Certainly she did. But man kept her down."

"Agreed. But what did this power which man kept suppressed consist of? How did the power of the suppressed differ from that of the suppressor?"

"I don't know what you mean. Woman is woman and man is man."

"Yes, and water is water and rocks are rocks. But it was not until Robert Fulton, experimenting with water in the form of heated vapor, discovered that under pressure it could be utilized to drive a ship, that America entered upon the steamship era that revolutionized trade; and it was not until it was discovered that certain black carboniferous rocks in the earth were cheaper and better to burn than trees that America entered the age of coal. And steam and coal have remade our world. The water existed before and the coal existed before, but it required the genius of America to tie up their dynamic properties to the modern world. Now in the same casual offhand manner she is tying up the dynamic energy of women to the political machine. And it is a fair question to demand: What are the salient attributes of this energy which distinguishes it from other energies, and what is it going to do?"

I fared no better with the feminist than with the political range rider. Both deeply distrusted me. The politician suspected me of being a maverick, and the feminist accused me openly of being a traitor to my sex and to the cause of political freedom for which women had fought so valiantly and long.

A misogynist, who turned up in my search, desired me to state bluntly the truism that woman is an inferior animal. I promised him I would. He took down his Schopenhauer and read gleefully the proofs that woman is nothing but a pale moonlike reflection of man. All this

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GRAVEY

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

WHEN Esaw Flemmin arrived in Birmingham he started something. As a matter of fact, he started several things which generated their own power and went rampaging through the city's colored society.

Esaw was considerable of a cosmopolite and by way of being a spiritualist. He found Birmingham's darktown bored to extinction with a surfeit of jazz and movies and eager for the prophet of a new cult. They hungered for communication with the hereafter and succumbed to Esaw's supernatural pretensions with the gratitude of a pain-racked man going under chloroform.

Personally, Esaw was no rival to Adonis. There was more of him round the middle than a kind Nature should have intended, and less of him latitudinally speaking. He carried about inside his shiny black suit with its Prince Albert coat an ingratiating rotundity which extended from overlarge feet to a perpetually smiling and hopelessly pudgy face. Perched upon the crest of his shiny bald head was a hat which in its days of pristine glory had glistened silkily, but which had retired from white man's society at the conclusion of an advance in force by an army of vicious moths.

Esaw was suave; irresistibly so. Once he obtained a point of conversational vantage, caressed the palm of each hand with the palm of the other and delivered himself of a batch of unctuous platitudes, his listener became his victim. He boasted a startling vocabulary picked up here and there in his journeyings through the country as secret-society organizer, insurance salesman, patent-medicine exploiter and—finally—as a disciple of the new order of those who seek to communicate with their departed brethren.

And so when Esaw came to Birmingham he started a cult. The task had been absurdly easy. In the first place Esaw had lain low for his first few days in town and instituted inquiries before selecting the departed gentleman with whom he would converse. The choice had fallen finally upon Clemint Gettins.

Clemint had ceased some three years before, after a violent scene with the business end of a speeding locomotive, in which Clemint came off a dismembered second best. Even in his lifetime he had been a prophet wreathed with honors in his own country. When his papers were inspected and it was discovered that he had left behind him a life-insurance policy for five thousand dollars in a sound, white-folks', old-line company, and an extremely pulchritudinous widow yclept Mural, Clemint Gettins' memory was ensconced in a diamond-studded niche of the colored hall of fame. The obsequies were conducted by the Over the River Burying Society in magnificent style. The uniformed drill team and fife-and-drum corps of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise furnished the style and melody of a funeral procession which was epochal. Society turned out en masse in its best bib and tucker to pay last wondering respects to the corpse, which in life had appeared so mortal and now impressed them—especially the wedded womenfolks—as so other-worldly.

The Widow Mural returned from the funeral in a thinking state of mind. During the term of her married life she had thought more or less well of her spouse, but the manner of his going and the financial developments immediately thereafter roused in her mind a doubt. She became afraid that during her married life she had failed to accord the ex-Clemint proper respect and affection. In brief, she was conscience stricken; whereupon, defunct Clemint exercised a far greater influence over Mural than during any of the years he had walked the mortal coil and partaken of the family bacon.

And it was this posthumous respect for her one-time mate which bade fair to break the faithful but brittle heart of Stylus Willuby. Stylus was the principal ingredient of the great romance in Mural's life. Until the day of Clemint's untimely and hasty departure for another and better world Stylus had been the excuse upon which she had pinned her determined misery.

In the fiery love days of adolescence Mural and Stylus had kept company. They had taken it for granted that some day they would face the preacher and take each other for richer or poorer, worse or worser. Then the appearance of Clemint Gettins, the entry of the green-eyed monster, the inevitable lovers' quarrel, the fit of pique, the urge of rash impulse—and the elopement and marriage of Mural and Clemint.

Stylus' heart cracked at news of the marriage of his beloved, and he steadfastly refused to become a friend of the family during the six years the Gettins ménage held intact. He retired into a morbid hermitage, wreaking his only earthly pleasure over the green-covered tables in Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he not only maintained the distinction of being the best pool shot in Alabama colordom, but derived also a fair income from that facility.

Suddenly had come Clemint's unexpected death. When the first-aiders reached the scene of Clemint's demise they had to work hard to gather up sufficient of the defunct person to justify a funeral with music. The body was identified, but the insurance company gave little heed to the identification, as such. They paid the five thousand dollars on



"They Ain't No Reason Why I an' You Cain't be Frien's, is They, Brother Willuby?"

evidence that Clemint had been crossing the track at the identical moment the train was crossing Clemint. There had been the rather abrupt introduction, and—finis for Clemint. Such munificent proof satisfied Mural thoroughly that the casket contained what was left of her husband.

During the three years that followed she did not lack for suitors. Becomingly attired in widow's weeds, she dispensed her favors impartially, striving to be true to the memory of the man who had shared her board during the term of a rather stormy matrimonial career.

But Mural was human and Stylus persistent. For one thing—he alone of her suitors was under no suspicion of seeking her for the lucre which was hers. Since young manhood he had been an entry in the marital lists, and slowly and surely Mural was succumbing to his passionate blandishments.

It had taken time, but gradually the personality of the quick supplanted belated affection for the dead, and Mural had virtually reached the point of considering herself engaged to Stylus when Esaw Flemmin appeared on the scene.

Esaw's pretensions interested Mural from the outset. And when he, a stranger, innocently proclaimed to all who heard that his heavenly communicant was none other than the departed Clemint Gettins, Stylus' matrimonial ambitions received a solar-plexus wallop.

Esaw planned with malice aforethought. He had some time since grown a trifle weary of his eternal wanderings and was in search of a soft place to land and remain landed. Esaw wanted a wife with money. He saw in Mural a woman with money and one experienced in the art of wifehood, and so, very calmly and efficiently, he enlisted the astral aid of the defunct Clemint.

When startled and quivery neighbors informed the Widow Gettins that her husband had returned in spirit through the medium of the pudgy and self-important Esaw, Mural went a-runnin'. Esaw, who had viewed her from afar and with an almost proprietary approval, beamed benignly upon her.

"Yo' husban'?" he queried politely.

"Yassuh—Clemint Gettins."

"Well—well—well!" Esaw rubbed the palms of his hands together smugly. "So my deah, daid frien' Clemint is yo' husban'. Come that to be, an' yo' name mus' be Mural."

"'Tis!" she answered, pop-eyed. "How come you to know that?"

"Yo' husban' makes talk 'bouten you often, Mis' Gettins. He is ve'y fon' of you."

"He was a won'erful man, Mistuh Flemmin. He done lef' me five thousan' dollars cash money when he died."

"He ain't gotten no use fo' it up whar he is at, Mis' Gettins."

"Where is he at?"

"Heavum."

"Is he happy?"

"Most."

"Most? What you means—most?"

"Well"—Esaw planted a seed on fertile ground—"he's jealous!"

"Clemint jealous? Of me?"

"Yeh."

"How come that?"

"Heah's the how of it, Mis' Gettins. I done been holdin' a s'lisitoodinous cimmunication with yo' deah husban' t'other night an' he said as how you be'n planning to ma'y a feller name of Willuby."

"Stylus Willuby!" she breathed in awe.

"Tha's which. Yo' husban' ain't much fon' of Stylus, Mis' Gettins."

Mural went home from her interview much perturbed. In life Clemint had been jealous of Stylus; in death that jealousy bade fair to continue and rob her of the opportunity of matrimony without the ogrish menace of a *tertium quid*. But where Mural had gone blithely on her way when both parties to the eternal triangle were living, eating and sleeping in a purely normal and earthly way, she was more than a little appalled at the thought that even though Clemint had been exceedingly considerate in the manner of his going, he was not entirely gone.

Meanwhile the conversation with Mural had convinced Esaw that she was the woman for whom he had been searching the whole United States over. She was comely, poiseful and wealthy; a woman to reflect credit upon his name and calling. Whereupon he got to work in earnest.

Being an organizer of no mean ability, he formed The Knights and Ladies of a Better World and succeeded in having himself elected president. By virtue of her past relationship to Clemint, Mural was chosen vice president. The departed Clemint was himself unanimously elected to office as communicating secretary.

The Knights and Ladies of a Better World became on the instant a craze. Many who scoffed at Esaw's pretensions to mediumistic powers joined the society for the prestige it offered.

Only Stylus remained aloof. Once again the cup of wedded bliss had been snatched away at the very moment when it was brimming, crystal clear with delicious promise, at his thirsty lips. Stylus marooned himself in Bud Peaglar's pool room, winning a few dollars occasionally from unfortunates who dared back their pocket-billiard skill against that of Alabama's ebony champion; he remained eternally in Bud Peaglar's, drowning his woes in soft drinks and vowing vengeance against Esaw.

"You ain't b'lieve in him?" questioned Bud, who was on the fence.

"In which?"

"Esaw Flemmin."

"Him? Why if'n I ever gets aholt of that li'l', fat, grinnin'——"

"You is lettin' yo' jealousy run away with you, Stylus."

"Run away with him, you mean! If I an' him ever gits t'gether, Bud Peaglar, what happened to Clemint Gettins ain't gwine be nothin' mo'n a tea pahty." And Stylus, who was a big man and muscular, shook his head, then looked up hopefully. "Does he shoot pool?"

Bud nodded. "Some say he do."

"Golly! Wonder could I ever gitten him into a game."

Bud Peaglar reckoned not, but the idea remained imbedded in Stylus' mind. Anything to puncture the bubble of Esaw's smug superiority.

As a matter of fact, Esaw Flemmin not only played pool but fancied himself a considerable artist at the fifteen-ball pastime. There had been times in the course of his meanderings when vista of the immediate future had been changed from a hunger-filled void to an amply dined optimism by reason of his skill with the leather-tipped cue. Esaw was victim to the delusion that there were few who were his superiors at the great indoor pastime.

Meanwhile Esaw's sun was shining and he was returning a considerable crop of hay. He was the lion of the hour and, temporarily at least, the objective of batteries of feminine smiles, the most coveted of which were those bestowed by the fair Mural.

Esaw was sufficiently canny to proceed with becoming lack of haste. His daily conversations with Clemint Gettins, who, according to Esaw, was comfortably domiciled up above, developed personal touches which Esaw later confided privately to the puzzled widow.

Clemint, testified Esaw, was very fond of Mr. Esaw Flemmin, so fond of him in fact that he desired to turn his earthly estate, including widow, over to Mr. Flemmin's guardianship. And be it said in tribute to Esaw's smoothness that Mural never for a moment suspected that these ideas were born in the fat brain of Esaw. She was a trifle resentful of Clemint's postearthly interference in her mundane affairs, but after due and serious consideration she decided unanimously that she might do a heap worse than to turn herself over to the mercies of the radiant prophet of a solid-gold hereafter.

There remained just one doubt in the mind of Esaw, and that was begotten of a chance meeting with Stylus Willuby, of whom Esaw had heard several disquieting stories. Stylus towered menacingly above Esaw and delivered a speech which listened unpleasantly like a threat.

"Lis'en heah at me, Nothin'!" he proclaimed. "You is fixin' to git yo'se'f all busted up. Mebbe so you is on the level—an' then agin mebbe so you ain't. If'n you is, then I ain't got nothin' to say, but if you ain't, then what I tells you is that you better staht travelin' jes' befo' I 'scover it an' keep on fo' five years theyafter."

It was Stylus who caused Esaw to slacken up the intensity of his heart drive while he cogitated upon results in the event that his fakery should be discovered.



"When You Gotten Yo'se'f Kilt by the Train You Was All in Li'l' Pieces. Is They Sewed You Together Agin?"

For though Esaw was a man of the world, he was not overblessed with backbone, and the prospect of a physical clash with a vengeful Stylus made no particular appeal to him.

Temporarily he called off his courtship, without, however, relaxing the pyramiding of interest in himself which he was planting in the palpitant breast of the luscious widow. Which is how it happened that he first conceived the idea of her money as an investment proposition, with himself as the investee.

Once, a considerable time previously, Esaw Flemmin had been a stock promoter. He knew just about all there was to know about a stock-exploitation scheme, even to the detail that the proposition be financially unsound and the certificates printed in fanciest gold and wiggliest curlicues. Whereupon he conceived the idea that as it was the money of the Widow Gettins he coveted even more than the widow herself, he might annex the cash and leave the remainder to the matrimonially inclined Stylus; a combination of circumstances which would satisfy his greed and Stylus' bovine romanticism.



"P. S.—I is a Fake. I Ant Got No Friends in Heven at All and Ant Never Spoke to Them"

Immediately the departed Clemint, communicating secretary of The Knights and Ladies of a Better World, sent a series of messages to his widow which had to do with investment. She was advised that Esaw was the person best fitted to handle for her the five thousand dollars which was hers.

These messages came to her during the daily conversations she had with her husband through the medium of Esaw, and as during these séances Esaw affected a rather comfortable, if unbecoming, state of coma, he pretended that he did not know what transpired between his heavenly friend and the earthly damosel.

"You ain't know nothin' 'bout what Clemint says?" questioned Mural with pardonable skepticism.

Esaw shook his head. "I ain't nothin' on'y the instrument of an etherized power. I don't know nothin' what yo' husban' says."

"But he says it to you, an' you passes it on to me."

"Tha's true enough," agreed Esaw tolerantly, "but in them succumstances I ain't nothin' on'y a medium, 'thout no 'sponsibility in, or knowledge fo', what comes outen my lips, 'cause same is the words of yo' husban'. Ise soht of liken to a phoneygraft thataway."

"I see."

The Widow Gettins went into executive session with herself that night and returned to Esaw the following morning.

"What c'n I do fo' you, Mis' Gettins?" he asked.

She looked at him queerly. "You is sho' you don' know nothin' 'bout what I an' my husban' says to each 'nother?"

"Not ary thing."

"A'right." Mural squared her shoulders. "Then fling a trance!"

Esaw obliged. He flung a trance, his rotund body settling comfortably into the easy-chair and overflowing a bit at certain points.

Mural questioned: "Clemint?"

Through the lips of Esaw came the sonorous answer: "Heah I is."

"Is you happy, Clemint?"

"I is, specially knowing that you is under the gardeenship of my frien' Esaw."

"H'm." Mural asked a question which had been bothering her for some time: "How does you look, Clemint?"

"Says which?"

"How does you look? What I means is—when you gotten yo'se'f kilt by the train you was all in li'l' pieces. Is they sewed you together agin?"

She waited impatiently for the answer. Esaw did some quick thinking. Finally came the reply from a spirit world: "They is gotten some awful good doctors up heah, honey. When I fust gotten heah I was fixed up elegant."

Mural sighed. "I is in a pickle, Clemint."

"Ask me yo' troubles, honey, an' I answers them cheerful."

"It's bouten Stylus Willuby ——"

The retort came as an interruption and in a voice suspiciously like the normal tones of the entranced medium. "I don' like that man, Mural! Is he be'n makin' fummadiddles with you?"

"No-o, but he loves me a heap, an' he's got a good job, an' ——"

"Don' trus' him. Don' you trus' him, honey. He ain't no 'count. Don' you trus' no livin' pusson, 'ceptin' on'y my good an' hones' frien' Esaw Flemmin, an' to him you go give yo' money an' let him inwest it fo' you if you desiahs to git yo'se'f all riched up."

"But, Clemint ——"

Esaw wriggled, sat upright and rubbed his eyes. He bent upon Mural a gaze in which there was a perfect simulation of dazed surprise.

"Where is I at?" asked Esaw.

"You is heah."

"Heah? Heah? Oh, yes! I must of be'n asleep."

"You was. You done gotten me cinnection with my husban'." Mural's eyes narrowed. "Di'n't you know that?"

"Di'n't know nothin' 'bout nothin'."

"N'r neither what I an' him was talkin' 'bout?"

"Not ary thing."

"H'm!" remarked Mural Gettins. "H'm!"

But the result was inevitable. It was merely not quite so financially full as Esaw had hoped. Two days later Mural Gettins intrusted to his care the sum of one thousand dollars cash money, which he accepted reluctantly—so he protested—and only because his friend Clemint had begged the favor of him.

Esaw was nothing if not crafty. He planned to take the thousand dollars, hazard it and return fifteen hundred to Mural; in which event it was a certainty that he would be intrusted with the entire fortune.

Only one cog slipped. On the day that Mural withdrew from the savings department of the First National Bank the one thousand dollars which she later turned over to the custody of Esaw she met Stylus Willuby in the bemarbled lobby.

Stylus looked upon the appallingly large roll of money and thought thoughts. Being wise beyond his generation, he said no words. But he instituted inquiries and learned

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The String on the German Exodus

By KENNETH L. ROBERTS

THE Germans are great hands at figuring out exactly what will happen under certain conditions and at taking steps to provide for the happening. They like to say to each other: "On such and such a day we will permit a Communist rising to take place, and as a result of it such and such a thing will occur, and we can then do thus and so." They greatly admire to sit together in conference and arrive at conclusions like these: "Our information proves conclusively that the nation X will not fight against us under any circumstances. Thus we can attack the nation Y without fearing the interference of the nation X; and when at the end of twenty-two days and three hours we have mashed the nation Y to a small grease spot we can turn round and kick the nation Z into the middle of the scrap heap in about seventeen seconds by a fast watch."

Everything is figured out. Nothing is left to chance. Sometimes the figuring goes wrong, and there is a trifling upset in the dope. They may, for example, lose the greatest war in the history of the world through faulty figuring, or something like that. But they aren't discouraged. They keep right on figuring everything out.

One of the things in which, among other things, the Germans are deeply interested at the present moment is emigration. This interest is both official and unofficial, and the unofficial interest is just as deep as the official interest. There is a spot in the Atlantic Ocean, down near the West Indies, where a sounding wire has to be five miles long in order to touch bottom. There is another spot near the island of Guam in the Pacific Ocean where the same condition obtains. Germany's interest in emigration, however, is very much deeper than either of these two deeps.

What Every German Wants

IN ANY part of Germany one can hear a great deal of loose talk about emigration. The cab driver who drives one up from the railroad station would like to emigrate, and the desk clerk at the hotel is keenly desirous of emigrating. The first policeman to the right after leaving any hotel—and all other policemen whom one subsequently meets—would emigrate if given half a chance; and many of them distinctly imply that they only need about one-twentieth of a chance instead of half a chance in order to vanish from Germany in a cloud of dust. The bricklayers, the dressmakers, the waiters, the cinema actors, the ex-soldiers, the bartenders, the watchmakers, the postage-stamp dealers, the postage-stamp collectors, the Communists, the Socialists, the Monarchists—all these people, as well as people in almost every other walk of life, are in a state of mind where any place, so long as it's far away, looks better to them than the dear old Fatherland. It is at this point that the loose talk comes in.

People listen carefully to the ceaseless conversation of the would-be emigrants. They glance earnestly at the emigration magazines and pamphlets and newspapers which clutter up all the news stands and thrill the phlegmatic German minds with pictures of dashing German-Brazilians clad in picturesque tortillas dashing along beautiful avenues of tamale palms on the backs of their spirited frijoles. Then they sit down and do some figuring on the back of an envelope and announce that 10,000,000 people are on the verge of emigrating from Germany.

I interviewed a distinguished German scientist who had been talking to twenty or thirty would-be emigrants in rapid succession, and his figures were appalling. He could practically prove that German emigration was going to be so enormous during the next few years that there would be nobody left in Potsdam except old Gus Schmidt, who sweeps off the cellar stairs of the palace formerly occupied by Mr. Hohenzollern. Fortunately the Germans are interested in the emigration question from an official viewpoint as well as from an unofficial one; and the official interest, instead of being taken out in loose talk, expresses itself in figures and estimates and logical deductions and all the careful attention to details and dope sheets which made German efficiency such an awe-inspiring thing when it worked and such an overwhelming mess when it went wrong. They know that certain things have always happened in Germany during the decade following a war as well as during periods of prosperity in foreign lands.

Early in the seventeenth century, for example, at the end of the Thirty Years' War, the Germans seemed to consider almost any place in the world preferable to Germany. At that early period the Germans were not the same gluttons for figures and details that they are at the present day, so they kept no record of the number of people who left the country. But they went in droves and herds and swarms to Austria and Hungary and Rumania and Poland and Russia; to England and France and America—anywhere, in fact, to get out of Germany.

There was a revolution in Germany in 1848. In that year the emigration from Germany to America was 58,465. Four years later the German emigration to America was nearly 146,000 people. Two years after that 215,000 persons left Germany for America. Germany put on a war with France in 1870. In 1872 the emigration from Germany to America was approximately 82,000. During the next ten years it went up and up and up, until in 1882 it reached the proud figure of 250,630 with an echoing crash. From that point it slipped down and down, so that in the twenty years prior to the Great War the emigration from Germany to America hit an average of about 35,000 people a year.

The German dope hounds have taken all these matters into consideration. They have carefully figured out the exact effect which the depreciated German mark and the high cost of meat and the scarcity of milk and the frequency of revolutions will have on the population of Germany. There is a government bureau down on Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin which does nothing but mull over these things and cover ream after ream of papers with figures. The bureau is known as the *Reichsamt für Deutsche Einwanderung, Rückwanderung und Auswanderung*, or State Bureau for German Inwanderers, Backwanderers and Outwanderers. The Germans are thorough, even in their names. The younger and slangier Germans call this bureau by the sketchy diminutive *Reichswanderungsamt*.



PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Conditions in Germany Have Assumed Their Normal Peace Aspect. Early Morning in the Big Berlin Central Market

Emigration Estimates

THE *Reichswanderungsamt*, or emigration bureau, belongs to the Germany of the old school. There is nothing new or raw or inefficient or Social Democratic or Communistic about it. In the things that are going to affect Germany vitally in the future the new unskilled régime is not represented to any noticeable extent. When the machine guns chatter in Unter den Linden or in other parts of Germany, and when there is world-wide talk of the seizure of the reins of power by the pitiable Communist rabble, the old-timers down in Wilhelmstrasse keep plugging right along for the Germany that will ultimately unite with the new Russia and turn again on France.

In the 100 years which have elapsed since the United States began to keep immigration figures, 5,500,000 Germans have left Germany and come to the United States. Five and a half millions is an impressive number of people to go out from any country over any period of time. The shifting of 5,500,000 Germans from Germany to America in the past 100 years means that since 1820 not a day has passed that an average of 150 Germans didn't enter the United States. The German emigration authorities have studied these figures, and all the other figures on which they could get their orderly German fingers, and they have arrived at a conclusion that makes the 100-year emigration record of Germany look positively white round the gills.

The German figures show that in the ten years between January 1, 1920, and January 1, 1930, 5,000,000 Germans are going to emigrate. In the next ten years, unless all of the confirmed figurers and conclusion drawers on Wilhelmstrasse have made the same horrible blunder, almost as many Germans are going out of Germany as went to America in ten times that period before the war. It is going to be an exodus that will make the famous exodus of the Children of Israel look like a morning sprint for the eight-seventeen train. Compared with this great movement, the widely advertised migrations of the Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, the Visigoths, the Ostrogoths, the Avars and all those champion migrators of the long-dead past will seem as puny and insignificant as the breaking up of a Thursday afternoon bridge club.

I wish to repeat that this estimate of the number of Germans who will emigrate from Germany in the next ten years is the official German estimate. It was given to me by Dr. Walter Jung, chief of the German Emigration Bureau, as well as by several other high officials of the emigration bureau. The estimate does not take into account the large number of Germans in Czechoslovakia

who wish to emigrate, or the hundreds of thousands in Austria who are anxious to go. It is a far more conservative estimate than that which is made by amateur estimators in Germany, for the amateur estimators put the number as high as 10,000,000 in the next ten years. And it is not the estimate of the number that wishes to go, but of the number that will go.

"Five million Germans," the officials of the German Emigration Bureau told me, "will emigrate from Germany in the next ten years. Germany does not want them to go. We feel that they do not need to go. We are sure that there is work in Germany for all persons who are willing to work. But this number will go, and it is not the policy of Germany to forbid them or to stand in their way."

An examination into the desires which the emigration authorities hold in regard to the direction in which the footsteps of these 5,000,000 Germans shall be turned when they are finally started on their journeys away from the Fatherland provides interesting study for those who think there aren't going to be any more wars.

From the posters which one sees in the windows of the German steamship agencies, and from the pictures that fill the pages of the German emigration magazines and pamphlets, there would seem to be nothing to it but South America. The steamship posters show large steamers plowing majestically through an undisturbed ocean of a passionate-blue color, from which excited flying fish with horrified eyes are emerging with interesting frequency.

"Sud Amerika!" shout the posters thrillingly to the German who is fed up on years of war and bad clothes and worse food and the prospect of unending taxation which will leave him without much more than seven cents out of every dollar he owns. The emigration magazines, of which there are great numbers, specialize on South American pictures. There are pictures, for example, of the German colony of Joinville in the state of Santa Catharina, Brazil, showing several hundred dollars' worth of palm trees grouped picturesquely round a miniature Kiel Canal. Or on the cover of another magazine one is treated to a scene purporting to represent Christmas morning in front of the church of a German settlement in Brazil, but which looks more like the German idea of a bank robbery in the Wild West, all the men being becaped with hall carpets and wearing three-quart sombrero hats on one-quart heads.

The Argentine receives frequent mention in these pamphlets. Paraguay and Uruguay are spoken of and depicted with unfailing regularity. Chile and Ecuador are represented by beautiful samples of the photographer's art, showing a wealth of mountains but no evidences at all of the poor transportation and the paucity of labor. Brazil, however, and the Argentine, come in for the largest amount of photographic advertising. Both of these countries need immigrants, and they have made some glowing offers to the Germans; but the immigrants must be farmers.

Very Simpatico

BRAZIL, the German Emigration Bureau informed me, had offered to transport 3000 German emigrants to Brazil free of charge; to give each person a farm and free the farm from taxation for a period of three years; to guarantee food to each farmer for the same length of time; and to provide him with seed and farming implements without charge. About the only thing which the Brazilians didn't offer to do was to send somebody round to hold the farmers' hands during the long Brazilian winter evenings and read storybooks to them. The Argentine also offered free land, in addition to offering to pay a part of the cost of the emigrants' traveling expenses.

The senate of Paraguay was considering a bill last winter providing for the establishment of a propaganda bureau in Hamburg for the purpose of encouraging and facilitating German emigration to Paraguay. Paraguay had already offered to pay the fares of a certain number of German emigrants from the Argentine to Paraguay, as well as to provide them with land free of taxes. If a person took any stock in the South American pictures which fill the emigration magazines and prospectuses of Berlin, Munich, Dresden and Stuttgart he would have reason to believe that the international song of South America in about two years would be *Die Wacht Am Rhine* or *Hi lee! Hi lo!*

Mexico also receives a fair amount of photographic press agenting in the German emigration journals. The Mexicans, running true to the form displayed in the past few years, find all Germans very sympathetic. The European nations, as well as the Latin races, are strong on sympathy, and their idea of an ideally simpatico person—as they quaintly express it—is one who will help them jump on their enemies. The Mexicans find the Germans very simpatico, and the easiest visé that a German can get on his passport to-day is the Mexican visé. Or if for any reason he preferred to travel on a Mexican passport instead of on a German passport he could get a Mexican passport without any difficulty. It is being done constantly by Germans. Very, very simpatico the Mexicans are toward the Germans; very simpatico—with the accent falling heavily on the simp.

All these things lead one to believe that the German exodus will be in the direction of Central and South America and Mexico, and that those three sections of the world ere long will be overrun with little Ramon Schmidts and Felipa Schwartzes and Juanita Krauses and Alvarado Schneiders.

The South American talk, however, is ninety-eight per cent piffle, twaddle and bunk, and does not represent in any way the desires of the people. What is more important, it does not represent the desires of the German Government. It has its origin in cupidity, greed and business propaganda. Steamship lines cannot exist in the style to which they have been accustomed unless their steerages are well filled. There are lines running to South America to-day, and these lines must have well-filled steerages. A good part of the South American emigration conversation comes from steamship advertising and from the old glowing bunkum that was published from 1903 to 1913 by steamship lines plying between Trieste and South America and between Atlantic ports and South America.

Artificial Foliage From Wilhelmstrasse

THE United States had exactly the same thing to contend with for years, though to-day it is illegal and is supposed to have ceased. Steamship lines advertised the glories of America everywhere in Europe. In Galicia, which is the southern end of what is now Poland, two of the best-known steamship lines maintained more than 5000 ticket agents who were on a perpetual still-hunt for steerage passengers to America. Eastern and southeastern Europe was full of these agents, who would get tickets for their customers, procure passports for them when necessary, and help them to leave their countries. Though forbidden by law to do so, they would expatiate on the wonderful prosperity in America and dwell heavily on the joys and comforts of life in that line. The talk of South America in Germany is the same thing all over again.

For another thing, alert Germans were quick to take advantage of the universal desire throughout Germany to emigrate. They could not advertise the United States as a place to which to emigrate, for all Germans knew that America had restricted immigration. But they could go as far as they liked with South America. They could speak freely about it, because it wasn't too well known. So they proceeded to speak freely. They reprinted old pamphlets and booklets on South America—booklets originally printed eight, ten or fifteen years ago—and sold them for three, five or ten marks a booklet. They sold, and still sell, like hot cakes, because everyone would like to go somewhere and will consequently buy anything that caters to that desire. Then too many Germans organized emigration societies for the purpose of taking a few marks from the people who wanted to go. It was a fine graft. The people fell all over themselves to force money on these emigration societies, and South American countries were the ones which the societies always named as the ultimate goal.

This, however, will not be allowed to continue. In fact it has already been stopped, for it does not agree at all with the ideas of the astute German dopesters in the offices of Wilhelmstrasse. South America may offer remarkable advantages to immigrants at the present time, but the German Government doesn't quite see it—and when the German Government can't see anything it aims to develop a sufficient amount of foliage to conceal it from the German people.

As a preliminary step to developing the concealing foliage, the German emigration authorities procured the passage of a law which put the control of emigration into their hands. Doctor Jung, president of the Department of Emigration, explained it to me. Doctor Jung is a punctilious Prussian of the old school. He wears a sharply upturned mustache, and his attitude toward Americans is cold. The reasons for his coldness I will go into later. Over his desk hangs—or hung last winter—a full-length portrait of Mr. William Hohenzollern in his gleaming helmet and his shining sword and uniform Number-38B. It is perfectly apparent that Social Democratic or Bolshevik ideas would shrivel up and pass away in extreme agony within the purlieus of the German Emigration Bureau. The line of thought that runs through it is the good old aged-in-the-wood, case-hardened, solid-ivory line that made German efficiency famous.

(Continued on Page 157)



Emigrants—See the Victims of Unscrupulous Agents. In Foreign Lands No One Will Care for Your Sufferings. Get Your Information and Advice From Empire Emigration Office

THE TOAD

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



Then He Reached the Hilltop, and at Once Forgot All Troubles

ALWARD found the way long, hot and tiresome. For a late summer afternoon it was indeed hot, even in these northern woods; but some men could have forgotten discomfort here, where dusk lay thick among the trees or, being pierced now and again by a shaft of sunlight, absorbed it in greater depths of golden brown and green. Ralph, limping on a blistered foot, did not even bother himself to look round. He had grown weary of his walking tour, as he grew weary of most things which, in the proof, failed to meet expectation thoroughly at once. Just now he was peevish.

"The silliest game I ever undertook!" he fumed. "And the dullest country to waste my time in! Damn that foot!"

To be just, it was the boot—a golfer's bearded brogue adorned with curlicues and scrollwork—that called for reprobation, being too narrow. But Alward had no great passion for justice. The brogues were truly handsome; so were his jacket and breeches, a trim piece of tailoring; and so, for that matter, was he. Dark, sleek, high-colored, he possessed very good looks, which did not suffer from lack of care.

"That last bit," he thought, "was enough to give one the blues for life."

He had crossed a few miles of burnt ground, where skeleton trees, leaning or sprawling, entangled with their bleached spines a waste of granite and sickly pink fireweed. The view and the glaring heat had depressed but also angered him, like a fraud. It was not what he had come so far to see. Now, therefore, he went limping on in bad humor.

The road wound here among cedars, old but dwarfed, that rose unequal from hollows and mounds all tawny carpeted, and with twisting trunks made a low, contorted puzzle where hints of movement, nameless changes, appeared to dodge, turn, stay hidden and baffle the eye. Shadows in this grove had an impish life, its Robin Hood colors of green and russet a blending trickery, as of spies flitting half seen from depth to depth alongside. Or so a traveler, alone, might fancy. Even Ralph, though not fanciful, caught while he walked a vague uneasiness. Pausing, he glanced to right and left. The illusion halted with him. Nothing remained on either hand but old cedars, badly stunted.

"Odd, rather. It looked familiar at first," he thought. "Like a place where something happened to me."

He dismissed the notion, went forward, and soon became duller than before. His foot ached. He did not know where to find lodging that night. The road wandered on without variety under a low roof of dusk. To Ralph, who was no real walker by habit or disposition, variety outdoors meant a rush through long distances, with his mind brooding on machinery and the surface of the road, or now and then outstripping these details to catch the next view ahead. Plain walking had lost, for him, the name of action. He seldom regarded the wayside as he had done just now. To halt and turn for a scene left behind was one affectation of which he was never guilty. In short, young Mr. Alward held a simple philosophy of nature, called "Something doing every minute." This present tour, novel as a whim for the first day, was turning, on the fourth, deadly stupid.

As he began to climb a long hill, where the cedars fell below and thick walls of Christmas fir trees closed in still darker, Ralph was laying the blame for his disappointment on the weather, the few natives he had met, the food, the unbroken silence—everything but his own company.

Then he reached the hilltop, and at once forgot all troubles.

To a sweep of glorious calm sunshine the woods ended abruptly, checked right and left by a rail fence against which the youngest fat firs pressed like children at a crowded barrier. Their ranks overlooked a barnyard with a vast barn, a neat old gray house under an elm, and beyond these a hollow field crinkled with shadows and sloping down to a meadow brimful with sunset light. Along the bottom of this farm, this vale in the woods, brook alders traced a wavering dark line, intermitted where the brook itself sparkled among open grass, round some cape of lawn.

These things, no doubt, took Ralph aback by their splendor when, stepping out as from a dark room, he stood above them first; perhaps at another glance their abiding golden peace might have entered his head; but meantime, even while emerging, he had spied the figure of a girl not far away.

She stood under the elm before the house—a young creature dressed in dull blue, repeating some graceful movement and laughing. What the movement intended he could not see; it recalled the large free gesture of the Sower of France, but was girlish and merry.

"Clear out, you little gawks! Get away!" she cried in high good humor.



"They are the Comicalest!" She Began, and Turned to Share Her Delight

Ralph was a favorite with ladies, his genius throve among them; so that is why the landscape brightened for him, and why, forgetting his lameness, he went cheerfully downhill toward the farmhouse.

The girl was feeding Plymouth Rock chickens in the road, throwing their supper broadcast from a yellow earthenware bowl, and pausing to drive away half a dozen young turkeys that ravaged among them.

"They are the comicalest!" she began, and turned to share her delight. Then she started backward in dismay from an unknown. "Oh! Who's this? I thought it was Goosewings."

The laughter went out of her face. Clasping the yellow bowl in both arms, as though he had come to rob, she stood encircled by her flock.

Ralph bowed and laughed. Their encounter pleased him. The girl's hair shone in great ruddy-bronze masses, a dark fire; her eyes, red brown and at the moment widely open, seemed also to contain this living color, reflected; but what caught his approval more than all was the outdoor brightness of her face—neither pale nor tanned—and the clean curve of her neck and throat. She wore an old dress rough as canvas, a faded kind of dungaree blue, which, like the bowl in her arms, became her as if chosen for adornment.

"I didn't mean to startle you," he said; then answered her question. "My name's Ralph Alward. I was only walking through here, from Leslabay's Road, I believe they call it."

As for her, she saw a handsome young man, erect and slender, who had a winning smile and wore raiment the like of which she had never known except in pictures. He might have dropped from the sky, rather than the woods above the barnyard.

"Whose farm is this, please?" he was asking. "I'm a stranger, you know."

His voice had an agreeable sound. It was friendly. Yet his fashion of speaking—not downright like a man's, but easy and roundabout—seemed so odd that she could not forbear smiling.

"Why, father's," she replied. "It's Loveday's Farm. Noah Loveday's."

He must be a great stranger, not to know.

Ralph took all the smile to himself and determined that Loveday's Farm should provide his lodging for the night.

"How far is it," said he, "to the next—er—village? Or settlement? I've walked all day, and I'm rather lame, you see."

He made a few steps, limping hard, back and forth past the chickens and turkeys, which huddled there forgotten.

"My boots weren't the right kind, I dare say," he explained with a rueful smile.

"Well, no, I guess likely!" cried the girl, staring at those noble filigreed brogues. "You poor thing! Why, you can't go on like that! You come sit you on the doorstep. Wait."

She laid her yellow dish in the road, left it to be filled with squabbling fowls, and ran off past the elm into the open door of the house. Her running was light, her ankles flew. Ralph, admiring, followed slowly and practiced the limp to good effect.

He sat down as bidden on her doorstep, a flat granite rock. The elm overhung house and road like a fountain of leaves; under its fringe the meadow swam in a bright haze; but disregarding these objects he turned to look inside the house, where in darkness at the end of a passageway he could hear her busy with something.

"There now." She came bringing a pair of brown moccasins. "You change into them. They'll ease your feet for you. Scow bo'ts."

She laughed, and so did he, for the moccasins were huge old panniers of moosehide.

"Father and him are coming home now, so I'll go get supper."

She slipped out past him to the road. Once more Ralph admired that clean, light-foot running, and the sweep of her bare arms as she drove away chickens and turkeys in dodging confusion behind the house, out of sight. Presently returning, she waited on the grass plot while he tied his moccasin thongs.

"Feel better, I guess, maybe?"

Ralph smiled and nodded.

"Much, thank you."

A heavy tread resounded within the house, as if giants were entering at the back door.

Alward rose. He was thinking that he had never before seen dark-red eyes or such a glowing crown of dark-red hair. What with them and his clumsy footgear he stumbled.

"Did you hurt you?" she cried, and caught him by the hand. So, as in old tales they say evil must come if at all, she helped him over the threshold.

II

THROUGH a long low room the sun poured, slanting upward. A stove, a cupboard, and a sink with a green-painted pump, marked off the far end as kitchen; the near end kept higher estate as living room, with oval braided rugs, a fireplace containing dog irons, a mantel holding two gold-luster jugs full of mallows, on the wall a Zulu gun among some tails of ruffed grouse displayed fanwise, and near the front window a table surrounded by chairs.

Here the girl made Ralph sit down again, and sped to her oven. All the room shone clean and tidy in that sunset brightness, but on her way she stooped and brushed the hearth with a turkey's wing.

"Well, Zenoby, here we come a-tagglin', like the last run o' pigweed."

Two persons entered at the kitchen door. Their footsteps had thundered so in the back passage that Ralph was now astonished to see no giants, but a pair of thin, almost frail-looking men. Their boots had made all the noise—heavy boots on tired feet. He who spoke first was gray haired, gray bearded, stooped like an invalid, and gazed about with rather vacant blue eyes. His follower, young and ungainly, seemed a narrow bundle of shanks, all height and no width. Each was struggling into a jacket.

"Evenin', M-mother B-bunch," stammered Longshanks, with an embarrassed grin.

"Why, Goosewings," the girl, kneeling by the oven door, replied in a tone of banter, "I don't s'pose you want anything to eat."

"Haw, haw!" roared Goosewings in one great burst of laughter, strangely abrupt. His freckled face gleamed with enjoyment. "Us fleshy fellers comes a-runnin' to supper f-f-full chisel!"

Then he caught sight of Ralph across the room, and at once became sad as a mourner.

"Father," said the girl, glancing up, "here's a man walked from the Crossing, and went lame. I routed him out your moggasins, and he ——"

Ralph rose and made himself and his desires known.

"Why, sartain." The stooping man responded mildly, with a vague look at his guest. "'Course ye can stop here, sir. All is, take the house as ye find it. We hain't over 'n' above jauntified."

The supper, when brought to table, confirmed this saying of Mr. Loveday's. It was exceedingly plain food—hot biscuits, tea, a finnan haddie, blueberries, and hermits—which, though assembled all in one course, appeared to Ralph anything but bountiful. He began, however, to talk cheerfully about it, feigning great pleasure. His companions made no reply. The girl Zenobia turned down her sleeves, buttoned her wristbands, and took the chair opposite him.

"Fresh air and appetite," he was rattling on, "and a good cook ——"

The sight of three bowed heads cut short his disquisition. He had forgotten such a custom held in places out of the way. With some confusion but more amusement he followed it, and sat looking down, waiting, and after a time wondering why the old man, or his daughter, or this young lout beside him did not begin and utter their formula. No one spoke. As moments passed a wild thought crept into his mind: How if they were expecting him to say it? In a kind of terror he glanced up. The three others, calm and thoughtful, were attending his convenience.

"If you're ready, sir," said old Noah mildly, "pass me your plate for a helpin'."

It was Ralph's first knowledge of silent grace. A bit of old-fashioned comedy worth remembering, he thought; given a few touches here and there it would make an anecdote for use.

During supper Loveday spoke once or twice.

"We ain't heavy eaters, this household. Zenoby, guess you better go cook the young man a mess of aigs to make out with."

Ralph declined this offer. The meal went on in silence. Goosewings the lanky ate with stern purpose and an economy of movement which kept his freckled face near his plate. From knife to shoulder blades the man seemed all edge and angle. At last, thought Ralph, he knew what it meant to be sharp-set. Meanwhile, across the table, he caught from time to time the dark red-brown eyes of Zenobia watching him secretly, with a kind but anxious light in them.

When blueberries and hermits had vanished an odd thing happened. Old Loveday and his daughter turned toward their servant Goosewings, as if they expected him to perform some ritual after meat. He sat far down in his chair, humped and brooding.

"Were they good?" inquired Zenobia shyly.

Goosewings woke, jerked his body upright, grinned slowly round the board, then drawing his face blanker than an idiot's he looked cross-eyed, waggled his great outstanding ears, and made his crop of colorless hair dart forward and backward, the whole scalp playing loose.

"Good vittles!" he said. "Haw, haw!"

Shoving his chair free of the table he relapsed into melancholy, as though cowed by the presence of a stranger.

"We always do that," explained the girl. "He's kind of a wit."

Goosewings looked at Ralph askance.

"I'm a wi-wit and a wa-wag and a wa-wanton with a wi-wig," he declared, "when ye t-treat me right."

The room had grown dark. Zenobia rose, went to her kitchen cupboard, and lighting a glass hand lamp set it on a shelf. That end of the house became bright, and by contrast the three men sat in deeper gloom, while she came and went, removing the supper dishes.

Ralph would have helped her.

"Keep ye settin'," said Noah Loveday. "Better leave women's work alon'." He stroked his beard with aimless fingers and winked at the lamp. "I un'stand ye come paiggin' it all the ways here f'm the Crossin'? Well, that's a real long hard spell a-hoofin'."

Ralph took these words, rightly, as an invitation to unfold himself. He was a good talker, and on that evening talked well.

The history of his last few days he reviewed quickly, for he had walked through the country seeing little and inquiring less; but no sooner could he hark back to the world of cities and get his mind going on its native pavement than he told wonders. Old Noah, listening, now and then murmured some polite ejaculation:

"Sho! Don't say! . . . Guess ye run acrost lots of grand doin's like them, sir, to occupy the mind up there. . . . Well, now, hear that! Jest think, and you make no more bon's of it than's if 'twas everyday!"

(Continued on Page 104)



"You Haven't Heard What I Came After. To-day's the Only Chance I Got All Summer"

RECONSTRUCTION, OR

By EDWARD



Sherman's Troops Tearing Up the Railways Before Evacuating Atlanta

I HAVE discovered and verified and can set down clearly and simply a solution of the war reconstruction problem. I know the magic formula for curing this economic ill. It is incredibly simple. I have found out, too, the chief unfriendly agents that make reconstruction difficult—the obstacles to progress, the slowing, delaying factors. I mean stupid, narrow-minded, purblind politicians. I think I can prove this. There is a reconstruction problem in Europe to-day. In the five years I spent in England, France, Belgium, Holland and Germany from 1914 to 1919 I saw this problem in the making. I am familiar with its successive stages and its present aspects. It is a real problem, but it can be solved. The industrial and economic disorders and ills in Europe are being aggravated and a solution delayed by a false mental attitude toward them.

Problems at Home

STUNNED and dazed and tired out by four years of war, some of the Europeans are saying: "We can never get on our feet again. We must have help. You Americans are rich. You must cancel our debts to you and lend us money. Lend us four or five billions or more to restore our devastated country and start our industries again. We can do nothing for ourselves without your assistance. You must set us up in business again or we can never recover."

Now that assumption is untrue. I do not say this harshly or detachedly as one without sympathy or interest in the economic restoration of our associates in the war, but deliberately and as a proved friend, because I can support and buttress and establish my words by known precedents.

We have a reconstruction problem here at home, too, but in comparison it amounts to nothing. We are just playing with it at this juncture and listening to the cackling of quacks who propose quick and easy overnight remedies. Take two of these sugar-coated new-thought pellets, they say, and see how much better you will feel in the morning. They have never been tried before. The formula came out of a dream book. You won't have to work or save if you try our magic recipe. All the laws of economics are overcome. Try this new remedy and you can have your cake and eat it too. But you have heard them. As the Good Book says, they have filled their bellies with the east wind and their talk is as the crackling of dry thorns under a pot.

All this discussion of reconstruction problems is old stuff to me. I was raised on such talk. I have heard it ever since I can remember. I was born in Georgia eleven years after Lee's surrender. My people were in the path of Sherman's march to the sea. They were refugees; their homes were burned, their cotton destroyed, their plantations ravaged, their livestock run off, confiscated or killed. They were still talking about it when I was a boy. Their stories are as vivid and real to me as the things I saw with my own eyes in France. They all came home to me with a quickening of the heart and a tightening of the throat when I used to encounter the long, pathetic lines of dusty, tired, worn refugees coming back from Béthune, Amiens, Arras, La Bassée, Albert, Lens, St.-Quentin, Cambrai and the other fine old towns that came under shell fire. As they plodded so wearily, clinging to their bits of household stuff, adrift in a world gone mad, I knew that I was seeing again my own people about fifty years ago. The French or the Belgians cannot accuse me of lack of understanding or lack of sympathy with their present plight.

And now the South is on her feet again. She has recovered from the war. She is dripping with fatness and prosperity. She raised herself with her own hands. She had no outside help. The problem of the Southern States was much more complex and difficult when the Civil War ended than the reconstruction that France and Belgium now face. The South had no hinterland, no reservoirs to draw upon for raw materials or resources. The old South was literally ruined by the war. Her economic and social systems based on slavery and one great crop—cotton—were clean swept away.

When she came to get on her feet she had not only her industrial and economic problems to solve but a race problem to deal with in her liberated slaves and an acute political problem forced upon her by the carpetbaggers and scalawags who settled down upon the defeated states like a swarm of locusts.

France and Belgium have no such race or political questions. Much of those two countries was untouched by the war and is as rich or richer in material resources and money than before 1914. The ravaged and devastated sections can draw from this reservoir. The Southern States had no such filling station in 1865.

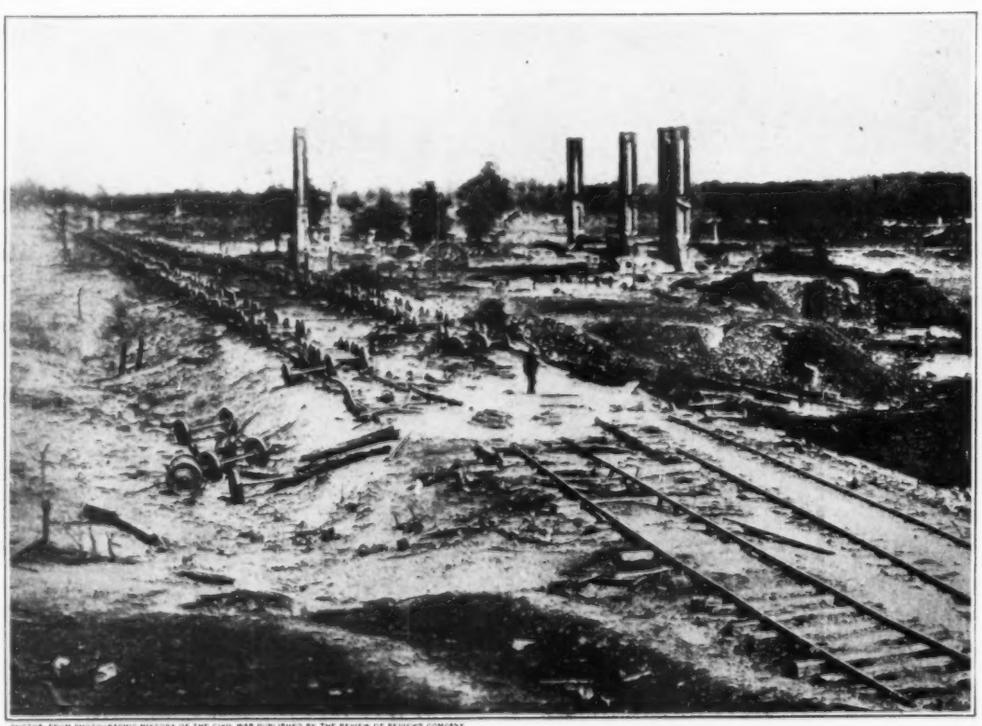
The Typical Case of Atlanta

PRECISELY then, how did the Southern States solve their problem of reconstruction? That is the tale I have to tell.

Take Atlanta, for example.

Her story and her recovery is the story of the recovery of the South. She is a conspicuous-type case. The town was shelled for more than a month while filled with a civilian population of men, women and children noncombatants. When finally taken by the enemy the civilians were deported. Then when after a brief occupancy Sherman left the town and took up his march to the sea he utterly destroyed it by fire and explosives. France can offer no more complete case of the ravages of war.

All cities have personalities. Paris is not more distinctive than Atlanta, or Madrid than Montgomery. Atlanta has always been from its earliest days self-confident and enterprising—a thruster, unafraid and ready to try anything once.



PHOTOS. FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR PUBLISHED BY THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY

The Ruin of Hood's Retreat—Demolished Cars and Rolling Mill

ATLANTA, FOR INSTANCE

G. LOWRY

The first house built on the present site of Atlanta was a log shanty erected in 1836. The settlement was called Terminus and continued to be so called until 1842. From 1843 to 1847 the town was called Marthasville. In 1846 the first railroad came in and in 1847 the legislature incorporated the city of Atlanta. The population had grown in 1859 to 11,500. At the beginning of the Civil War in 1861 the inhabitants numbered about 13,000. It was a busy, thriving, bustling, energetic town.

Early in the summer of 1864 Sherman started from Chattanooga toward Atlanta, the Confederates, first under Johnston and later under Hood, retreating before him. They were fighting all the way down. By July Sherman was in front of Atlanta and soon the town was in a state of siege.

The shelling of Atlanta began in deadly earnest on August 9, 1864. Of this particular day, and of the subsequent bombardment, Hood, the Confederate general, whose forces occupied the town, said:

The ninth was made memorable by the most furious cannonade which the city sustained during the siege. Women and children fled into cellars and were forced to seek shelter a greater length of time than at any period of the bombardment. The bombardment of the city continued until the twenty-fifth of August. It was painful, yet strange, to mark how expert grew the old men, women and children in building their little underground forts in which to fly for safety during the stream of shell and shot.

The first shell that fell into the town exploded at the corner of East Ellis and Ivy streets, killing a little girl who was walking with her father. This was on the morning of July twentieth. The town was full of old men, women and children during the bombardment, as many of the noncombatants had been unable to leave.

The Mayor's Note to General Ward

THE Confederate forces evacuated Atlanta on September 1, 1864, and early on the morning of September second a group of the leading citizens of the town met in the office of the mayor to discuss what should be done. A suggestion that a committee ride to the headquarters of the nearest Federal commander and apprise him of the state of affairs in Atlanta met with favor. Mayor Calhoun thought it best to head the committee himself and in his official capacity formally tender the surrender of the city. About ten o'clock in the morning Mayor Calhoun, accompanied by E. E. Rawson, Thomas G. Crusselle, J. E. Williams, Thomas Kile, William Markham and Julius Hayden set out on horseback toward the bridge across the Chattahoochee River, which the Federal troops were holding. One of the party carried a white flag. They were, of course, all unarmed. The deserted earthworks of the Confederates were passed just at the northern outskirts of the city. Not a soul was visible. A few hundred yards beyond the Confederate works stretched the parallel lines of Federal defenses. Suddenly along the road leading across the old Union lines a small squad of Union cavalry came slowly, feeling toward Atlanta. They moved down toward the civilians carrying the white flag. The two parties met and greeted one another civilly. Mayor Calhoun introduced himself and made known his mission.



After the Sharpshooting in Potter's House

"I am looking for General Sherman," he said.

"General Sherman is twenty miles from here, sir—down about Jonesboro," returned the Federal captain. "If you want to reach the commanding officer of this division you will have to see General Slocum at the bridge. He will shortly be in command in Atlanta."

At this moment Colonel Coburn, commanding the Second Brigade, rode up and was introduced to the mayor. Colonel Coburn advised Mayor Calhoun to write a note formally embodying his desire to surrender the city, addressing it to Brigadier General Ward. Taking a memorandum book from his pocket, Mayor Calhoun tore out a page and wrote the following message, which could hardly be termed an abject surrender:

ATLANTA, GA., September 2, 1864.

BRIGADIER GENERAL WARD,

COMDG. THIRD DIVISION, TWENTIETH CORPS.

Sir: The fortune of war has placed Atlanta in your hands. As mayor of the city, I ask protection to noncombatants and private property.

JAMES M. CALHOUN, *Mayor of Atlanta.*

The mayor and his party then returned to town. By noon the whole line of Marietta Street, along which the mayor and his party had ridden early that morning, was blue with Sherman's dashing Yankee boys. A little squad of Confederate cavalry had stayed on in the town too long and there was some desultory firing before they got away. This soon ceased and columns of Federal infantry came marching in, at least one of them preceded by a band playing Yankee Doodle. The Union flags were run up on the city hall.



Palisades and Chevaux-de-Frise Guarding Atlanta

Sherman's Orders

BY THE middle of the afternoon the heavy army wagons were rolling in wreathed in clouds of dust and by sundown the irrepressible sutler had his wares displayed in vacant stores. A news agent took possession of the post office. The quartermasters occupied the best shops and the higher command took possession of the best residences for headquarters. The soldiers got along very well with the citizens. There was no pillaging and not a woman was offered insult. In cases where families were destitute their needs were supplied from the commissary stores.

Sherman decided to deport all the inhabitants of Atlanta, and on September eighth, six days after the arrival of the troops in the town, the order of deportation was issued. The people were told that they could go north or south and take with them their movable property. They were to be furnished transportation. Most of them, of course, chose to go south toward the Confederate lines and an armistice was arranged while the movement

(Continued on Page 113)

TO-MORROW

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE loveliest thing in the world—and the most fragile—is a dream. In treasuring her dreams, which were two, Benita Darcy—that wasn't her real name—being scant twenty, reckoned only on the first quality. Benita at twenty was a lovely thing herself, from the soft mass of her dark hair to the toes of her dancing feet. Her brown eyes glimmered and shone and melted and misted with wayward tides of feeling. The color came and went in her cheeks; like wild-rose petals her skin was in those days. She had a bit of a tiptilted nose and a sensitive mouth that would pucker into the most provoking pout during her many thoughtful moments, though the pout was not of discontent but of wistfulness over living. She had then, youth, health, beauty and dreams; and the last were not the least cause for her loveliness.

The first dream had to do with Benita's career. Benita stood on the threshold of her career. The very day we're speaking of was a momentous test day. That evening Benita would make her first appearance as ingénue in what was expected to be Broadway's big hit for that season. Whenever Benita thought of the terrible importance of that evening the blood would leave her cheeks entirely and her heart would stop pumping for some seconds. Then the wonder of it all would come over her afresh, and that foolish, inexperienced heart would tumble all over itself making up for lost time. Then, to compose herself, Benita would sit down to think over for the hundredth time the events that had led up to this day—the studying, the struggle in makeshift jobs, the hopes, the fears, and finally the reward—a big man's quiet judicious voice saying: "That girl has charm. Cast her for the ingénue."



And There, All Motion Congealed in Her, Her Eyes Fastened on the Unveiled Wall, She Remained

Oh, wasn't it wonderful? But suppose she failed! Suppose her heart stopped working that night and her breath didn't come!

A whistle from the street below rescued Benita from another round, and drew her to the window, where she peeped out from behind the curtains. Round the corner strutted a young man, a portfolio under one arm, his slouch hat in his hand, the wind playing tricks with his curls, his full tie and his baggy coat. A sweet flush warmed Benita's face as she gazed. Here was her second dream incarnate. Remember, she was only twenty. She watched every step that artist chap took on the cracked granitoid paving, up the dingy steps to the ugly door of the tall gray house opposite. Further, in her mind she followed him up the narrow, smelly staircase within, and knew that presently, on the very top floor, he would open a door to a room just like hers. There! A terrier's yelp welcomed the master, and Benita drew shyly away from the window.

She knew, the rascal, what he would be doing next. Back in the shadows she waited for it. He came to the window, looked directly across at hers; and, when he found no one there, frowned in a petulant small-boy fashion. Then, laughing, he took up a violin and played a merry, lilting, teasing melody—played it right at Benita; and she knew it. After that he drew up an easel to the window and settled himself to his work of painting. Benita quite casually drew up a chair to her window and settled herself at her work of going over the lines of her play. Not once did she look at the artist now, except out of the corner of her eye. Still she knew, the rascal, what he was doing. She knew she was posing. However, because of her exquisite youth and her dreams and the warm sweet rush of happiness in her soul, the posing of Benita was nothing artificial or strained. No artist ever came nearer to catching hope tiptoe and poised for flight. If that boy was not a dub at his profession he was on his way to a masterpiece.

By and by a clatter over the way announced that the artist was putting up his work. Benita then ventured a direct glance. The artist smiled, waved his hand, and Benita waved back. They had come to that, but no more. To-day, however, the young man called to her just one word, "To-morrow!" At the same time he pointed to the easel. Benita blushed, nodded, and drew back from the window.

"To-morrow!" The messages that word has carried! When there is no longer a to-morrow one's soul has truly died. Benita did not know what would happen to-morrow, but she was sure it would be lovely. No doubt she would see the picture. Perhaps the artist would find a way of including her in one of those gay, charming studio parties she had watched so wistfully and so discreetly. At any rate some step would be taken to-morrow. Perhaps—oh, perhaps, and perhaps, and perhaps! "To-morrow!"

That evening Benita's breath came all right and she did not fail, though her knees shook ever so little and her face burned. Throughout the big audience, ready to turn either way, folks said again and again, "That girl has charm!" There were flowers from strangers. There was one round bouquet in a paper holder—violets with mignonette in the center.

"At last I know who you are," said the note attached. "I shall not lose you now, no matter what happens. Remember to-morrow!" And so, though no signature helped her, Benita knew the flowers were from the artist.

That bouquet Benita carried close to her all the way home. She was holding it in her hand, loving it, when the landlady followed her up the steps with a telegram.

"It come a half hour ago," said the landlady, and lingered.

She was a fat untidy woman with stringy hair and a pudding face and a soiled gray calico wrapper. She held out to Benita the regulation cheap yellow envelope. Never afterward could Benita picture fate in any other guise. For the blurred purple words within the envelope tapped her dreams and shattered them—both.

Plaudits still rang in Benita's ears. In her heart still echoed the ardent words, "I shall not lose you now, no matter what happens." The plaudits, the flowers, the note, the promise—to-morrow!

"Come at once!" said the telegram. There would be no to-morrow. A dream is the loveliest thing in the world—and the most fragile. To-morrow!

In a blaze of exasperation Maggie Bender glared at the back of Abraham Judson dawdling before his shelves of canned goods. And the more Maggie Bender glared the more Abraham dawdled. Across the store a futile little blond lady, filching jelly beans from a glass case, tittered. The inference made Maggie boil. With the flat of her hand she smacked her sailor more squarely down over her forehead. Anybody looking at Maggie Bender ought to have known she had come here to buy groceries, not for any one of the fool reasons gossiping busybodies could name. No woman who seeks out the company of man draws her hair into Maggie Bender's taut formation or wears such rigid, uncompromising clothes as Maggie Bender's old black coat and square-toed shoes. What Abraham Judson saw in her to admire remains a mystery. Perhaps it was her very rigid obstinacy that appealed to the mild, easy-going little groceryman. At any rate Abraham dawdled, and

Mrs. Gentry tittered, and Maggie glared. Everything in life exasperated Maggie Bender. Even the wind took an especial spite on her and lashed her nose as red as a ripe pepper. She thought that fool Judson would never locate the quarter-pound can of tea she had called for.

"There it is, right over your head," she snapped at last. "My stars, if it was a snake ——"

"I see it, I see it!" chirped Judson. "I declare, you've got sharp eyes! You know my stock most better than I do right now."

He came, bringing the tea, his face ashine with admiration.

"Gotten acquainted any with your new neighbor, Miss Maggie?" he inquired, before beginning his leisurely search for the next article on Maggie's list.

"Who, Skeezicks?" Maggie snorted as if she had been prodded in the ribs.

The grocer tilted his head and laughed till his throat rattled.

"It tickles me to hear you call him that," he said. "It sure does. And everybody's copying you. Funny he'd come here to live if that old place did belong to his people. He's sure ripped it up in fine style. A palace like his looks strange in that end of town. I hear you named him Skeezicks when he put up his stone wall. He must be a queer sort."

"Queer?" sniffed Maggie bitterly. "Queer? He's worse than that. What was the sense of his putting up a wall anyhow? If he put it up to keep out Jessica, why did he poison her first? Two packages of that buckwheat flour, I said."

Jessica had been Maggie Bender's black cat—a treasure and therefore taken from her.

"Now, now, Miss Maggie, I wouldn't blame that on him without being sure of myself. Suppose it was somebody else poisoned the cat."

"Suppose nothing! There wasn't another person in town that didn't know and love that cat. Anybody would take her in and feed her. She didn't know what it was to be afraid of people. And just because she used to hunt grasshoppers in that old place before the Skeezicks took it—don't you keep buckwheat flour, Mr. Judson?"

Judson with a simpered apology brought the flour.

"It does seem too bad," he said. "Still, I wouldn't be too hard on him. He's had heavy trouble. His man housekeeper comes in here once in a while and he told me about him. Seems like he's been a painter or something in his day. A sign painter, I reckon, going by the pile of money he made. Then he got caught in a railroad wreck and hurt his right arm. It's so stiff he can't use it any more. You'll allow that's pretty hard on a man, Miss Maggie."

"H'm, maybe," grudged Miss Maggie. "A pound of that fifty-cent coffee, please."

"And trouble," observed the grocer, "affects folks different. It's enough to drive a man crazy not to be able to do the work he's done all along and wants to do worse than anything else. Take me, for instance. If anything was to happen that would take this store away from me, that's been mine many a year, and my father's before me ——"

"Depends on whether you can afford to go crazy or not," interrupted Miss Maggie. "Some folks can't. It isn't trouble that's driven him crazy. It's his cantankerous disposition. He's made up his mind to be as miserable as he can and make everybody else miserable too. He's an old devil—I want that coffee medium ground."

"Maybe you're right," soothed the cheerful grocer as he tied the package. "Troubles don't get lighter from fretting over them. But that's human nature. Maybe if he was to get interested in something round here he'd act different. They say he's worth a million of money. I was thinking that maybe if you got acquainted with him, being neighbors and all, we might get him to help out some in our missionary work for the Hollow."

Hungry Hollow was a steel mill's unsightly and ungodly appendage to the suburb of Webster. Having tried in vain to remove the hateful growth the prideful inhabitants of the pretty old town had lately begun a process of nourishing, Americanizing and generally elevating the Bohunk population. Everybody was interested in the Hollow. Even Maggie Bender worked there after hours. "Hungry" was really a contraction of "Hungary"; but it fitted the subjects in hand any way you considered it.

"Meaning you'd like me to ask Skeezicks for a donation?" asked Maggie, setting her mouth.

"Well, no, not right off like that," deprecated Mr. Judson. "I just thought if you was to get friendly and neighborly with him you might come to talking about the Hollow sometime and sort of get him started, you know. You've a great way of handling folk, especially menfolk, Miss Maggie. Take me, for instance ——"

"No," said Maggie hurriedly and emphatically—she was listening for Mrs. Gentry's titter—"I can't do it. There's small chance of our getting neighborly or friendly ever, so that's out of the question. If you think I ought to go up and ring his front doorbell and ask him for a donation or to buy tickets for the Thanksgiving benefit, I'm not one to shirk a duty. He'd probably slam the door in my face; but I don't know that I wouldn't enjoy the experience. Lord knows we need the money. Being the treasurer of the association myself, I realize that."

"Money ain't everything," began the grocer.

"Oh, isn't it?" The question was put in withering scorn. "Well, if you had to stand on your feet all day, teaching algebra and geometry, and then come home and carry wood, and keep up fires, and tend to chickens, and cook meals, and clean house, and nurse two helpless old people, I guess you'd think that money amounted to something. Give me a pound of prunes. I hope they're better than the last ones I bought. I thought I never would get the skin steamed loose from the seeds."

"Miss Maggie, I'd be glad to stop by mornings and carry a box of wood in for you. It ain't right for you to work like that. You'll break down. Or, better still, I've got an old base-burner up to my place that ain't worth anything to me. You'd be welcome to it. You could burn hard coal in that and wouldn't have so much carrying as to keep them king heaters going. I could load it up on the wagon any day."

"Never mind. Thanks just the same; but I'm used to the king heaters now. What's more, I'd be afraid to try anything newfangled in that old house. Just for spite, it would burn down on me some day. Oh, I'll worry along. I've been at this for going on twenty years now; I guess I'll hold out a while longer. Let me see, what else did I want? How much higher is lard this evening?"

"Down a couple of cents, Miss Maggie. You haven't got your bucket, have you? No, of course not; you come right from school. You see, Miss Maggie, how hard it is to keep from fretting over troubles. Skeezicks' trouble is his arm, yours is too much work and high prices. But the idea's the same."

Maggie flushed with indignation. She laid hold of her packages.

"Do you mean to say I'm like him?" she choked.

"No, no, of course not!" said the grocer, his hands also on the parcels, as if to prevent Maggie from rushing away in anger. "You're a good woman and you do things

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"I'm Going to Stay Here Till You've Swallowed the Last Mouthful. I Don't Care if I Stand Here Till I Faint"

HOW A TOWN COMES BACK



The Beginning of the Storm



Chapparel Street





The Wreck of a Street Car
Above—On the Water Front

By J. R. Sprague

I GOT off the train in the morning and inquired my way to the chamber-of-commerce headquarters. Arriving there I found I had come at an inopportune time to get the information I wanted. The secretary was in no position to sit down and answer my questions; he was the storm center of a boosters' campaign which they were putting on to raise money for advertising the city.

Twelve committees of three men each were getting ready to go out among their fellow townsmen and collect $10,000. Seeing no chance to talk with the secretary I thought I might get my information in another way; when one of the committees started out on the street I invited myself to go along.

The war has taught American cities everywhere how to go after money. The old-style hit-or-miss soliciting is a back number. Now the work is all planned out in advance; each committee has a list of names, and opposite each name is set the amount which the victim is expected to subscribe. Every name on the list must be reported on. It is useless for a business man to slip out of his back door when he sees a committee coming up the street, because he knows the committee will keep on coming until he is found. He may just as well face the music the first time.

Money Quickly Raised

THE committee to which I attached myself had unusual success. There were very few turn-downs; most of the business men knew we were coming and signed the subscription card, smilingly or gloomily according to temperament. Anyone who has ever been on a chamber-of-commerce soliciting committee will realize how easy things were when I state that only one man started an argument and demanded to know what that dog-gone chamber of commerce had ever done anyhow.

There was just one other jarring note, and that, I regret to state, came from a lady.

We had gone into her place of business to solicit her subscription. She did not demur much at signing the card for twenty-five dollars, but as the committee filed out I happened to be a little behind the others and she held me for a furtive remark.

"They say they are collecting all this money to boost the city," she said darkly; "but what I want to know is, who pays for those big banquets they always give whenever some general or congressman comes to town?"

I assured the lady that chambers of commerce never spend money foolishly, and hurried on. But it really was easy getting subscriptions. I have for years acted on chamber-of-commerce committees appointed to nag the public for money, and I can truthfully state that I never saw more willingness on the part of those nagged.

At twelve o'clock all the workers got together at a luncheon to turn in their reports. It was a typical chamber-of-commerce gathering. The toastmaster got things going nicely by stating that their city was the garden spot of the earth and needed only the coöperation of all loyal citizens to make it hum with the wheels of industry.

I am sure those were the words he used; I was a little late getting in, but that is what all chamber-of-commerce toastmasters say, and from the applause he was getting as I arrived I am sure he said it especially well.

The various committeemen turned in their reports and each one was cheered loudly as he announced the amount of money his detachment had collected. When all had been added up the chairman stated enthusiastically that more than $9000 had been subscribed. It was indeed good work. More than nine-tenths of the amount needed had been raised in three hours.

Someone jumped to his feet and made a ringing motion that the chamber raise $15,000 instead of $10,000. The motion was passed amid cheers. The toastmaster declared the meeting adjourned and the workers went out on the streets to get the rest of the money.

Such a successful money-raising campaign would be nothing to remark about if pulled off in some favored and prosperous community which has never had a serious setback. You would expect such results in towns like Newport News, Virginia, or Youngstown, Ohio, for instance. But the city of which I am writing is Corpus Christi, Texas, which only a few months ago took one of the hardest knocks ever given an American community.

After the Tidal Wallop

LAST September, you will remember, the newspapers carried stories under big headlines that Corpus Christi had suffered a terrible disaster from a tidal wave which came from somewhere in the Gulf of Mexico. There was lamentable loss of life. A fourth of all the dwelling houses in the town were battered to pieces and the débris was scattered along the coast. The business district for two days was flooded fathoms deep with a surging torrent of salt water. Heavy pieces of wreckage from the gulf acted as battering rams and plunged through the most substantial buildings. Practically all the merchandise in the town was washed away or ruined. There was no insurance carried against damage by tidal wave. It was all a dead loss.

If a similar disaster had happened to New York City it would mean that every building in Harlem had been swept over into the Hudson River, the business portions of Fifth Avenue and Broadway banged to pieces and all the merchandise in the buildings ruined. And all with no insurance.

Business men everywhere thought Corpus Christi was hopelessly bankrupt. Representatives of credit agencies who got into the town as soon as railroad communication was restored reported back to their home offices that manufacturers and wholesalers who had accounts in Corpus must expect to stand heavy losses.

But the business men of Corpus upset all calculations. Not a single one among them has gone the bankruptcy route. Plenty of them had fine excuses to lie down on their obligations, but no one did. Some of them, to be sure, owe a great deal more than they have got, which technically makes them insolvent; but they are going right along as if nothing had happened and paying off debts as they get the money. No outsider is going to lose anything merely because Corpus Christi got an awful wallop last September.

Looking at the map Corpus seems a long way off from everywhere. To one who has never been in the far corners

of the country it is natural to believe that remote communities are somehow different. But we are surprisingly alike.

Corpus Christi does not appear unlike any Massachusetts or Pennsylvania town of the same size. The streets are paved with asphalt; imposing-looking bank buildings occupy the principal business corners, and people complain because the street cars charge ten cents a ride. There is a courthouse that seems too large and expensive for the town, and cards advertising lectures to be held at the high school are displayed in the store windows on Main Street.

Corpus is an old town in spite of its remote situation. It was a sizable place back in 1845, when the United States was getting ready for the Mexican War; in fact it was a cantonment town at that time. Out at the north end of town remains may still be seen of the trenches which the soldiers of General Taylor dug as part of their training for the Mexican campaign. Captain Ulysses Grant commanded a company there. As human nature never changes it may be presumed that the doughboys of '45 complained that the storekeepers of Corpus raised prices every time they saw a bunch of soldiers coming up the street. The building which General Taylor used as headquarters still stands in the business district.

I had come to Corpus Christi to learn at first hand how men who have lost everything in the world get back on their feet again.

Every business man at times has this thought: Suppose my business should suddenly be wiped out; my factory or store or office swept off the map with no insurance; myself out in the street with nothing to my name except a pair of trousers and a cotton shirt, and owing money besides—what would I do to get back into business?

This was the question I wanted to ask in Corpus Christi, where a lot of men had been in just that fix, and apparently had gotten away with it.

Sheer Nerve

I WENT into one of the banks that occupied a prominent downtown corner and asked to see the president; he was busy counting up the subscriptions that his committee had secured on the chamber-of-commerce drive, but left off and asked me what I wanted.

"I want to know," I answered, "how it happens that there has been no business failure in your town after what happened here last September. How come that I run into a chamber-of-commerce boosters' campaign instead of seeing a lot of store fronts boarded up on Main Street?"

"I think I can answer that question," said the banker after a little thought. "I believe it has been more a matter of nerve than anything else. Some of these fellows you see doing business round here are in business to-day simply because they wouldn't admit they were licked. Perhaps I can best illustrate by telling how one of our customers managed it.

"The man I allude to," continued the bank president, "is a young fellow who was operating a small manufacturing plant. At the time of the storm he had been in business about five years. He had started with about $10,000 capital and had got to the point where he was worth $35,000 or $40,000 over and above his debts.

"He was, however, owing a good deal of money; he had been doing a good business, was anxious to do more, and so had branched out about to the limit of his credit.

"When the storm came his plant was about ten feet deep in salt water. Some heavy timbers floating in from the bay drove their way through the end of his building and for the next twenty-four hours banged round inside the factory.

"The morning after the storm when the owner came down to look at his property there was nothing but a disorderly mass of driftwood and broken-up machinery, covered over with black mud. The manufactured goods on hand had floated out to sea. After three or four days' work salvaging what little there was to be salvaged the young manufacturer came over to the bank and laid his proposition before me.

"He was owing more than $30,000. Against this he had his damaged machinery and some accounts owing him; all together his assets could not possibly be worth $20,000. His net worth was fully $10,000 less than nothing. A man who was pretty close to the young manufacturer had advised him to take bankruptcy as the only sensible way out, but he didn't want to do it.

"'I don't see why I shouldn't pull out,' he told me. 'With hard work I can get the plant going again in a month. There is a steady demand for my product, and I figure that I can break even with my debts within a couple of years.'

"And then he added what I suspect was the main reason he didn't want to lie down on his obligations.

"'You know I've got a boy six years old,' he said, 'and I don't want to make him go through life knowing that his dad owed money that he didn't pay.'

"I told the young manufacturer to write to his creditors telling them exactly how he stood and what he wanted to do about it; when he received their reply he was to come back to me and I would see what the bank could do. His principal creditor was a Detroit concern, and in a few days he brought me their letter."

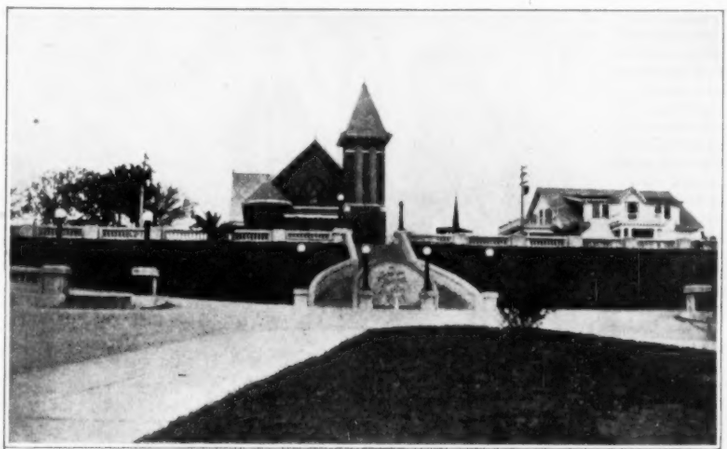
A Kind Creditor

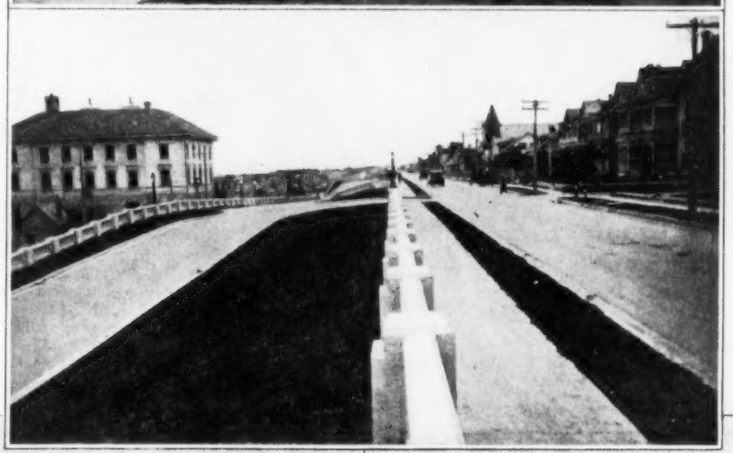
"TALK about humanness in business! The president of that big impersonal concern up North, where we Southerners are supposed to believe everything is on a hard business basis, wrote a letter that was a masterpiece in human sympathy and understanding. There was a check for $100 as a contribution toward the relief work we were trying to do for the poor of our town. Regarding business relations with the young manufacturer the Detroit executive wrote something like this:

> If, in view of your misfortune, you had asked us to compromise the amount you owe us we would have been glad to give you a liberal discount. But I think I understand your feelings and shall make no such offer. I wish, however, to make the following arrangement:
>
> I am returning all your notes which we hold. Upon receipt of them please execute new notes, making them to fall due at any future dates on which you think you will be able to meet them. Do not be afraid to take plenty of time. There will be no interest charged on the new notes.
>
> I have instructed our credit department to treat your account on the same basis as if these notes were not in existence.

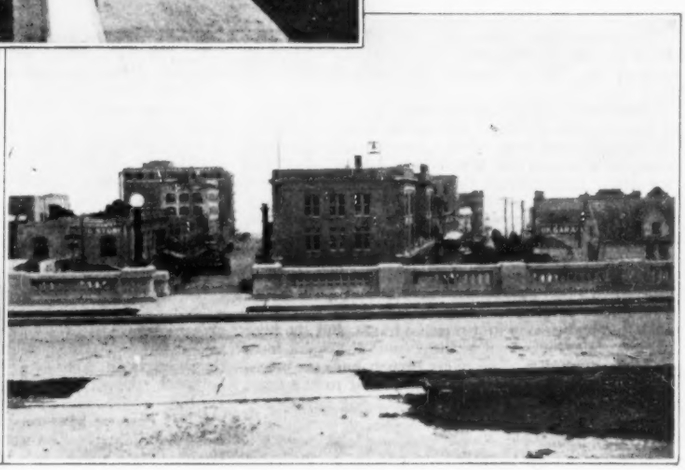
"The young manufacturer's credit was better than it had ever been before, mainly because he had insisted on trying to pay a hundred cents on the dollar. Our bank had extended him a line of credit before the storm

(Continued on Page 97)









PHOTOS. BY KARL BRADFORD, CORPUS CHRISTI

A Corpus Christi Hotel

Looking Toward the Water Front

Above—Lower Broadway and the Presbyterian Church

CATCHING UP

V

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LIKE most young men who enjoy reading detective stories and watching motion-picture plays, Calvert's ideas of pursuing a criminal inquiry were based on the exploits of Sherlock Holmes and the great mass of current contemporaneous writers of mystery tales, so that the solving of such problems appeared to him to be principally a question of close observation and logical deduction.

He had asked permission to apply himself to the investigation less because that sort of work appealed to him or through any confidence for his own qualifications of sleuth than because he felt he owed it to his late friend and benefactor, the murdered man, to make every effort to bring his slayer to justice. Calvert could not help but feel the tremendous difference so enormous a bequest was bound to make in his own life and circumstances, and he did not think it right to sit idly and wait to profit by this. There was also his friendship for Heming and desire to help remove any possible taint which might cling to him as a result of his inability to prove a satisfactory alibi.

But he shortly found that there was an enormous difference between the theory of tracing a crime and the practical application of any such. The scene of the murder had been immediately occupied by the French police, and two or three experts had made a thorough examination of the premises, the body and such people as might have been able to throw any light on the affair. Calvert decided that a first important step in his effort at investigation would be to interview the distinguished American lawyer, Mr. Douglas Harker, to whom Heming had taken Hazard on the morning of the tragedy. Mr. Harker having undertaken the examination of Hazard's affairs would be naturally interested in probing the mystery of his client's violent death, and quite aside from this would now have the administration of the fortune to be distributed among the four legatees. Calvert therefore called at the law offices of Mr. Harker the following morning at ten.

The polite elderly doorman—of military aspect himself—paid no particular attention to the young American lieutenant beyond observing that he was rather broader and ruddier and squarer of jaw and brighter of eye than most of the broad, ruddy, square-jawed, bright-eyed Sammies to be seen upon the streets of Paris.

The black-lashed girl at the desk found a much more lively interest in him. She reminded Calvert of a trim carrier pigeon in full feather. To her he stated in fluent French his desire to speak with Mr. Harker. No, he did not have an appointment, but his business was purely professional and a little pressing. As he told her this she observed that his teeth were very strong and white, that his eyes—of a rather light French gray—were even more heavily lambrequined than her own, and that the dimple in his cheek might easily become a line.

Mademoiselle Odette handed him a pencil and he inscribed his name, Calvert Steele, and after it his rank and regiment. The name sounded vaguely familiar to the quick-witted girl, and she glanced at his decorations, one of which was the Croix de Guerre. His handwriting was like himself, she thought, square and cleanly cut, and though regular, yet such as would prove difficult to forge.

"One minute if you please, sir," said she, displaying her own accomplishment. "I don't think"—she had mastered the "th"—"Meester Harker is engage' jus' now."

Calvert came to rest. He had scarcely expected to find the lawyer there so early. The offices looked handsome and dignified and very clean, though there appeared already to be a good deal of business going on behind the glass door. Mademoiselle Odette, more pigeonlike than ever, flitted back to say that Mr. Harker would see him immediately, and ushered him into a large, handsome, high-ceilinged room which resembled the library or owner's study in a rich private house more than the office of a very busy and prominent international lawyer. The furniture was rich and heavy—Empire and Louis Fourteenth. The mirrors looked like museum pieces, especially a small Florentine one in a massive frame, and the high windows, which looked out on the Avenue de l'Opéra, were provided as usual in sumptuous French business offices with handsome lace curtains, which hung to the floor. A dark-complexioned wiry man was striding impatiently up and down as Calvert was shown in.

"Good morning, Mr. Steele," said he briskly, with a quick smile which pleasantly illumined for an instant a nervous and rather irritable face. "Well, sir, is there any more light on this damnable affair?"



"I Have Never Been in Love But Once Before"

"No, sir," Calvert answered, a little astonished at the extreme contradiction between the brisk informal lawyer, evidently a Southerner, and his stately surroundings. It was immediately evident to him that such a man as Mr. Harker might easily get through four times the business in his day's work of one of his circumlocutory French confrères.

"Have you seen Heming?"

"Yes, sir."

"How's he buckin' up under it?"

"He's bitter and savage, and seems to take it with a scornful defiance. Said to me: 'This is what a man gets for being a hard fighter and tearing into the Hun. If I had been a conscientious objector or some sort of a fat *embusqué* they'd say I couldn't possibly be guilty of such an atrocious crime, but because I treated 'em rough they take it for granted I must have a murderous streak—and they're right.'"

"Well, there's something in that," admitted Mr. Harker.

"Just now we have to deal with a new and peculiar class of criminals. The war has left a lot of men in a neurotic state which can't be classed as shell shock but rather a lack of mental control under sanguinary impulses. Such men are apt to be of Heming's type, who have proved themselves brave in action to the point of recklessness, and yet have never been entirely without a horror of the business."

Calvert thought of what Heming had told him about his emotions before going over the top.

"It looks bad for Heming," Mr. Harker continued methodically.

"A powerful motive, recent experiences which have produced a sort of paralysis in respect for human life, ease of accomplishment and a knowledge of our American criminal procedure, where circumstantial evidence is seldom enough for conviction and the burden of the proof of guilt thrown upon the prosecution instead of the proof of innocence on the defendant, as under the French Napoleonic Code. As the case now stands, all that Heming needs to do is precisely what he's doing—stand fast and stick to his denial. All the same, I don't believe he did it."

"Of course he didn't do it, Mr. Harker!" Calvert cried. "No doubt your psychology is right enough, but Heming isn't one of these neurotics you mention. His rough stuff was all for the enemy. He was gentle as a brother with his sick and wounded."

The lawyer took a few brisk turns, tugging at his thin, black, wiry mustache. Suddenly he swung about on Calvert with a gleam in his dark snapping eyes.

"Do you know, Steele, I don't know but what we might do worse than fall back on the old French criminal proverb of '*Cherchez la femme.*'"

"But they said a woman could scarcely have managed it," Calvert said.

"Not with her own hand. I saw the body. The wounds had been made with some short, thin, ragged implement that appeared to have been rather blunt and needed a lot of force to drive in. The blows were so hard that the flesh was all contused, and there were curious circular bruises of which the wounds were the centers. It looked as if the very force of such thumps over the heart of a drunken man might have been enough to stop it. A knife would have had a cutting edge, and a hatpin or stiletto gone in deeply.

Nobody was able to suggest what sort of a tool it might have been. I don't think for a moment a woman did it, but I believe there is a woman behind it somewhere. The crime was not premeditated. If it had been the assassin would have provided himself with a real weapon."

"Do you think," asked Calvert, "that Hazard might have drifted into some low dive and got foul of a girl of some Apache?"

"No, I don't think that at all. I don't think it was revenge or robbery. I believe the motive had to do with this inheritance and that the assassin had some indirect interest in it. At sight of Hazard's helpless condition it may have flashed across his mind that the chance was too good to be lost and that the blame would be pretty sure to be placed upon one of you four legatees. He may have known something about Heming's record, which was not brilliant before the war. They showed me his *dossier* in the prefecture. This record inscribes him as of irregular habits, occasional disreputable associates, two *mondaine* scandals which were suppressed, remiss in his money obligations, furniture seized by the landlord, three traffic *contraventions*, the smuggling of cigarettes and matches from London, café brawls, for one of which he was forbidden to enter Maxim's for a year."

"They don't miss much, do they?" said Calvert. "But it seems to me that he pretty well wiped off that slate at Château-Thierry."

"You're damned right, he did!" said Harker. "But the French police have devilish retentive memories, as this assassin may have known."

"I don't think I quite get you, Mr. Harker," said Calvert. "Where does the woman come in?"

The lawyer gave him a sharp look.

"How about this girl, Agnes?" he demanded. "She seems to have had a lot of beaux in the battalion. What if she were secretly in love with her coheir, Raymond Wagner?"

"But Raymond was down in camp."

"Are you dead sure? Is there any more reason to believe that Raymond was in camp between ten and twelve than that Heming was not in his apartment at that time?

Has a soldier never been known to sneak out after taps and get back before reveille? I understand that Raymond was an ornery cuss, too, before the war, and like all the rest of your bunch he very likely had a mash on Agnes."

"Good Lord," said Calvert, "he was Hazard's buddy!"

Mr. Harker glanced at the clock. "Well," said he dryly, "next to disobedience to orders of the commanding officer, fratricide is the oldest crime of which we have any record. I refer to the lapse of Adam and Eve, followed by the assassination of Abel."

The desk telephone rang. Mr. Harker picked up the instrument and spattered into it a blast of French in his pleasing Southern accent, then glanced at Calvert with a twisted smile.

"There's Miss Agnes now," said he. "She telephoned for an appointment. Don't go. You might as well hear what she's got to say."

The young woman who immediately entered was quite unlike the usual type of Salvation Army war worker; very young—which is to say about twenty-two—very pretty in the fresh provocative way which one associates rather with the milkmaid of musical comedy than the serious-minded young woman whom one thinks of as presiding freezingly in blue gown and bonnet over a Christmas kettle at the icy wind-swept corner of a thoroughfare. She gave an impression which was anything but pitiable. Modestly but smartly dressed, Agnes might easily have passed at an earlier and less crucial epoch as an enthusiastic American girl from some New England village touring France for the first time with her father, the rich proprietor of a glove or shoe factory.

Calvert did not know very much about her history, except that she had gone to New York from a small Maine village with ambitions to engage in a dramatic career and that, her small legacy spent, she had been rescued from starvation or worse catastrophe by a woman of the Salvation Army and had enlisted in its ranks at a moment when the organization was destined to become gloriously immortalized for its heroic work in the World War. Agnes' pretty face and calm, unruffled courage under fire had inspired many a youth like the Drums of the Fore and Aft, while her deft skill had reënforced that part of his anatomy on which according to Napoleon he fights the best.

She looked now surprised, pleased and a little embarrassed on finding Calvert in consultation with Mr. Harker, and came to the point of her errand with a rather breathless haste. Mr. Harker wished her good morning in his courtly Southern way, drawing up a large armchair in which she seated herself. It was evident to Calvert that she was under some suppressed emotion which she was making an excellent effort to conceal.

"I had to come to ask if you have any news, Mr. Harker," said Agnes.

"Not yet," Mr. Harker answered, "but my American correspondent cables that he is on the job, so I should get a first report in two or three days. In the meantime if you are in any pressing need of funds I shall be glad to advance what you may require."

A sudden flush spread over Agnes' pink and white skin, which was rather that of an English or Irish girl in its delicacy of coloring, the sea fogs which invest the coast of her native state having precisely the same effect in softening the skin and infusing it with red corpuscles. She was really an uncommonly pretty girl, and of a type quite peculiar to a region which has preserved more than any other the racial features of its early colonists, distinctly Puritan, an Evangeline or Priscilla, and with all of these legendary maidens' warm impulses decorously veiled under her demure exterior. But it was now evident to Calvert that she hotly resented the lawyer's assumption that her errand was one of pecuniary profit. To use an excellently expressive old English word, Agnes bridled.

"My word, Mr. Harker," said she, "you don't think I came here to ask about money!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Agnes," said Mr. Harker with a suavity of tone markedly in contrast with that used in his man-to-man's talk with Calvert, "but what did you come for then?"

"Because I thought that there was something I ought to tell you," Agnes answered a little defiantly.

The lawyer fixed her with his dark piercing eyes.

"Has it any bearing on the murder of Hazard?" he asked.

Agnes nodded. Her manner was neither timid nor abashed nor yet precisely sulky. But the set of her chin, the very angle at which she held her head and the expression of her face contained all of that rather stupid superciliousness of the rural young American girl who, owing to some fortuitous circumstance, has found herself for a lapse of time treated with a consideration never previously imagined, and seems to feel therefore that she owes it to herself to extract from those with whom she comes subsequently in contact a respect and admiration which she has come to believe her due.

Calvert watching her curiously thought that he understood. Here was a decidedly spoiled girl to be treated with, but not a bad one. The ups and downs of Agnes' recent experiences had no doubt reacted upon her rather unintelligent nature in a way to put her on the defensive when in doubt. In distress she might be humble as a Yiddish refugee; in success proud and self-assertive as a sultan's favorite. Coming into a small legacy from an uncle who was a retired sea captain, she might have left Damariscotta, Maine, with a triumphant exit of local belle about to take her proper place on the dramatic stage or film screen. Failing in this and brought to the verge of misery, her self-assurance would have become a purely negative quality. Rescued by the Salvation Army, then put in a position perhaps the most spectacular at the moment which girlish imagination could conceive, that of cheering on the fighting men at what the French called the Front of the Front, this stimulation had been retroactive, and she had made gloriously good, dilating with generous impulses and her intensely feminine nature responding fervently to the masculine admiration encountered from every side. Followed another tuning down—the peace reaction and a patronage by a distinguished Englishwoman who had in sight for her nothing more stimulating than the rather uninspiring drudgery entailed in the care of war orphans. And next a sensational and tragic development by which she found herself suddenly the heiress of great wealth.

It was not surprising that Agnes had failed to establish any base line in the sphygmographic curve of her fluctuating fortunes. Unendowed with remarkable intelligence, scarcely having developed so far even common sense, her reactions were like those of a chameleon to its color medium. She did not intend to be impertinent or to give herself airs. She was merely trying to act the part to which she seemed for the moment cast.

Mr. Harker, that shrewd judge of human nature, must have been conscious of this, for he looked at her fixedly and said with a sudden departure from his ironic courtesy: "Am I to understand that you can contribute any information which might clear suspicion from Captain Heming?"

Agnes looked away.

"Not—not exactly, Mr. Harker," said she, "but it might—sort of divide the responsibility."

"Young woman," said Mr. Harker in a concentrated voice, "if there's anything you know about this case, then out with it!"

Agnes looked appealingly at Calvert. The color went out of her face and her lips trembled a little.

"It's—it's about Raymond Wagner," she faltered.

"Well, what about Raymond?" demanded Mr. Harker.

"He was in Paris that night," said Agnes.

"Indeed! Well, suppose you tell us all about it."

Agnes moistened her lips.

"I didn't say anything about it, because I knew that he was absent without leave and I didn't want to get him into trouble. I answered only the questions asked me."

"Quite right and most unusual," said Mr. Harker dryly.

"Young ladies giving testimony are apt to tell too much," he continued. "But this is different. Suppose you tell us all you know."

Agnes appeared to gain confidence.

(Continued on Page 135)



"You and Jerry are Both Potential Millionaires. I've Got Enough to Go on for a While"

HIDDEN PROFITS

VII

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE telephone bell had scarcely tinkled when Mr. J. Belgrave Fisher pounced upon it. "Did I get it?" he cried breathlessly. For it was now two-fifty-nine P. M., a minute before the stock exchange's closing time.

"Yes," came the welcome answer on the wire.

"How much?"

"Thirty-two hundred shares."

"What price?" cried Mr. Fisher. "Thank God!" he said then and, clapping down the receiver, dropped back into his chair. The difference between the selling and the buying back of Agmo had been after all but two and a half points.

The tense and slightly strained voice of the daughter now cut into his feeling of relief.

"What did you do anyhow?" it asked him in a distinctly critical tone.

"I've lost $8000—just about—I should say," said Mr. Fisher, now turning sharply about, "through you—through what you've done."

"Through me!" exclaimed his daughter in the voice and manner of one who is the victim of a strange and unanticipated injustice.

"What did you do?" asked Mr. Fisher. And now for the first time since the crisis they saw his glasses' rhythmic beating, a certain signal that his analytical mind had at last reached the solution of another problem. "How did you work out such a scheme?"

And as he asked this an anticipatory smile, which he apparently could not suppress, a smile not untouched with hope and wonder, stole upon his face. It was reflected immediately upon his daughter's flexible mouth, which had been waiting apparently for just such a signal.

"Why, you know!" she said, gazing at him with the frank, open glance which was so characteristic of her. "What I did that time before!"

"What time?" her father asked, his smile now growing firmer.

"That other time with you, when I had to have that money."

And now suddenly, after a slight delay, Mr. Fisher gave way to sharp, uncontrollable, buoyant laughter.



"I Can See You Cannot Forgive Me. But I Want You to Realize in After Years ——" He Said, and Stopped Suddenly

"Pardon me," said Mr. Payne after looking from one face to the other in vain, "but would you mind letting me in on this? Just what did you do before—to him?"

"Tell him! Tell him!" Mr. Fisher instructed her between coughs and self-congratulatory slaps upon his plump lower person.

"It is perfectly simple," said Miss Fisher, settling back now into a chair with the air of one who is conscious of having done a good work and is pleased that she is at last to be commended for it.

"How I got the idea was this: One time—oh, it was several years ago—I had to have some money for something or other I wanted. I just had to have it. So this time I heard Billikins and the rest of them get excited on some old stock or other—Crucible Steel or Agmo or something. And this idea came to me. This idea came to me," she repeated, smiling a rosy, reminiscent smile. "I knew he was betting that this stock would go up—oh, several hundred. I think he was betting over 1000 shares."

"She means by that," explained her father, "that I had bought 1000 or 1500 shares of Steel."

"What's the difference?" returned his daughter analytically, going on. "He bet 1500 shares of Steel, just as I said," she reaffirmed with great distinctness. "So then I had $500 where I could get at it, in a savings bank or something. So I took that and bet it, all I could with it, just the other way."

"She sold short, she means," explained her father.

"What's the difference?" asked his daughter, not relishing the interruption to this relation of her successful operations in finance. "What's the difference? Could you tell me right now what it means—just what they do when they sell short?" she demanded of Mr. Payne.

"I am quite confident that I could not," he assured her.

"I knew it," she said. "I've asked dozens—hundreds of men," she asserted liberally, "to give me a good clear statement of what they do to do it—this selling short. And I've never found one that had any sense to it—that I could understand yet. Dad here—Billikins—is the worst. I never could understand him about stocks anyway."

Mr. Fisher continued laughing heartily, though now perhaps with a little more effort.

"Betting—that's what it is," she went on, turning from her digression. "That's all. And all this talk of statistics and earnings and profits and all that is just the trimming—little pink flowers—a little chiffon here and there to make it look good."

"Go on, my dear," said Mr. Fisher, no longer smiling. "Mr. Payne doesn't want a lecture on the stock market."

"Well, it's perfectly simple, isn't it—what I did" she continued—"my scheme with dad here? If the stock went down, as I bet it would, I got my money, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Mr. Payne, hanging breathless on her words, his legs wound more and more tightly together in his attention.

"And if it went up—why, then I'd be all right too, shouldn't I? I should get my $500 back just the same."

"How?" asked Mr. Payne after reflection. "I don't know as I quite grasp that."

"Why shouldn't I?" she answered him. "Why shouldn't I, when dad was making thousands and thousands of dollars? What was $500 or $1000 to him then? Do you see now?" she asked with an ingratiating smile.

"Can you beat them?" asked Mr. Fisher, watching her with his head well back, in a broad indulgent smile. And Mr. Payne's face, though still puzzled, assented warmly to his implication.

"But go on," said Mr. Fisher fondly. "What did you do here in this case?"

"Why, can't you see that?" asked his daughter. "Why, all there was was this: You remember last month when all the stocks were all up and all that?"

"Yes."

"And Mr. Payne was trying to sell and couldn't on account of that confounded, insufferable old income tax?"

"Why, yes."

"And you were advising not to because Agmo was going up—from those hidden profits and all that?"

"I don't recall," said Mr. Fisher. "I don't think I said exactly ——"

"Yes, you did too! Didn't he? You remember perfectly, don't you?" she asked Mr. Payne, "all that talk about hidden profits—all the time? And then about the greatest bull market in history? Don't you?" she asked Mr. Payne, who, however, remained strategically silent.

"Well, he did anyhow," she reaffirmed. "And I knew then it was time to sell. For it was going to go down—that stock anyway."

"How did you know that?" inquired Mr. Fisher sharply, now a trifle red.

"How do I know anything?" she replied. "It always does when all the men are talking that way."

"What way?" inquired Mr. Fisher.

"All saying it's going up, and trying to show their reasons, and not having any, and all that. And there's one sign," she added for good measure—"one sign that's certain—almost certain every time: When you all begin to talk about the biggest bull market in history, then it begins to fall.

"The market, the prices always fall right away after that—always!"

"Can you beat them?" demanded Mr. Fisher of Mr. Payne again, somewhat defensively.

"Oh, I don't know anything about your old stock market," asserted Miss Deborah Fisher, "but I do know about men. I ought to. I watch them enough."

Mr. Fisher laughed until he coughed again, somewhat hysterically it seemed to Mr. Payne.

"But then?" said Mr. Payne gravely.

"But then," she continued her narrative, "when you wanted to sell so, and I thought you ought to too, and you couldn't on account of that income tax, all of a sudden the idea came to me: Why couldn't I do it for you just the same as I had with dad here when I wanted some spending money?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Payne.

"Only to do a lot bigger thing," she continued. "Bet just as many shares against you as you had bet the other way. Of course it was quite a responsibility," she said, sighing deeply. "It might have gone the other way—gone up. But then if it had," she reflected out loud, "I'd have still saved you your income tax that you'd have to have paid if you'd sold. And you said $500,000 was enough anyway," she reminded him.

But Mr. Payne said not a word—merely sat there staring.

"But the only thing was," she continued then, "where was I to get so much money to put up my bet with? I couldn't think of it for a long time. And I was giving the whole thing up when that time, you remember, you spoke about your owing money to dad and I said I'd take it—$30,000."

"And so ——" said Mr. Payne eagerly.

"I grabbed it!"

"And bet it," contributed Mr. Fisher.

"Against me!" concluded Mr. Payne.

"Yes," said Miss Fisher. "So I went to old Janus, who used to fix up my other deals for me, and he fixed this one up too, though I had an awful time persuading him," she said with a sigh. "It was terribly hard work for a while. He was afraid."

"Of what?" inquired Mr. Fisher, smiling.

"Of everything—of you and Mr. Payne and the stock-exchange authorities and the income-tax people. Oh, I never saw such an old scare cat!" she said harshly. "He was afraid of everything!

"But anyhow," she said, "it's all done now. I saved all that money you made—just as if you'd sold it out yourself when it was the highest—and it's all yours," she added triumphantly. "It's all yours; and what's more, you won't have to pay that darned old Government that insufferable, confounded old income tax either!"

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Payne, ceasing smiling suddenly.

"Why not?" she asked him abruptly.

"No," said Mr. Payne again, now looking very grave indeed, and apparently he was going on.

"Wait!" said Mr. Fisher masterfully, now breaking into the conversation. "Just what do you propose to do?" he asked his daughter.

"What do I propose to do?" returned his daughter in a tone of rebuke. "I propose to hand it all over to Mr. Payne.

"What did you think I'd do—keep it? I said, didn't I in the first place, that I would take that money he gave me and hold it for the proper man in trust?"

"I know," her father answered. "I understood that from the first—from the first!" he repeated, rather firmly on the whole. "But ——"

"Well," she said with some indignation, "whose money would it be if it weren't his?"

"But can you do it?" now inquired her father gravely.

"Can I do it? Why not?"

"You said, didn't you," inquired her father, letting his glasses wag again, "that this was his money all the time, held in trust for him by you? And that you sold the stock—covered his bet with it, as you'd say, for him, with his money?"

"Yes."

"And you expected to avoid paying the income tax?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't do it legally—not that way."

"I wouldn't allow her to," Mr. Payne attempted to interject, but apparently unheard by either daughter or father.

"Can't do it? Why not?" Miss Fisher inquired sharply.

"It would be impossible under the law," said Mr. Fisher—"absolutely impossible and very dangerous under the income-tax law. It can't be his money that you used to do that. It might put us all in jail, that's all, unless of course you want to pay the income tax."

"But ——" said his daughter in a constricted voice.

"But what?" asked Mr. Fisher, smiling as one does at the very young.

"But that's just the thing I was trying to get away from—that income tax!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Fisher, "exactly. That's what they're all trying to do all over Wall Street."

"But ——" said his daughter again, with the expression of voice and face of one who has just undergone a great and saddening disappointment.

"Listen," said Mr. Fisher, now swinging his glasses slowly and contemplatively. "You did your part very well—wonderfully well, in fact," said Mr. Fisher approvingly to his daughter, "up to this point. But now," he said, "someone who has had experience must take hold and take charge in this matter.

"It is a difficult thing in a way," asserted Mr. Fisher, "but I think we can straighten it out, with care. I think we can get rid of this incubus—this dragon which confronts American enterprise and industry at every point to-day. I think we can do it all perfectly legally, but we must go at it right."

"But even if ——" Mr. Payne attempted to say. But again Mr. Fisher silenced him with one direct motion of his eyeglasses.

"Wait," he said. "I have made, as you know, quite a study of this national outrage—this income tax—and I think I know my ground. Now if you," he said to his now silent auditors, pointing to his daughter with his glasses, "took in trust, let us say, money for him," now indicating Mr. Payne with his weapon of thought, "and bet it—to use your words," he said to his daughter—"as his money, on a short account, using fictitious names to do so, balancing his account—covering his bet exactly all the time—and at the end handed the proceeds to him—if you should close out both accounts—and then he did not pay his income tax, what would it look like in the eyes of the law—if it was all the time his money that did this? What would happen if it was in any way discovered, as it undoubtedly would be?"

His daughter did not answer him at all.

"It would be dangerous, to say the least. You'd be lucky if you were only fined—if you paid twice the amount of money you made and kept out of jail."

"Out of jail!" exclaimed his daughter.

"Exactly," said Mr. Fisher.

"So then we can start off with the title to the short-selling account," pronounced Mr. Fisher judicially, "remaining just where it is now—in your name," he told his daughter.

And Mr. Payne now nodded deeply.

"It isn't mine. I shall not! I won't!" cried Miss Fisher energetically. "Why, dad, what do you think I am?"

"It belongs to you," Mr. Payne broke in finally, "or to your father. The money—the $30,000 was given to you in good faith. The money certainly is not mine in any case."

"It must remain where it is," continued Mr. Fisher judicially—"in her name. It would be too dangerous to do anything else. And you cannot close out either account, because that too would defeat the thing you're after—legally to escape the clutches of that devilish, outrageous, grasping income tax, reaching out to take a half of your earnings—your profits."

His daughter gazed at him with unseeing eyes, like one stunned by sudden disappointment; the acute disappointment of a pleasing personality who came expecting praise and is given mere dry, disheartening analysis.

"Now then," said her father, continuing this dreary exercise of the human mind, "if she does not sell and holds this short contract, it will be hard at times, I should say, with a stock jumping up and down the way this has been, to find the stock certificates to borrow—to carry out your contract—in any such amount."

"Oh, it was terrible!" assented his daughter, brightening now she caught the drift of his remark. "It almost killed poor Janus doing that—getting that stock you have to borrow, whatever that is."

"Yes," said Mr. Fisher understandingly. "So that brings us down to the last thing—to the end of the problem. Some

(Continued on Page 64)



"I Don't Know Anything About Your Old Stock Market," Asserted Miss Deborah Fisher, "But I Do Know About Men. I Ought To. I Watch Them Enough"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 19, 1920

Saving Paper

SOME weeks ago, when the shortage of paper became acute, we cut the edition of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to 2,000,000 copies weekly, although 2,500,000 copies were being demanded. Also, the pressure of advertising from American business has been so far in excess of the amount that we could print without largely increasing the number of pages in an issue that, in a further effort to conserve paper and to help relieve the situation, we have declined to accept a large volume of additional business.

It is to the cut in the edition that the shortage of SATURDAY EVENING POSTS, of which so many readers are complaining, is due. Until the supply of paper increases we do not feel justified in printing such large numbers as the advertising that is offered to us warrants, or such large editions as our readers are calling for. But the forehanded man may be reasonably sure of his copy by placing a regular order with his newsdealer or newsboy.

We feel sure that our readers will indorse our action in saving paper until the situation approaches normal, even though it may cause them some temporary inconvenience.

Who is to Blame?

ONE of the most disquieting aftermaths of the war is the effort of various groups and classes to pass the buck of high prices. We are being deafened with an ever-mounting chorus of placing the blame on the other fellow. Everyone is developing into a splendid little blamer. One week it takes the form of calling the other fellow a profiteer, and the next week the swear word is "extravagance." Whatever shape this occupation assumes it is most unedifying.

Let us be honest, for a change. The truth is that pretty nearly everyone is to blame. There will be no wholesome recovery until that fact is recognized, or at least until there is a general mending of ways.

Glittering generalities get us nowhere. To be specific, it is well recognized in the woolen trade that an important reason for high retail prices is the fact that fine-quality woolens have become relatively more popular. But is this because the consumer demands them or because the manufacturer and retailer have forced the more expensive goods upon him in their own selfish interest? The answer is both. Let us begin, however, with the consumer. Great numbers of people have been obsessed with the idea that they must have the best of everything. We have been suffering from an overdose of self-expression, from too much ego, from a wave of self-satisfaction that has in it more of the superficial and external than of the intrinsic and worth-while.

Nor is this wave of abnormal and unwholesome extravagance confined by any means solely to the so-called working classes. Extravagance, ostentation and love of the grandiose are marked among many successful business men and those of fairly moderate means and their families. There is many a suburb in our metropolitan areas where nearly every house is a bad imitation of a palace. Sense of proportion seems to have deserted large sections of the population, whether rich or poor. Youthful slips of girls go a quarter of a mile to buy a spool of thread in motor cars as large as locomotives and as luxuriously appointed as an emperor's coach. College and school boys of brawny physique, undeveloped intellect and lazily spent days save a few minutes of their not particularly valuable time by riding round town in monster motors with a rapacious appetite for gasoline. Men who have made a killing in war or other contracts, without sense of art or beauty, build grotesque country estates, blots upon an innocent landscape.

It is the sense of fitness, of proportion, which is shocked by such expenditure of our precious, apparently dwindling yet essential supply of labor and materials, of steel, lumber, cotton, glass, rubber, petroleum and the like. Comfortable and even beautiful homes are boons to humanity. Quick, comfortable transportation by means of the internal-combustion engine has added hugely to the national wealth. But there is a limit to the wholesome and socially desirable use of all good things. The automobile may be far as yet from saturation point. Perhaps that point will never come. Possibly millions of additional cars can be used to the advantage of the country. But the motor car can be abused and wasted like sugar, clothing, millinery, beefsteaks or any other desirable necessity.

Our prosperity has led us into an age of the grotesque, of fake grandeur, of mere appointments, size, pretension, grandiosity and pomposity. It is too reminiscent of imperial but decadent Rome in its latter days. So mad is our rush after mere size and appearance in the material things of life that we forget whether they most usefully serve our ends. We employ means all out of proportion to the ends, too expensive, too wasteful of basic products.

There is this much consolation, however: If people continue to have as much money to spend as now, the expensive articles will soon lose their social distinction. They convey distinction because they are scarce. A palatial place at the seashore has no more intrinsic happiness in it than a humble cottage, except for the fact that it confers prestige because of its rarity. But if palaces become common the effect will be different. If silks and furs are worn by enough people a lot of people take to overalls.

The laboring man has been lambasted, and to some extent properly so, for his extravagance. But he has some excuse. In many cases he never had any chance before. The really tiresome persons are those who complain that they paid thirty dollars for their last pair of shoes or a small fortune for their last suit of clothes. These are usually the same persons who could go wholly without new shoes and clothes for years to come, if they cared to, because of an ample stock of old garments that are still wearable.

It is true that all prices have gone up, the cheaper grades as well as the higher, but the people who complain of thirty-dollar shoes are, of course, not complaining really of high prices in a general sense, but of the price of the best qualities. A babe in arms could understand the economics of a situation in which everyone wants the best qualities and is prepared to pay for them, though only about one out of a thousand persons really needs the best qualities to be happy and successful in life. As long as people are unwilling to practice self-denial in the mere quality of their clothing, talk about high prices, profiteers and the like is gabble.

The manufacturer and retailer are far from blameless. Until more retailers are able to overcome their supercilious attitude toward the would-be buyer of a useful but low-priced article the radical will still have arguments.

Private property and private profits are permitted because they furnish motives which drive men on to production and accomplishment. In the last analysis no business is really private. We are all too closely tied together for that. The manufacturer, the employer, the manager represent the whole people, and their tenure should depend upon their ability to organize effectively the nation's productive resources. To begrudge them large rewards for success would get us nowhere except perhaps to poverty and starvation. But they must be successful in their great undertaking, and in a sense their profits are only a measure of that success. Certainly success in organizing the nation's productive resources does not mean the amassing of vast profits through the sale of silly, useless or harmful objects.

The business man must render useful service, and if he does so no sensible person will begrudge him large rewards. But large profits in themselves are not necessarily a test of service. Because a manufacturer wastes materials in producing a wholly unnecessary article and makes big profits in so doing is no reason for regarding him as successful. Only a false standard of values can regard him as an important part of the scheme of things.

A retail store may be mobbed by would-be purchasers, but if it sells articles for which the people have no real need, manufactured from, let us say, a basic food product the shortage of which threatens the social stability of the world—then what but a decadent standard of morals can regard that merchant as successful?

But it is just as false and superficial to argue against all profits. We are flooded with speeches and statements regarding the big profits of large corporations and the implied wickedness thereof. It is fashionable nowadays for any individual or organization desiring an improvement in its lot to becloud the issue by raising a hue and cry over the large profits of a few companies.

It is widely heralded as an outrage that a certain company made more than thirty per cent on its common stock last year. But that is not what counts or has a meaning. The real question is whether this company put the bulk of its profits back into increasing production or has used its financial strength to monopolize the market and keep prices at a high level artificially. If profits are put back into the business the supply of goods is added to, and that is the only way to lower prices. What we need is to get underneath these phrases, such as profits, profiteering, dividends and the like, and discover whether our manufacturers, retailers and other producers and distributors are really engaged in providing in the most efficient manner, or not, the goods and services which the world needs in this emergency. That is the real question.

No Fool Like a Pink Fool

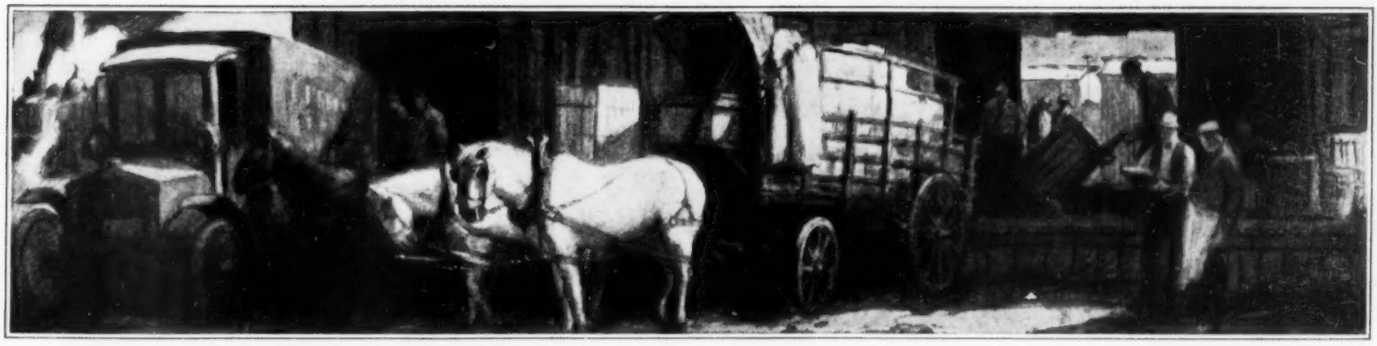
THERE seems to be something malignant in the very air of Russia that addles the brains of all but the hardest-headed Americans, who are long exposed to it. Often the more universities the traveler has attended and the more ologies he has studied, the more fantastic are the conclusions he draws from what he has seen and heard by the Neva or the Volga. We have seen a high official, the wearer of many academic honors, dismiss with a contemptuous shrug the horrors of Bolshevism on the ground that the movement made for "the larger life"—whatever that may be.

More recently, another American, just home from Siberia, was quoted as follows: "The Bolsheviki are fine fellows. A lot of them boarded our train while I was crossing Siberia. They had just finished 'executing' a dozen or more Russian officers. They were just as nice and pleasant as could be, and they laughed and joked with us and offered us cigarettes. They were as good fellows as you would care to meet."

These guerrillas had just boasted of wholesale assassination, and yet a laugh, a jest and a cigarette instantly won them high esteem in the eyes of our fellow countrymen. They were "fine fellows."

Usually when we hear talk of this sort we look about, hoping that one or two stout keepers will appear on the scene and take their escaped patient in charge. But these gentlemen from Russia never seem to have keepers. What is more alarming, they often do have the ear of authority.

OUR RAILROADS START BACK



By Edward Hungerford

DECORATION BY J. EASLEY

ON THE first day of March a certain well-known president of an equally well-known railroad boarded his private car for the first time in something over two years. It was like Old Home Week for him. For twenty-six months his car had stood unused, just outside of the train shed of his main terminal. For the big railroader was not one of those who had gone into the service of the United States Railroad Administration. He had remained during the interregnum as the chief executive of his corporation; other hands had operated the railroad. And the director general of the nationalized railroad system had plainly told this man, as well as the other railroad executives who stood by their corporate properties, that they would be permitted the use of their business cars only upon his specific permission. A little later the D. G. relented in this, as in some other stands. He invited the railroad presidents to use their cars, and made the matter of permission a most perfunctory thing. But in the particular case to which I refer the railroader, whose pride had been outraged by the Federal railroad head, never touched the steps of his car until it had come back through proper process of law.

Then when he came back to it, he walked through the familiar passageways, poked his head into each of its little cubicles. Jaspar Emerson, who has been cook upon this particular car for a full dozen years past, was paring potatoes in the tiny kitchen. The big boss went and shook his fat black hand, then wandered slowly back into the observation room, which serves jointly as parlor and executive offices. The president dropped into his chair; the old chair in the same old place. He fingered the map of the line—the old line, if you please—rolled in its neat metal casing. He let his glance go round about the tiny, orderly place. He spoke aloud to it.

"Thank God," he said.

Actions and Reactions

THERE was another of these temporarily deposed presidents who had had a rather bitter two years of it. As the story goes, the Federal manager of that property, who had been a man reared on it as a sort of particular protégé of its president, took his overlordship very seriously. And when it suited his own pleasure so to do he did not hesitate to remove the old boss from his own beloved corner office in a downtown building of a certain big city and to take it for himself. Moreover, as Federal manager of the property, he was meticulous about the old man's use of the car. Now the old man was never meticulous about the use of his neat little traveling house on wheels. He fumed at the restrictions that his former subordinate placed upon it. That, coupled with the office incident, was quite too much. So when March 1, 1920, rolled in promptly on schedule, and the old president came into his own again, he promptly canned that former Federal manager. A brand-new comer took up the operating management of the road.

I am setting these things down at the beginning to show that the return of our railroads from governmental control to private once again was not without its personal phases. A good deal of bitterness had been engendered within two years of regentship. This was shown in numberless ways on the first day of last March. On that day the president of one of the big roads announced that the annual or term card passes issued by the United States Railroad Administration were expired, instanter. Most of the other roads arranged to honor these for an additional thirty days—until their holders could arrange new transportation. But not so with this railroad president. For two long hard years he had held his soul in outer peace; but I do not believe in inner. When his turn was come and he was in power once again he could not be rid of the governmental-operation stunt too quickly. On that selfsame first day of March his new timecards were ready—freed from those four words, "United States Railroad Administration," and printed once again in the familiar colored covers that once had made them distinctive in the time-table racks.

That was the spirit that actuated many of the returning railroaders. Old feuds had been dropped, but many vigorous new ones were begun. Certain big railroaders who had been out of power in the government interregnum did not hesitate to accuse their rivals, who perhaps had held important overlordships under the Railroad Administration, of having deliberately robbed their roads of rightful traffic—traffic which they had been long years in upbuilding—under the guise of wartime necessity. The bitterness against the Railroad Administration on the part of many of these private operators, temporarily shorn of their power, is still very deep and very sincere. It is shared in good part by almost all of the big railroaders to-day. The folders of the road mentioned were not the only ones issued afresh on March first last. On that day I chanced to go from New York to Philadelphia. The mileage book that I purchased in the Pennsylvania Station was of a brand-new issue that day. The symbols of government rule had been removed overnight. No longer did each third mile bear the name of the premier director general of railroads.

"You bet they didn't," said a railroader out in Chicago to whom I repeated this experience. "And you can bet another thing: When the order came out from Washington that even our official calling cards, as well as every other form of railroad printed matter, must bear the name of the director general, I bucked. I walked over to a stationer's in Wabash Avenue and got my own cards engraved."

Such orders were bound to bring reactions at the very first possible moment. No wonder that the new folders and ticket forms came springing out, that the washing of the name of the Railroad Administration from the windows of each of the consolidated ticket offices was a matter of hours rather than of days.

I am setting these things down because they show a state of railroad mind, the understanding of which is fairly essential to a real understanding of the railroad situation as it exists across the country to-day—sixty days after the cessation of government control. To the average patron of the roads, however, the question of the lettering on the windows of the consolidated offices is far less germane than the retention of the offices themselves. That the establishment of these by the Railroad Administration as one of its very first acts was in many cases a piece of extravagance—with long-term leases still to run upon many of the old-time city ticket offices—is not the real point. The point as I see it is that these offices do represent a real phase of public convenience. A man going, let us say, from St. Louis to Kansas City, and failing to find on one road the exact accommodations that he wishes, can without going out of the room turn to another, and perhaps there find the very thing that he wishes.

The Competitive Idea

YET one of the first notable things that characterized the return of private railroad operation was the setting up in Chicago on a prominent corner downtown of an exclusive city ticket office of one railway; with two more preparing to follow in its lead; and at least one or two other important roads in that gateway city only waiting to obtain suitable accommodations in the overcrowded Loop district before taking similar action. To any man pledged to the competitive idea of railroading the mere sight of the corner of Clark and Adams Streets—with the big symbol of the North Western flamboyant upon the plate glass—must have given a sort of real thrill. It was reminiscent of the old days when there were at least forty similar offices almost within a stone's throw. It was far more: it typified the old idea in American railroading—the competitive idea upon which the major portion of its strength has been upbuilt.

Whether a man favors the competitive idea as a future policy for our American railroads or not, it would seem fair to say that if our roads are going to compete they must compete. Unless they do compete—genuinely and energetically—they might far better drop the cloak of a fictitious competition and consolidate their activities to the furthest possible point. Any halfway measures are not only not fair tests of either policy but are a vexation to and a burden upon their patrons.

As these paragraphs are being written preparations are under way for the ouster of the Baltimore and Ohio and Lehigh Valley trains from the Pennsylvania Station in the very heart of Manhattan Island. For many years both these roads had had their New York passenger terminals on the west bank of the Hudson River, at Jersey City. To reach their trains travelers were compelled to use ferry-boats, not a particularly prompt or comfortable method of transportation.

One of Director General McAdoo's early official acts was the removal of their through trains from the Jersey City terminals to the main Manhattan station of the Pennsylvania. It was a great boon to travelers and was promptly heralded as such. The noncompetitive idea

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THE LOGANSPORT BREEZE



"Davy, I Think You Can Arrange a Compromise. You've Got To. The Public Is Due Something. You Go Back and Explain to the Commission"

By Bozeman Bulger

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

THERE was a lot of talk in Logansport about Nim Davis marrying Davy Carter. Some thought this and some thought that, but it never occurred to the town gossips that the brilliant Miss Davis might have married the best outfielder in the big leagues because she loved him. Which was the fact.

They had been lifelong playmates; but Nimmo's father, the Hon. Warren Davis, did not want her to marry Davy, and made no bones about it.

The Honorable Warren had been a member of Congress from the district that Logansport centered, and had planned a career for the daughter, his only child. His disappointment in life was that Nimmo was not born a boy. Mr. Davis, a widower, thereupon set about to make the girl as nearly like a boy as was possible under the natural handicap.

When Nim Davis came out of the finishing school the distinguished father drilled her as best he could in business methods. And she liked it. He also taught her law, particularly as it applied to commerce and contracts. To the chagrin of several young men, who had failed, this smiling-eyed girl, looking more the débutante than a legal light, passed the state board examination and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one.

Nim Davis became the smartest and cleverest young woman in Logansport. Merchants took their business to Miss Davis simply because they knew she would attend to it promptly, a lot more than could be expected of the men attorneys, what with running for the legislature and things like that. Logansport therefore never looked upon its girl or woman lawyer as an oddity. She was taken as a matter of course. No paper ever even printed her picture as a leading suffragette. She knew how to take the bit in her teeth, though.

When the vote did come to women Nim promptly disproved the oft-repeated stump theory that the polls, surrounded by a lot of rough-looking men, would be no place for the wives and daughters to assemble on Election Day. At the first meeting of the Woman's Worth While Club, over at Mrs. Gardner's, she impressed upon the women the necessity of studying the ballot form closely and knowing in advance exactly how to make one out. She further advised that they dress as smartly as possible—a suggestion not hard to take.

The men-folk naturally got wind of these preparations and were not to be shown up. The women found assembled with them that first Election Day the best-groomed and best-behaved lot of men that ever had gathered in the Logansport courthouse. The women voted more rapidly than the men, but just as intelligently. It turned out to be a most pleasant and businesslike election. Everybody said so.

Soon thereafter the merchants got together and made Nim Davis secretary of the Commercial Club. Immediately Nim began to think up things about improving Logansport that had never occurred to the sleepy old town.

For instance, at the very first meeting Asa Farnsworth, the best-read man in town, delivered a very carefully prepared paper on the lack of commerce with China and the Orient, due to America's meager merchant marine.

In the discussion that followed this matter of such grave importance to Logansport, 1500 miles inland, the new secretary shocked the dignity of the assemblage by taking the floor with something to say.

"I would suggest, gentlemen," began Miss Davis, "that marine and Oriental matters be tabled until something can be done about marketing the acres of strawberries going to waste right round this town. Logansport grows the finest strawberries in the country," she added, "and nobody knows about it beyond the circulation of the Weekly Democrat, which is not much farther than you can hear the train. It strikes me that we can do something about it despite the lack of a merchant marine."

The Hon. Warren Davis, retired and now very old, heard about this and chuckled. These chuckles might have continued but for the arrival of the practical-minded daughter at home with the announcement that she was going to marry Davy Carter.

The battle was on and she was prepared to accept the issue, preparatory to Davy's arrival with the formal request for permission.

"Counselor"—that was the Honorable Warren's pet name for Nim—"I want you to be happy, of course, but with your success so far and a career ahead of you," he said, "I had hoped you would not marry a ball player. Maybe not at all. Oh, I've known Davy since he was a shaver," he hastened to add at her remonstrance, "and I know he is a nice boy, but ——"

"Just a moment, daddy ——"

"I mean no reflection on young Carter as a man," he waved her objection aside, "but there are so many other young men here; men interested in public affairs, men of position in the body politic."

"Big men, you mean. Well, do you know, daddy, Davy Carter is the only man in this town whose name has appeared in a city newspaper since you left Congress?"

"Perhaps, but as a ball player—not for the good of Logansport," he answered after giving this some thought.

"But who else ever attracted any attention at all?" she persisted.

Nim won her argument eventually—girls usually do—and she and Davy Carter, crack outfielder of the distant Grays, were married.

Just the same, some of the words of the Honorable Warren were well planted. After she had settled down to

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"Out with you, down with you, stuffy old King!
I'm for the liberty Campbell's Soups bring
Freedom from drudgery, fussing and care
This independence I hereby declare!"





The New Liberty

When in the course of human events a busy and conscientious housewife finds practical means of lightening her own burden and benefiting the whole family at the same time it is only natural and sensible to make the most of this fortunate assistance.

This is exactly what you find in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

It provides just the appetizing, wholesome, easily digested food you feel the need of especially at this time of year. And it saves you needless labor and expense.

You have no trouble of marketing nor of preparing materials, no waste, no cooking-cost, no unnecessary heat, no delay. In three minutes you have a soup as nourishing and tempting as anyone could ask—a food rich with elements that build up health and vigor. And it costs you less than if you made it.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

married life Mrs. Carter reflected that it was true Davy had got only his own name in the paper. There had been nothing for Logansport in his fame. She would attend to that.

"Why is it, Davy," she inquired as they returned from the honeymoon, "that the papers never talk about your home town like they do the towns of other great ball players like Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, and men like that?"

"I dunno, Nim," he replied, somewhat surprised. "I reckon it's because I don't talk about it myself."

"That's just it. You don't talk about anything much when you are in the big cities, do you?"

"No, I don't, Nim. I never was gabby. The gang used to call me Old Dead Silence. I reckon I'm not cut out for a talker. Do you think I've ruined your career?"

"Now I won't hear another word of that, Davy! Daddy shouldn't have said that to you. But you are just as good a ball player as those other stars, aren't you?"

"As Cobb and Babe Ruth? Well, I wouldn't say that. Of course ——"

"You remember when I wrote you last summer to make more noise—to talk more?" she interrupted.

"Sure I do. And I tried to do it, but I simply couldn't think of anything to say. I played great ball that week, though."

"A clipping from one of the New York papers caused me to do that," she admitted. "The writer said that you were perhaps the most finished ball player in either league; that you were a perfect machine, but that you had no color—no personality."

"Yes, I know."

"That paper also said that if you would show any kind of life—pep, they called it—you would be as famous as any of the great stars."

"I reckon that's so," he admitted. "But the reason I don't do it is because I don't know how. Those other fellows, like Cobb, do it because they can't help it. It's natural, that's all."

"After reading that in the paper," Nim continued, "I began to notice the little boys in their ball playing round town. I have heard them calling themselves Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, but right here in your own home town I've never seen a little fellow ever pretending to be Davy Carter."

"Oh, it don't make any difference, honey. I've got $25,000 saved up, I've got my own home, and now I've got the finest wife in the world. Except for her career, ain't that enough?"

"No, it isn't. You've got to be somebody in this town—in the papers, in politics. You've got to be the most famous ball player as well as the best ball player."

"That's a pretty big order, counselor," he said, and tried to change the subject by stroking her chestnut hair. "I'd like to be, for your sake, but how am I going to do it?"

"I'm going to do it for you," she declared. "When we join the club ——"

"You are not going with me?"

"You bet I'm going with you, and when we come back this town is going to know that Davy Carter is somebody!"

"And maybe you won't be sorry then you married a ball player, eh?"

Even with a big-league ball club in training a Texas town is mighty dull in the spring, especially toward sundown. Round that hour veteran sporting scribes, traveling with the Grays, made it a point to drop in on Manager Eddie Gilks to kill the time and perhaps pick up a pearl of wisdom here and there, on which to hang a night story.

Toward the end of the first week they were present to hear Eddie's lament on the absence of Davy Carter, who had returned his contract unsigned, and had not reported for spring practice. It was a calamity as well as a sensation. Never before had Carter, the model ball player, bucked over the traces.

"Great piece of machinery, that boy," observed one of the younger writers as Eddie pointed out the hole in which the club had been left.

"Machinery is right," the manager agreed. "Carter can cover more ground in the outfield and is surer of a catch than any man in the game. He always hits .300; and can do it in a pinch. Have you seen the new records? Well, he drove in more runs last season than any man on the club. And, mind you," Eddie added impressively, "he has never been regarded as a great player by the public!"

"What's the answer, then?"

"No attraction, no personality, no mannerisms, no noise," Gilks promptly responded. "If that bird would only open his mouth, only ride the other players—bust somebody in the nose occasionally—he would be worth $15,000 a year to himself, and $50,000 to the club. But he won't do it."

"You've heard nothing from him at all?"

"Not a word."

A crunching of gravel outside and the lusty voices of negro porters notified us that the town hack had pulled up at the hotel steps, though we could not see it from our upstairs window. The afternoon train had slipped in and out without our being aware of it. We hadn't much time for lament, though.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come right in," yelled Gilks, none too cordial.

This was the hour when players usually dropped in to make their spring touches. But this happened to be neither a ball player nor a touch.

As the door opened we all reached for our coats, but too late. The comeliest young woman with the merriest blue eyes I had seen for many moons stood in the doorway, smiling.

"Have you made a mistake, miss?" asked Eddie. "We were not exactly expecting a lady."

There was no embarrassment on the face of the lady.

"No, I don't think so," she said, drawing off a glove. "This is your office, isn't it, and you are Mr. Gilks?"

"Right," he said, and proffered a chair.

All I remember about her costume, other than a white-and-black-striped skirt, is that she looked nobby. She had come in like a spring breeze and continued so.

"Don't disturb yourselves, gentlemen," the young woman begged. "I just wanted to report to Mr. Gilks that David Carter is here for duty. He is also ready to sign up—if the terms are right."

"Is that so? What's the idea?" stammered Gilks. "Is Davy deaf and dumb?"

"Not that I know of—oh, pardon me. I'm rather stupid. I am Mrs. David Carter—Nimmo Carter."

We all suddenly recalled news from Logansport in the fall that Davy had married. It was the first time we had thought of it.

"But why can't Davy report for himself?" asked Gilks, a suggestion of displeasure in his tone.

"He could," she said, "but I'm reporting for him because I think I can do it better. I can also sign for him, if the terms suit. Here is my power of attorney."

Across the little table she extended a legal-looking paper.

"And that isn't the only one I have," Mrs. Carter added in response to our smiles. "I am secretary of the Commercial Club of Logansport, am assistant chairman of the Democratic Campaign Committee in my county, and I am empowered to make any contracts or guaranties for the business people of our town that I may deem wise."

She handed Gilks a paper that proved that also. It was plain that she had Eddie winging and she knew it.

"Pardon me," said the manager, coming to himself. "These gentlemen are newspaper men. I would like to introduce them. They had just dropped in to know if I had any news from Davy. But you have answered that."

"I thought they were writers," she said, pleasantly acknowledging the introduction—and remembering the names. "I have a feeling that before a great while we shall have a lot of things of common interest."

We already had one of them. This was an oasis—the liveliest, snappiest yarn we'd run across since coming South.

"If you are going to talk business," suggested Sam Dryden, our dean, "perhaps we'd better leave."

"Not at all, not at all, so far as I am concerned," she insisted. "If Mr. Gilks doesn't object I am perfectly willing to transact all of Davy's business right in the open."

She looked at the manager inquiringly.

"I never done nothing like this before," admitted Eddie, dropping into his baseball vernacular, "but I can go through with it if you can, Miss—Mrs. Carter."

"I'm sure these gentlemen won't make public the terms if you don't wish it. Davy Carter has nothing to hide, however."

The writers already were perfectly willing to subscribe to anything she said, and nodded approvingly.

"All right. To begin with," asked Gilks, "why did Davy return his contract unsigned?"

"He didn't, exactly. I returned it. I did so because the terms were not satisfactory. He has reported here simply to get in shape, as he expresses it, in case you and I should reach a satisfactory adjustment."

"Just what was the trouble with the contract?"

"Why, the salary is just the same as it was last year, notwithstanding the high cost of living. At the same time I observe by the papers that you have increased your admission rates. That's true, isn't it?"

Sam Dryden nudged me in the side. This was getting good, but we were careful not to interrupt.

"Yes, but, you see, Davy is getting pretty well along in years now—baseball years, I mean. Under ordinary circumstances we might have cut him down a little."

"You didn't cut him last year."

"No, but you must realize that Davy has been in the game eight years now and is bound to slow up. He is getting over weight. To tell the truth, he's always had trouble getting in shape. I doubt if he'll hit .300. Suppose, for the sake of argument, he falls down this year. Where would the club be then?"

Oh, how many times had we writers heard this argument at salary-fixing time!

"But he won't fall down!" Nimmo retorted. "I'll guarantee that he won't slip. Moreover, I'll guarantee that he hits .300. Yes, and I'm willing to guarantee that he drives in as many runs as he did last year—and steals as many bases."

This knocked Eddie off his pins for a moment. We could not restrain a smile as this wise man of baseball wabbled.

"How can you guarantee things like that? I can't," he finally replied.

"Easily enough," said Davy's personal attorney. "The contract can be made with bonus attachments—added clauses."

"How's that?"

"It's very simple, Mr. Gilks. If Davy did all the things that you are afraid he will not do you'd be perfectly willing to pay him $12,000 a year, wouldn't you?"

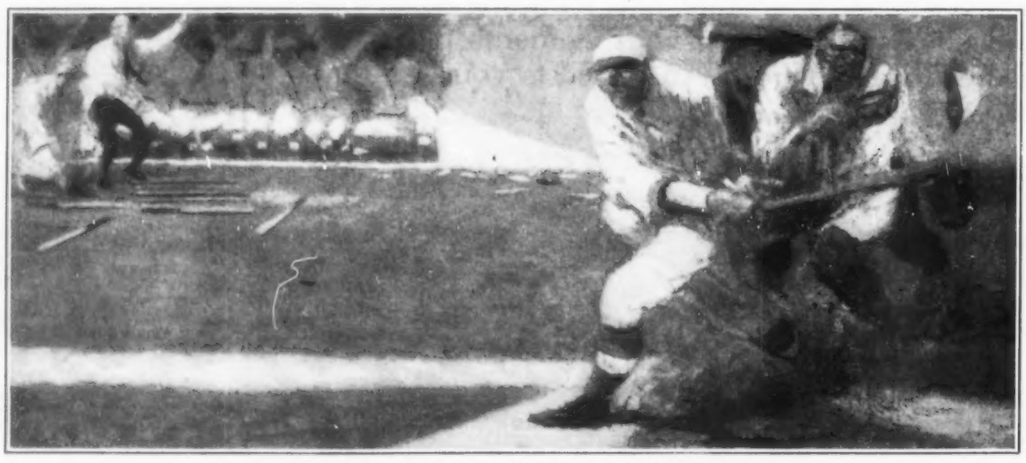
"Certainly I would." And right there Gilks tied himself up.

"Good!" Mrs. Carter exclaimed. "As the matter stands, though, you offer him only $9000 in the contract that has been returned. Now suppose you agree to a bonus of $1000 if he hits .300, another $1000 if he steals fifty bases—that's a good figure, as you know—and still another $1000 if he drives in as many runs as last year?"

"By George, that's fair enough!" exclaimed old Sam Dryden, but he quickly subsided as Gilks lifted a restraining hand. "It does sound all right," admitted Gilks, trying to conceal his discomfiture at having been picked up on his own suggestion.

"Why, it is exactly the same thing," Mrs. Carter assured him. "If he doesn't do the things that you expect—why, you don't have to pay him but $9000. If he does do the things that you say are worth $12,000 — naturally you would be willing to pay that. Am I right in so supposing?"

(Continued on Page 35)



Davy Carter Mopped Up With a Three-Base Hit in the Eighth Inning

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES



Stylish all-wool clothes guaranteed

and moderate in price

Styleplus stand out as America's quality clothes at moderate prices.

Men buy them first because they're all-wool, with lots of style. Clothes that look well and wear well—guaranteed.

But Styleplus are famous also for their moderate and known prices—printed on the sleeve ticket.

This season it's a choice between highest prices or Styleplus prices. Thinking men are buying the clothes that *guarantee* them style and service and offer them the escape from extreme prices—Styleplus Clothes.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

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Henry Sonneborn
& Co., Inc.

Trade Mark Reg.

$45 - $50 - $55 - $60

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Liggett's

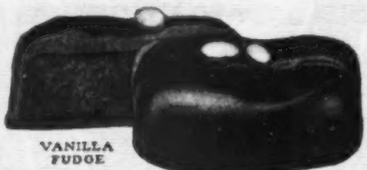
"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

WE asked thousands of candy eaters what their favorite centers were. And then we made up this orange and gold Wonder Box containing only those favorites and no other kinds. We make them all of the purest, best-tasting materials there are—pure sugar, fresh butter, refined chocolate, comb honey, fresh fruits, crisp nuts, and other such things. Then we pack them in a simple, inexpensive box—no ribbons, no fuss, no decorations—we put the money into the Candy and not into the box.

Get this Liggett Wonder Box today, and take it to the most "particular person" you know. She'll love every piece. Price $1.25. Sold exclusively by

The Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. 8,000 progressive retail drug stores, united into one world-wide, service-giving organization. In Canada, the price is slightly higher.



VANILLA FUDGE

Heavy cream fudge, fruits, vanilla



CREAM WALNUT

Mayette walnut in vanilla cream



FILBERT CLUSTER

Lavant filberts spun in chocolate



BUTTERCUP

Peanut butter in sugar coating, chocolate dipped



WALNUT CARAMEL

Creamy caramel with Chabert walnuts



NOUGATINE

Honey, chopped nuts, sugar, egg



PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

(Continued from Page 32)

The manager nodded hesitatingly, tapping the table with a pencil.

"Well, I never saw a woman manager before," he admitted, "but I'll have to hand it to you. You put that one over."

"I was sure you would think that way," she said. "You know, the people of Logansport have a great admiration for you, Mr. Gilks. Are you ready to sign now?"

"We'll have to wait, of course, until the club secretary can fix up the papers."

"No, you won't. I had this plan all worked out before I left my office in Logansport, and I prepared all the papers in duplicate. All you have to do is attach the bonus clauses to the returned contract, sign your name, and the job's done. I'll sign for Davy."

From a silken bag she drew some folded papers.

"I'll sign first."

With a fountain pen she affixed her name and a copy of her power of attorney, and shoved the documents across the table. There was nothing for Eddie but to sign.

"Well, I'll say that was quickly done!" remarked one of the reporters. "Beats this hemming and hawing for a couple of months all hollow."

"Yes, and I've got a hunch that Davy's going to make good those bonuses," Sam Dryden added in an undertone.

"You can bet he is!" laughed Mrs. Carter, overhearing the remark.

"After a while, gentlemen, I want to talk to you some about Logansport," announced Mrs. Carter, rising and straightening out that black-and-white-silk skirt that still sticks in my memory. And we were quite willing to hear anything she had to say.

With a smile she swept out, leaving a crowd of veteran baseball people, supposed to be very wise, with their mouths agape.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Eddie Gilks broke the silence. "Fellows, that is some smart gal."

The news of Davy Carter having signed his contract was an item, but the story of Mrs. Nimmo Carter, the Logansport Breeze, as we promptly dubbed her, was good for a column. We all went to it.

In the lobby downstairs we found Davy Carter. With legs crossed and cigarette material on the arm of his chair he was talking things over with other players, as spiritless as if it were the middle of the season. For all his silence and taciturnity everybody liked Davy, always a true fellow and a man's man.

"Well, Davy, you are all signed up, I see," Sam Dryden remarked as we shook hands.

"That so?" he asked. "I knew Nim was fast but I didn't think she'd pull it off that quick."

"Hasn't she told you?"

"No. I guess she's up to the room, fixing up. Whatever she's done is all right, though. Smart girl, that, Mr. Dryden."

"I'll say she is!" agreed Sam. "After I saw her deal with Gilks she can attend to my business for me."

"The merchants say the same thing out home. You ought to see her as secretary of the Commercial Club. She's got them people jumping through hoops. She's taking six months off with me. Yes, and if you don't watch her she'll put that town on the map too. By the way, I want to have a little talk with you fellows. I've got a scheme."

Before we were through with Davy and the laugh had died down the big sliding doors of the dining room opened and ball players, all over the lobby, healthy skinned, clear-eyed young fellows, came to attention. There was an immediate rush for tables.

The one big daily event in a training camp to rival the coming of the afternoon train is the sliding back of those doors. Appetizers are passé.

But Davy did not join in the rush. He waited. In a few moments, though, Mrs. Carter came down, newly attired, more nobby than ever. Her very air as she entered the big dining room made the score of young athletes crane their necks. Half of them audibly proclaimed Old Davy a good picker.

These appraising glances were not lost on Mrs. Davy Carter as the head waiter, with the deference always accorded a veteran player and his wife, led them to a choice table.

When seated Nim took occasion to have a counter glance at her husband's team mates. Her keen blue eyes missed none of the detail. Most of those present were rookies, youthful, lithe, athletic looking. In their ruddy, sun-tanned faces health fairly bubbled. No one could take offense at their roguish glances. Mrs. Carter had to smile as she caught some of their innocent stares.

A comparative look across the table confirmed in Nimmo's mind Eddie Gilks' fear that Davy was taking on weight. Compared with a recruit pitcher at the next table the veteran Carter was actually pudgy.

The negro waiter, who had served Davy for the past seven years, proffered menu cards and stood back, head bowed and expectantly inclined toward the star outfielder.

It was Mrs. Carter who spoke, though.

"You may bring me soup, fish and the relishes," she said in a tone of authority, immediately recognized by the waiter. "I will give you the rest of the order later."

"Yassam—an' you, Mr. Carter?"

"You may bring him soup, a slice of rare roast beef—no potatoes," added the lady, ignoring the look on Davy's face. "If there are any string beans bring those, and—well, yes—he may have a cup of black coffee afterward."

"But, listen, Nim," interrupted Davy in a voice none too positive, "I'm hungry as a bear. Say, boy ——"

"Never mind, waiter," she directed the darky. "Bring what I have told you." Then to Davy: "Of course you are hungry. You're always hungry, but that's nothing. I've guaranteed your weight, and you are going to make it. Haven't you always found Mr. Carter a pretty big eater?" she asked of the waiter, who had hung back to hear more of this.

"He shore is—wuz, miss."

"Well, you must give him what I order, you understand. You know we've got to win this pennant this year and a man like Mr. Carter must not take on weight. You'll help?"

"Yassum, 'at's right. I've seed many a young ball player eat hisself out'n de league at this very table."



"Yassum, 'at's Right. I've Seed Many a Young Ball Player Eat Hisself Out'n de League"

"But, listen, Nim," Davy protested in a low voice, "I can stand the short rations, all right, but I can't stand for you showing me up before all these players."

At the adjoining table the young pitcher was holding a napkin over his face to hide his merriment.

Davy sulked a little at first but finally accepted the inevitable and made the best of his meager meal. He confessed to a deep pain, though, as he watched Nimmo dispose of her dessert, particularly good that night.

After the first days of limbering up, followed by muscular soreness, Gilks was astonished at Carter's unusual speed and lightness of foot. In the evenings the manager was enthusiastic in pointing this out to the correspondents.

"Looks as if the old boy's going to have his best year," he confided to Sam Dryden. "I've never seen him this fast in the spring before."

"No, and you've never seen him under a private manager before," Sam replied. "If you ate in the dining room where we do you'd see things going on over at the Carter table that would give you a lot of laughs."

"I'll believe anything you say about that girl."

"You've been so busy, Eddie, that you haven't had a chance to see just how smart she is. That bonus scheme she put over on you was a bird, and you haven't got it yet."

"What do you mean—I haven't got it yet?"

"I mean that you thought she was making a lot of hard guaranties, didn't you? Well, she wasn't. All she had to do was guarantee his taking off weight. The speed on bases, the hitting and run driving would naturally follow."

"I know that just as well as you do," replied Eddie, a little piqued.

"Yes, but you didn't think of it when you were agreeing to the contract—and she did!"

Two days later I was ordered by telegraph to write a special interview with Mrs. Carter and have it illustrated with photographs.

Every paper in the big town had carried her name in the headlines. As I talked with Mrs. Carter to get material for the special she laughingly showed me some flaring clippings from the Logansport Weekly Democrat, which came to her regularly. The editor had made a big display of what he found in the metropolitan press. The Commercial Club had passed a resolution of pride in its secretary.

I had a feeling that Davy's wife was a born press agent, but her explanation was that the editor of the Weekly Democrat and Davy were boyhood pals.

At any rate we would have had a dull spring but for her. Intuitively, it seemed, she managed to give us a lively human-interest story just when the editors were beginning to holler for breezy stuff. And at no time did this seem deliberate on her part.

Before leaving Texas for the opening of the regular season Manager Gilks gave a dance for the ball players and their local friends. With Mrs. Carter's aid it was a wonderful affair. An orchestra was brought over from the nearest city and there were big doings. As usual, though, about four-fifths of the players, through timidity and lack of social acquaintance, were wall-flowers.

"This won't do," Mrs. Carter remarked to Eddie Gilks as they danced a fox trot. "Those boys ought to be dancing. They don't seem to feel themselves a part of your team."

"It's always that way," Eddie told her. "No life in them."

"There will be," declared Nimmo.

Leaving the dance she went to her room, and returned with a handful of red ribbons. Evidently she had prepared for just such an emergency. Going from one young fellow to another she pinned a short ribbon on his lapel, amid much laughter and boyish blushes. Many of these youngsters were country boys.

Mrs. Carter then gave to the orchestra leader a large piece of red cardboard and some directions. There was a short conference with Manager Gilks, after which he stepped to the center of the floor and asked for silence.

"If you will keep quiet for a moment," he said, "Mrs. Carter will make an announcement."

Davy looked on in astonishment as his wife stepped beside Eddie and, with a laugh, held up her hand.

"There are too many wallflowers here," she said, indicating the standing ball players. This in itself got a laugh from them. "Now we are going to change that. When I give the signal the orchestra leader will hold that red cardboard sign. That means that each girl must leave her partner and take one of the men wearing the red ribbon. It's leap year, you know, and there can be no refusals."

"Fine chance!" shouted the recruits, eager for the game to begin.

The orchestra started again. Almost immediately the sign went up and there was a burst of laughter and feminine shrieks as the girls made a dash for the more or less embarrassed ball players. The hilarious fun kept up until the end of the evening.

Eddie Gilks, unusually enthusiastic, told Mrs. Carter it was the first real dance the club had ever had. Turning to some of the sporting writers he added: "This has given us as much team spirit as a half dozen victories."

Again the Logansport Breeze played a part in our stories. It was that way all season. Every ball player, recruit or regular, swore by Nimmo.

"Old-timer," one of the kids told Davy, "if you had a bean like that on your shoulders you'd be getting $20,000 a year by now."

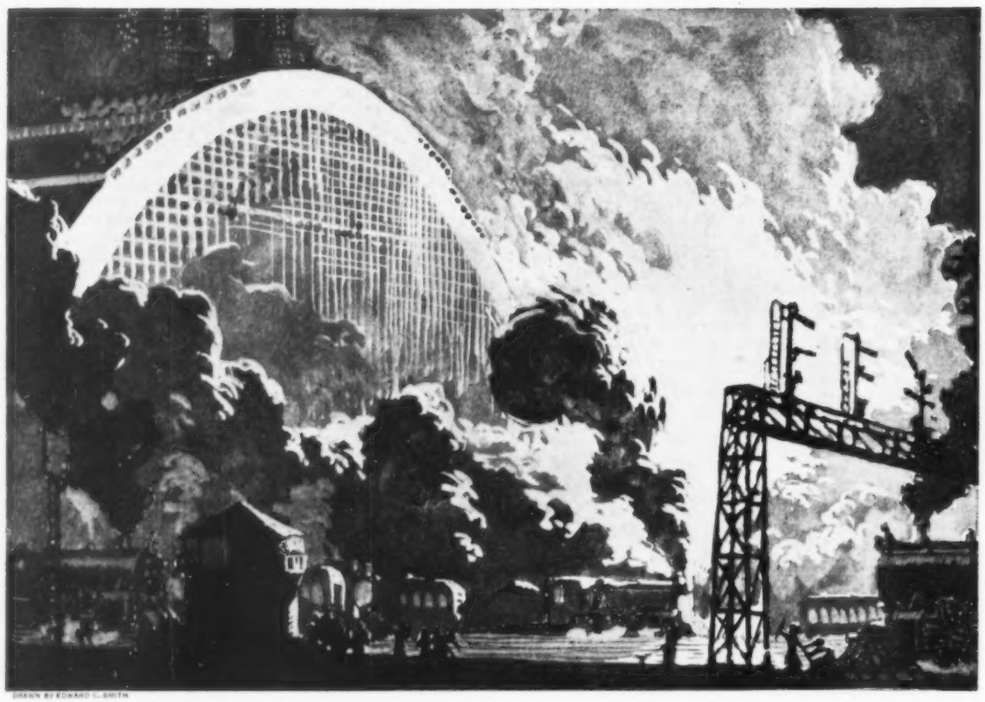
"Yep, she's there, all right," admitted Davy, with a mysterious smile, "but, still, you know only one part of the family can play left field and run bases. That's something."

The Weekly Democrat continued to take due note of the doings of Mrs. Carter, but, strangely enough, rarely

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS



DRAWN BY EDWARD C. SMITH

A Food Economy

MILK constitutes the food on which all humans must depend during their first year of life. It is not only one of the most important of foods but contains most of the elements necessary for the sustenance of man. As a food substance milk varies in composition even when obtained from animals of the same species. Ordinarily it contains about thirteen per cent of solids, of which fat is the most valuable constituent. Some cows produce a milk having five per cent of fat; others give a product averaging as low as three per cent in fat.

Because it is a liquid the majority of people look upon milk as a beverage rather than as a food. For this and other reasons it is a fact that a larger percentage of the nation's available milk supply fails to reach the people directly as a food than perhaps any other article that Nature has intended for human diet.

Strange as it may appear, the feeding of animals has been reduced to a point more nearly approaching an exact science than has the feeding of humans. Farmers, stockmen and dairymen long ago recognized that skimmed milk and buttermilk are excellent feeds for stock. They neglected to appreciate the fact that the same elements which make these so-called semiwaste products good for animals also make them valuable for humans. The general absence of proper facilities for saving or selling skimmed milk in most localities has been a contributing factor to the unwise practice that has prevailed. The farmer has also replied to his critics who charged waste by stating that the milk thus utilized goes to man indirectly as food through the animal.

But now we discover that seventy per cent of the food thus fed is used by the animal in the mere act of living, while only thirty per cent of the value of the milk is returned to mankind in the form of meat and fat. Even this would not be so bad were it not for the fact that the digestive organs of animals are constructed to assimilate forms of food which the human system cannot use. This truth therefore questions the wisdom of feeding a human food to animals at a time when the whole world is struggling with the vital problem of how to live decently and still make both ends meet.

The total yearly production of milk in the United States now averages about 87,000,000,000 pounds.[1] Of this annual output, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, only forty-three per cent goes direct to the consumer as whole milk. Of the remainder 4.3 per cent is fed to calves, 2.9 per cent is evaporated or condensed and put up in cans, four per cent is converted into cheese, four per cent is manufactured into ice cream, and thirty-seven per cent remains as skimmed milk from which the cream has been taken for various uses.

Of these billions of pounds of skimmed milk, only about two per cent is used directly as human food in the form of cottage cheese, powdered skimmed milk and other products. What remains is used to feed stock or is thrown away.

The reason for this waste is that milk has always been sold for its butterfat content, and thousands of people have come to believe that the only valuable part of milk is its fat. The fact that milk has a considerable percentage of energy-producing carbohydrates, muscle-making proteins and mineral salts to build bone and teeth has been largely overlooked. These elements are just as essential to the human diet as the fat in milk.

The average grade of milk skims about twelve per cent cream and leaves eighty-eight per cent skimmed milk. This latter contains practically all of the carbohydrates, proteins and minerals that were originally in the milk. In addition most of the water-soluble vitamines and half of the fat-soluble vitamines—elements necessary to produce growth—remain in the skimmed product.

There is no more sense in making the amount of butterfat in milk its standard of value than there is in assuming that the price of a piece of meat should be governed by the fat it contains. Think of the lean meat that would be wasted if such a plan were adopted!

Skimmed milk is practically tasteless, and therefore is not the easiest thing in the world to market. Standing by itself it is not wholly satisfactory as a cooking ingredient because it lacks a shortening value. However, science has shown us the way out by discovering that a number of vegetable fats when refined can be emulsified or combined with evaporated skimmed milk, thus restoring the value and balance of the milk as a suitable cooking ingredient, or for use in hot beverages. Dietitians tell us that when pure fat is used for shortening cooked foods it exhibits a tendency to soak in and mass the other ingredients.

It is for this reason that many people prefer to use milk in cooking, because the fat in it is finely divided and mixes uniformly through the food that is being prepared. This situation provides an opportunity for the utilization of skimmed milk that is well worthy of notice.

Throughout the whole United States are thousands of children suffering from undernutrition. At the same time investigators are telling us that though we have in the neighborhood of 24,000,000 cows in this country we lack twenty-five per cent of the number required to give each person the proper quantity of milk. Certain cities have been conducting experiments by way of serving luncheons for a few pennies to anemic children in the public schools. One of the combinations of food that possessed the needed nourishment and still could be sold for a couple of pennies was skimmed milk and bread and butter. In England, where a similar effort was made, the underfed children were given cocoa made with skimmed milk.

In certain communities within recent years the papers have told how thousands of gallons of skimmed milk have been dumped into the sewers by dairymen who had skimmed a surplus of milk for its butterfat content. In these cities at the same time hundreds of parents were unable to provide a wholesome and balanced diet for their children.

Statistics appear to indicate that every rise in the price of milk causes a shrinkage in the amount used. In one big city over a period of years an increase of five cents a quart in price resulted in a forty per cent drop in consumption. The people who were hardest hit were the poor, who have a limited diet and need the milk most.

As one authority states, "fat is fat, whether it comes from a cotton seed, a coconut, a peanut or a cow."

There is a limit to the amount of animal fat we can produce, but fat-producing vegetables can be grown in practically any quantity desired. Anyway, in most cases the utilization of vegetable fats merely means a saving of certain parts of the vegetable or fruit which heretofore went to waste.

If all we have to do to make skimmed milk valuable is to combine vegetable fats with it, let's encourage the idea until all animals live on foods that humans can't consume and until no more skimmed milk with its nourishing elements is poured into city sewers. The need of the present hour is for a reduction in living costs. The way to commence is to remedy the wastes that are most obvious. Skimmed milk is one of them.

After we get well started along this line we might then proceed to investigate why the dairy industry in the United States gets an average of only 4500 pounds of milk each year from each cow, while in Denmark the dairymen get from 7000 to 8000 pounds per cow. There is plenty of food for thought in the fact that only a few weeks ago the dairy industry of Denmark found it possible to send 500,000 pounds of butter all the way across the Atlantic Ocean and profitably dispose of their product in competition with American producers. There are a lot of things that should come to us from foreign lands, but dairy products can hardly be classed as one of them.

One Way to Increase Production

IN THESE days when the majority of landlords appear to be taking full advantage of the deficient housing situation, and seem to be imbued with the single idea of getting in profit all that the traffic will bear, many people have finally been forced to go out on the highways and byways and try to buy a place in which to live. Anyone who has followed this course has found that sellers of houses are no more sympathetic than the landlords from whom they are trying to escape. The agent who shows you a piece of property to-day takes special pains to impress upon you what a great favor he is extending in offering to let you have a ten-thousand-dollar house for thirty thousand provided you will sign the papers before five o'clock that afternoon.

The day of explanations for high prices is past. The present attitude is, Take it or leave it. Whatever satisfaction we get is contained in the brief statement that there is a dearth of materials. Demand has outstripped production. The man who sells us shoes repeats the same refrain. So do the hatter, the clothier, the butcher and the baker. The fact that the great army of people who have nothing to sell but the work of their hands and heads are tired of hearing the same old song brings no relief to the situation. All that remains for the average man to do is to utter a prayer that somehow a miracle will be

(Continued on Page 38)



Why There Can Be Only One Cadillac

It is a singular and significant fact that since men began to build motor cars, the world has been able to produce only one such car as the Cadillac.

In seventeen years, there is no single other instance, even approaching in volume of approval, the overwhelming endorsement which the Cadillac has won.

It would be mock-modesty to mince words—the Cadillac stands, the world over, as the sole representative of its high type and class.

Is there, then, in the Cadillac, some exclusive engineering principle which gives it an immeasurable advantage over all others?

No, there is nothing in the principle to which other engineers may not aspire—nothing in the results it accomplishes which they may not strive to approximate.

Any day, of any month, of any one of these seventeen years, skilled designers and draughtsmen could have produced blue prints which would have been at least a 'Chinese copy' of Cadillac construction, down to the most trifling detail.

Has the Cadillac, then, been the creation of some towering and unapproachable genius whose skill was exclusive to himself and will die with his death?

That is palpably impossible, for fine performance in a motor car is dependent upon such a bewildering mass of elements that it simply cannot be the fruit of any one man's mind.

Let us try to get closer to the simple secret of Cadillac singularity, by asking what it is, precisely, that the Cadillac gives, which removes it from the realm of rivalry.

Why, simply this—that Cadillac owners escape a world of troubles common to motor cars, and enjoy a world of comfort which thousands of them testify they cannot get elsewhere.

Now, how can the qualities be put into any motor car, which deliver the owner this greater degree of comfort, free him from a host of troubles, and make his Cadillac cost less, in the long run, than a car of the very lowest price?

Why, obviously these vital qualities can only be put into the Cadillac by putting the quality that produces them into every part, process and practice that enters into the construction of the car.

And this can only be done by a group of craftsmen, working together for years, all animated by the same common aim, all thinking alike, each on his own job, but all in the same spirit of high achievement.

And under them, and working with them, year after year, after year, must be another great group of superintendents, and foremen, and skilled mechanics, all saturated with the same principle—and all invincibly convinced that nothing less can result from their efforts and their environment, than the most marvelous motor car mechanism in the world.

That this Cadillac spirit can only find its fullest expression in factories such as the resources of the Cadillac Company alone can supply—that it calls for matchless materials, and the most scientific machinery that skill can devise and money can buy, goes without saying.

Not for all the money in the world would the owners of this great Cadillac business depart by a hair's breadth from the deep-rooted policies which have won from the whole world an endorsement without equal or precedent in the history of the motor car industry.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

C A D I L L A C

(Continued from Page 36)

performed and those happy, unappreciated days when the man with money was at least the equal of the man with goods will be returned to us.

If the only way we can again recover our economic freedom is through a larger output of the essentials of life, then all methods that are being employed successfully in bringing about a higher rate of individual production in any industry are of great interest to us. Out in Ohio is a big motor-manufacturing corporation that since 1914 has increased wages 120 per cent, purchased its raw materials at an advance of about sixty per cent, and yet is selling its product for an advance of only ten per cent. If this does not indicate that the management is pretty near right and the men are pretty near efficient, then some sharp mathematician will have to show me. The management is opposed to piece rates, bonuses or premiums and profit sharing. The company's policy is to stick strictly to the hourly rate of pay.

The plan that is being followed by this corporation is spoken of by many people as being somewhat radical in its nature, but the results obtained are so favorable that the system employed is deserving of careful consideration. All that the company attempts to do in its factories is for the sake of morale. The fact is entertained that production depends upon the morale of the workers and that if this can be maintained the dollars-and-cents profit will take care of itself.

The management started its new departure in plant operation on the primary assumption that the workers must have implicit confidence in the management. Throughout the country are groups of people who have lost confidence in many of those things with which they are most vitally concerned. Thousands of workmen have lost faith in their labor organization. Hundreds of college men have lost confidence in our present system of education and the value of learning. Other good folks have less faith than ever before in our representatives at Washington, and the feeling is quite general throughout the nation that most people are concerned greatly about their own personal welfare and very little about the common good. Practically all our unrest at the present time is caused by a lack of confidence.

Before it is possible to create confidence on the part of employees in the management it is necessary for the latter to show beyond doubt that it believes sincerely in the men. In conformity with this principle the production manager has acted with such frank honesty that suspicion of all company motives has been eliminated. He has convinced the men that their success depends on the kind of future they build for their company. Since wages and morale are inseparable, a high rate of pay was established. The employees were shown at the start that their wages were as high as the business would bear, and in order for them to get a higher rate it would be necessary for production to increase.

In the matter of working conditions the men were dealt with squarely, all cards being placed on the table face up. The factory buildings are kept clean and are supplied with modern sanitary facilities, good air and water, and a well-equipped hospital, while the employees' restaurant serves pure, wholesome food. The working hours are reasonable and no discrimination is practiced against any nationality, creed or organization. Preference is shown to married men above thirty years of age and to men living in the community where the plant is located. A committee system is in force in the shops to insure a fair deal for the men and to keep the company policy directly before the employees.

All the circumstances concerning any worker who quits or is discharged are carefully reviewed to make sure that no injustice has been perpetrated. There is a monthly house organ which provides management and employees an opportunity to express themselves. Provision is made for the training of ambitious workers who desire to advance to higher positions. An information bureau renders legal and financial advice to employees, also special information and records concerning Liberty Bonds, Thrift Stamps, income-tax reports, and so on. A benefit society is operated by employees to insure financial protection in time of sickness or death. Social and amusement features include a band, orchestra, baseball team, an annual outing, dancing and other sports in season.

The officers of the company hold the idea that production is the greatest essential in a factory. For the whole community to maintain a comfortable and humane standard of living it is necessary for every man in the community to produce consistently, otherwise there will not be enough wealth to go round. The policy of this concern harbors no fear that overproduction is a menace. Even the men believe that the term "overproduction" is merely a negative expression of underconsumption. In establishing a wage scale the two important factors considered are cost of living and amount of production. In determining the number of working hours the points considered are the relation of earnings to living cost and the relation of the hours worked to the health and happiness of the employees.

The work of the committees that represent the various groups in this company is mostly educational and in no way governmental. The management of the corporation realizes fully that vicious radicals are busy spreading the idea among industrial workers that the employee himself receives only about one-tenth of what he produces. This false propaganda is vigorously combated. An effort is made to explain to each workman exactly what he produces and just how the labor of his hands is distributed. The total expenditures of the company for each year are divided into six groups, and an effort is made to point out how the company and the industry served are endangered through slighting any of the six items enumerated.

In the company's most recent report to its men the expenditures were grouped under the headings: Taxes; reserve for contingencies; maintenance of plant; expansion of plant; wages, salaries and dividends, and expenditures for materials and supplies. When the workmen of any company have such complete figures before them there is small likelihood that any radical or trouble-maker will get far in his effort to convince the men that they are getting only ten per cent of what they produce. The company manager or some high representative of the company goes before the committee representing the workers at least four times a year and points out the important facts in the company's financial progress and accomplishments.

In line with its modern methods of operation the corporation has established certain principles for itself from which it refuses to depart. It believes and states that capital is always production and consumption. Business originally was founded on service. The customer pays all—the public suffers all. Absentee ownership may or may not be a curse. Absentee management is always a curse. No alliances; free speech; free press; recognition of individual rights; wages based on buying power; and the production of an article that is a necessity. Dividends paid by the company are limited to eight per cent on capital stock.

Such are the general principles and operating schemes of this Ohio company, which declares that the industrial difficulties of to-day and the future will be between management and labor, not capital and labor. Perhaps there are other plans for relieving present social ills in industry that are as good as those here outlined—or better—but in view of the absence of bonuses, profit sharing and any form of industrial democracy the results obtained are striking. In 1918 the men produced 2.72 trucks per man; in 1919 the output per worker was 2.95. Expressed in another way, the productivity per man increased nearly ten per cent last year. This splendid accomplishment was posted so the men could see it, and credit for the results was given as follows: One-third due to ample capital and plant and methods of manufacture; one-third to management; and one-third to the men voluntarily giving an honest day's work.

It is hopeful and pleasing to run across a company whose management is possessed of the idea that there are ways to meet the present industrial situation without lowering wages or shouldering the added costs upon the consumer. The country would be better off if more of our employers were to get hold of the thought that thousands of workmen to-day are not fools swayed by every emotion, but are anxious to think in terms of fundamental economics. The whole body industrial is now suffering a relapse from swallowing too many temporary stimulants. The present need is for steady, effective plodding of a permanent and practical nature, and not for temporary spurts that excite us to-day and then leave us without strength and hope for the race to-morrow.

Composite Form Letters

"SOMETIMES I sit and think, and then other times I just sit," said a rural philosopher. So in business some men work and think, while others just work. The conscientious plodder is nearly always outdistanced by the fellow who stops occasionally to analyze and plan. In a majority of pursuits the value of the worker's services is based on the worth of his ideas, and the latter come as a result of thinking. Where there is no thought there are no ideas and no system. Great achievements have been the result not so much of knowledge as of thought.

The other day I found myself engaged in interesting conversation with one of the newest and certainly one of the youngest of the nation's great industrial leaders. He had started at the bottom in one line of business, and in working his way up in his chosen field had established such an enviable record for efficiency in management that a big and progressive corporation in a totally different industry had seen fit to reach out and secure this young man as the company's president.

Several of my friends told me he was not only one of the greatest thought factories existing in human form, but he was the champion timesaver of the world. Whether or not these flattering remarks were true, the new president was surely a man abundant in practical ideas.

"I haven't been here long enough to get my bearings," said he, "and though I am glad to pass on whatever knowledge and experience I possess that will prove helpful to others, I want to stay out of the limelight just now and do more acting than talking."

In respect for his wishes, therefore, I will briefly set down my remembrance of this successful executive's views without divulging his name.

The right use of time is the price of success. Time economizing is more important than money economizing. A person may borrow thousands of dollars, but he can't beg or steal a minute of time. No man will ever find time for anything; if he wants it he must take it. Wasted time not only means wasted energy and vitality, but it means evil companions and bad habits. There is no fixed rule by which we can measure the value of any space of time. A stray five minutes may contain the event of a lifetime. We may regain our health by the practice of temperance, and a lost fortune may be recovered by the exercise of energy, but hours that have slipped by unutilized are gone forever.

In America talking is more than a weakness—it is a national disease. We spend as much time crowing over something we have done well as was consumed in doing the thing. On the other hand, when we fail we devote valuable hours to nursing our wounds and coddling our pride, when we might be doing something effective to remedy our failure. System is the greatest of all savers of time, and the best way to systematize our working day is to take an inventory of it. In this way we can find out where every minute of each hour has gone, and this knowledge will enable us to identify and eliminate all wasted and profitless actions. If every man would keep a careful account of his time for one week he would make discoveries that might be of immeasurable value in the later shaping of his career.

Most business executives devote entirely too much time to answering letters. The paragraph system has proved to be a real timesaver in the handling of correspondence. Every man is human and is subject to varying moods. It is therefore impossible for anyone to write letters that are equally good every day in the week. When annoyances are frequent our usual equilibrium is somewhat disturbed, and the letters we dictate at such a time are sure to reflect to a certain extent the humor we are in. Such periods of disturbed emotions are less hurtful to our business if we can prevent their reflection in our daily work.

With this thought in mind, many successful executives have compiled a paragraph book that covers most of the cases arising in any day's correspondence. In the construction of such a book a good plan is to have an extra carbon made of all the letters that are answered during a period of two or three weeks. At the end of such time all these carbon copies are classified under certain general headings, and then the letters are cut up into paragraphs and placed in separate piles. The best paragraphs, and those which will most commonly apply, are then picked out and revised in the most careful manner. These selected paragraphs are then pasted into a scrapbook that is carefully indexed. Paragraphs intended to start letters are placed on Page One, while closing paragraphs are pasted on the last page of the book. In between are other pages of paragraphs that will answer practically every question that may be asked by a correspondent.

In this system the executive answers all letters by stating the number of the page and the number of the paragraph on the page. In this timesaving plan all letters that are to be answered are numbered. The dictator handles each letter as follows: "Letter Number 9. Start with Paragraph 3, Page 1; next, 2, Page 5; then, 6, Page 9; and close with 5, Page 14." The numbered letters that have been answered are given to the typist, who gets the proper address from the letter itself.

After a month or two of working with this paragraph system an executive will become so well acquainted with the numbers of the paragraphs that are most commonly used that he will find it unnecessary in many instances to refer to his book, and this familiarity with the system will greatly facilitate the handling of each day's correspondence. An additional virtue of the plan is that all answers to letters will be of uniform excellence. None of the letters will reflect an ugly mood that the dictator may happen to be in.

A writer once said: "When opportunity knocks, the man who has taught himself system in business has his hand on the door knob."

The desk of any company official is one fairly accurate indicator of the man's efficiency. Very little or nothing should be in the compartments of a desk that is not an everyday working tool. Many office men make the mistake of permitting their desks to be filled with subject matter that is only referred to every month or so and that hides data which must be consulted perhaps once or twice each day. So far as personal efficiency is concerned, there is little hope for those people who cling to the habit of accumulating data which are to be gone over and cleaned up to-morrow or next week. A small pile of unfinished matter soon becomes a large pile, and one large pile rapidly becomes the parent of a number of children.

(Concluded on Page 170)

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Home Folks

IS IT permitted to write of common folks—folks who are frankly and obviously middle-class, folks who use napkins and a butter knife when there is company but not at other times, and really prefer eating in the kitchen? Is it? Well, then:

These people who are confessedly middle-class are America. The proper study of America is the middle class—its hopes, fears, standards, ambitions and ideals. What, then, are the interests and problems that fill the mind of this middle class—this class which includes nearly all of us except those who have cooties and those who insult servants?

The Mexican situation?

There is at the office a situation of far greater significance. Dad has been there fourteen years. The superintendent of his department has some sort of lung trouble and is away on vacation, and the president has stopped at dad's desk for several short talks. If the superintendent doesn't come back the family can move out to the suburbs and buy a house and have chickens and things.

Should Japan give up Shantung? Perhaps. Should the family give up Sarah? It may be that Sarah has decided the question without consulting the family. That Jones boy is with her several evenings in each week and has the easy poise of one who finds himself welcome. He is a bit wild and brags too much for one whose great deeds are yet in the oral stage. Responsibility might make a man of him, but the family doesn't believe in gambling. There are other young fellows Sarah might have. The Hawkins boy is steady and clean and has more brains than his halting speech would indicate. He would please the family better, but Sarah isn't interested in him. Girls are queer that way.

Should we accept mandatories? It would be pleasant to have mandatory control of the boy across the street. He has the face of a cherub and the general instincts of a hyena. Little Willie seems hypnotized by him, and it is almost impossible to control the child since he began playing over there. Scolding merely makes matters worse. One can't be forever punishing a child, and it doesn't pay to fall out with the neighbors. One could move, but moving is expensive and the men seem to delight in scratching the furniture.

Will the indemnity be paid? Who knows? It is very difficult to raise the money for everything. The girls have been invited for a week-end and are demanding silk nightgowns. They are entitled to the foolish prides and pleasures other girls enjoy, but the family must decide between silk nighties for the girls and new casings for the rear wheels. Dad's everyday suit is getting shiny in places and mother has three teeth that need filling, though she protests that they give her no trouble except when she eats sweet things, and with sugar so high it is probably a blessing anyway. Mother is like that. The insurance policies must be kept up and there must be a little saved for an emergency, but nothing else matters. One can do without a surprising number of things when necessary.

Who should be elected president? Well, some practical man. That Mrs. Browne who chummed with mother when the family lived on Hellams Street was elected to the Crystal Club last week. Her husband made a great deal of money during the war and they moved to a more fashionable part of town. Mother met her on the street yesterday and started to speak, but she looked straight ahead and pretended not to notice. Mother was deeply hurt, and the family expressed its opinion of the Browne tribe in terms that were a little bit rude. Frank—he's the oldest boy—said he would make a million dollars some day and show this town a few things that would make stuck-up snobs green with envy. Poverty wouldn't be such a nuisance if everybody was poor.

The division of Turkey, the future of India and Egypt, Ireland's claims, Korea, the railroads—these afford interesting topics for debate. Discussing them keeps the children posted.

The Mule

THE mule is almost a gentleman. He can boast that his father was a gentleman of leisure, and never under any circumstances can he make an ass of himself. He has brains, though one may be a gentleman without this equipment, and his natural inclination and desire is to loaf.

People unacquainted with mules think the clipped mane and shaven tail natural equipment, but these are marks of servitude. In a world full of natural hazards one cannot understand why any sane man should elect to shave a mule's tail, but it is done.

The mule has a high tenor voice with an effective falsetto, but his repertoire is limited. When he lifts his voice one does not know whether he is singing or laughing. No doubt an intelligent mule could find much to laugh about in a world full of men.

The mule is not an accomplished linguist. He seems able to grasp the meaning of fundamental profanity in any language, but polite speech leaves him unmoved. Professional handlers of mules aver that truly picturesque and vitriolic profanity has been known to move a mule to tears of ecstasy. This seems an exaggeration, but it is a matter of common knowledge that any mule does his best when encouraged by a few high-powered expletives.

A mule has a good time while he is a colt, but his latter end is bitter. Bitter also is the experience of those who monkey with a mule's latter end, for that is where his heavy artillery is mounted. He is not effective at long range, but those who engage him at close quarters are gathered to their fathers. When the mule clears for action he bares his teeth and exposes the whites of his eyes. This is technically known as a feint. The unwary, expecting mischief from the weapons flourished, takes no thought of the guns mounted aft.

Men say the mule is stubborn, but this is libel. He has convictions concerning this new doctrine of self-determination and occasionally makes futile effort to express an opinion of those who would gee or haw without the consent of the governed, but this is not stubbornness. It is democracy.

Before we abolished war and greed and human nature and such things, papers of state at times referred to stubborn and rebellious peoples who objected to a boss. In this bright new era even a mule may have rights. If we cannot grant him full liberty we can at least call him a mandatory instead of a mule and let him understand that we are plowing him for his own good, without ulterior motive.

Paying Debts

ONE cannot classify the inhabitants of the earth as good people and bad people, for the good are seldom as good as they think and the bad seldom as bad as they seem. Moreover, proportions of good and bad are frequently so nearly balanced in an individual that he cannot be classified except as a neutral.

One who gets his living by dealing with the public has need of a rule by which to measure his acquaintances. If this pleasant fellow is not worthy of trust one should know it. If this other who does not speak in his own behalf is nevertheless worthy of all confidence it is well to cultivate him. The ability to judge men quickly and fairly makes for success in business.

The man who pays cash may be an honest man, or he may be a rascal. In either case the seller need give the matter no anxious thought. The man to be judged is the one who asks for credit. If his record is available and flawless one may assume that he has made honesty a habit. If his record is not available it becomes necessary to learn something of his private life. His physical habits? Perhaps. Yet some knaves have no acquaintance with vice and some honest men stoop to folly. His tastes, ambitions, friendships? None of these. One must know his standard of honor in matters of money.

The rule is not infallible, but one is safe in assuming that the man who pays his personal debts is honest and that the man who does not pay his personal debts is a rascal. Misfortunes happen to us all, but the man who makes a debt knows whether there is reasonable hope of discharging it. If there is not reasonable hope he is but one degree removed from the common thief.

Thrift is something more than an exercise of common sense. It is a standard of honor as well. Compare a man's expenditures with his earnings and you will know what manner of man he is. He may spend all that he makes and be nothing more reprehensible than a fool; but if he spends all that he makes and habitually mortgages his future to gratify a present desire he mortgages his honor as well. Rather he confesses his lack of honor—his willingness to take without giving value received—his affinity with the rogue.

Persons who live beyond their incomes are but refined brigands. They parade in finery that belongs to a merchant, feed their guests on stolen victuals, cut a wide swath with a purloined blade. The very fact that they can enjoy a transient glory so dearly bought proves them constitutionally incapable of appreciating or practicing common honesty.

It is a hard saying, but if he spends more than he earns only a kindly circumstance directs his steps away from the path trod by thieves since the invention of jails.

The thrifty cashier will greet you at his window tomorrow. The one who quits town between two suns is the one whose salary did not measure up to his social ambitions.

By their spending you shall know them.

Eating

EATING heads the list of essential industries. It also heads the list of human follies from which physicians, nerve specialists, sanitariums and venders of patent medicines derive their living. Lean people eat more than fat people. They do not eat more because they need more, but because they have more cargo space. Humans are very like other animals and eat until they are full. The fat man is tenanted by himself. There is as much fat inside as there is outside and he has little storage room for victuals.

A little child is merely an animated stomach. Consuming food is its one absorbing interest in life. When it is empty it is miserable. When it is stuffed it is happy and sleepy. The man whose heart and pocketbook are not touched by the sight of hungry children is headed for the place where Dante saw the wolf.

Growing girls and boys eat more than adults. Boys are entirely frank about it and eat whenever, wherever and whatever they may. A girl of the sour-pickle age will consume more victuals than a harvest hand, but is ashamed of her appetite. If there is company at dinner she will toy with her food—the word "toy" is her expression—and consume about enough to tempt the appetite of a sick canary. But after the guests have departed she will steal back to the kitchen and eat everything that isn't under lock and key.

People who have nothing to do but try to think of something to do know nothing of the joy of eating and must tempt their appetites with dainty dishes that have French names and too much seasoning. People who work, and especially those who work out-of-doors, have appetites that need no urging. They are more particular about quantity than quality. Many badly spoiled young Americans learned the worth of plain chow while sojourning in France, and beef and beans made them regular fellows.

One should eat when he is hungry and fast when he is not. Digestive organs know their business. When they need raw material they will let the fact be known. Perhaps they worked in extra shifts to handle a poor selection of junk sent in yesterday and are taking a day off to rest up. Putting another ton on the wagon won't ease the strain on tired horses.

People who eat more than is necessary suffer more than is necessary and die earlier than is necessary. It may be that a just fate takes them away when they have consumed their fair share.

Our guess is that there are 110,000,000 people in this country, including Americans.

The reds wouldn't mind being deported if there was any other country where they could get a good living by stirring up trouble.

Of course you understand that the one essential qualification for the presidency is the ability to get votes.

When a man is needed for the job higher up he isn't selected from the group that has spent most of its energy talking about its rights.

Certainly we are civilized. Who but civilized people would pay school-teachers less than hod-carriers?

A vivid imagination is one that can picture a group of professional statesmen handling the job at Washington for a dollar a year.

Desire to punish Germany is tempered by the fact that a cow won't give milk unless you feed her.

Ireland might take more kindly to home rule if there was some way to express it without using that word rule.

The radical will never love this Government until it pledges him protection in his efforts to overthrow it.

That departing anarchist who cried "To hell with America" clearly stated the hope and purpose of his kind.

No doubt the German officers who are to be tried at Paris and Lille will get a fair conviction.

The value of the German mark hasn't fallen any lower than the value of the German trade-mark.

This plan to fix the indemnity to fit Germany's visible resources is the one our grocer uses.

And now the nations are as anxious to get Heinie's trade as they once were to get his goat.

Even a budget system won't budge the army of useless clerks.

Everybody believes that children should be raised without whipping except those who have tried to raise children.

If there was only one sex in the world highbrows would do less talking about the larger life.

We could forgive statesmen anything else if they didn't show such scornful contempt for common sense.

Still a king has about as much divine right as a labor union.

We can't understand why compulsory military service is democratic if compulsory service in the arts of peace is an invasion of sacred constitutional rights.



There is no mistaking the high place the Liberty occupies in the minds of the great body of automobile owners. In all of the excitement and confusion of over-demand it still stands out sharp and distinct as one car whose quality is beyond question.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

OUR RAILROADS START BACK

(Continued from Page 29)

certainly does have its good points. And no one must have appreciated these more than the citizens of Cumberland or Parkersburg or other practically exclusive Baltimore and Ohio points. What these folks will think of the change back to the old conditions—of their railroad being taken by the scruff of its neck and thrust back to the comparatively inconvenient Jersey City terminals—will be worth recording. In all probability it will not render them wildly enthusiastic over the competitive idea in our railroading.

The Pennsylvania's position is polite but firm and, I think, entirely consistent. It is ousting the two alien roads—the one highly competitive and the other barely so—upon the ground that its New York terminal is now being utilized to its fullest capacity and that there really is not room in it for them. It operates 175 trains a day in and out of the terminal; the Long Island Railroad, of which it is practically the sole owner, 275 trains; and the New York, New Haven and Hartford—of which much more in a moment—eight. Yet it cannot longer find room for the fourteen trains daily of the Baltimore and Ohio or the twelve of the Lehigh Valley. At least so it avers. It is not a question of rental prices that is involved. The man from Parkersburg and his friend from Cumberland must give way to the commuter from Whitestone, Rahway or Jamaica.

Yet the Pennsylvania folks might well afford to cease to stress the point of room within the station and come out quite frankly and say that the retention of a road so peculiarly competitive as the Baltimore and Ohio within its chief station in its chief city is bad competitive railroading. Such frankness would not hurt the situation. It is conceivable that it might tend to improve it greatly.

On the other rim of the continent there is a similar situation, though slightly different in its details. Another of the acts of Mr. McAdoo's Railroad Administration in keeping with his announced policy of cutting off all superfluous service was the elimination of two fairly famed and very picturesquely named trains of the Santa Fé between San Francisco and Los Angeles—The Saint and The Angel. The Santa Fé's pathway between these two chief cities of California is about 110 miles longer than that of the Southern Pacific. Yet in the old competitive days it had a sporty policy in maintaining between them these two very handsome and fully equipped trains, even though they had a moderate patronage.

The Cummins Idea

When wartime policy made the Southern Pacific, with its more direct lines, the approved pathway between California's two saintly cities, the Santa Fé found itself practically without through service between them. Now, coming back to a peace basis, it is desirous of reëstablishing its two through night trains connecting them. But in order to make these trains efficient it would like to route them over Southern Pacific tracks from Los Angeles to Mojave, whence its own rails go through to the Golden Gate. Naturally the Southern Pacific is not wildly anxious to consummate such an arrangement. From the competitive point of view its attitude is quite as logical and consistent as that of the Pennsylvania in regard to its New York passenger terminal.

There seems to be a deal of real doubt in the minds of both railroaders and government officers at the moment as to the exact policy of the railroad legislation as finally laid down by the much-amended Esch-Cummins Bill; particularly in regard to this much mooted question of competition between the individual lines or their gradual consolidation with the possible elimination of competition. I am no lawyer myself and so am not prepared to interpret the exact meaning of that measure, but I do think that in the mind of the average man across the country there is a pretty definite thought at this moment as to what he wishes the railroads that serve him to become. He may be right, he may be wrong, but unless I interpret him very wrongly indeed he to-day favors the competitive idea between them. The Cummins idea of grouping our many, many separate roads into from twenty to thirty-five great systems has been predicated upon these being competitive systems as opposed to the regional idea of a slightly lesser number of territorial and noncompetitive systems.

Therefore, I repeat, the Pennsylvania may be consistently justified in barring the Baltimore and Ohio from its prize station, the Southern Pacific from saying that the Santa Fé may not use its direct tracks between Los Angeles and Mojave, the North Western in opening its exclusive ticket office in the Loop district of Chicago. If we are going to have competition let us have the genuine article.

To the average man, however—particularly one whose business carries him far afield across the country—the railroad question is not so intimately academic as the foregoing paragraphs would seem to indicate. The question that concerns him is generally a fairly selfish one; how our railroads are going to carry his goods and himself. For the present we are considering the last phase of it. Our average man feels that private operation and competition—somehow he has conceived the impression that the two are firmly and irrevocably connected—are going to give him once again the train service that he enjoyed five or ten years ago, and is going to make quite a fuss if he does not get it.

The Hell Gate Route

I think that this gentleman is doomed to a considerable disappointment. A great many of the trains that were annulled as a war measure—by the Railroad Administration and the War Board of the railroads which immediately preceded it—will undoubtedly come back. A good many others never will. These last are for the most part those which ran on branch lines and—please note this last—in noncompetitive territory. Small branches which formerly enjoyed three or four or five trains in each direction each day are now getting along with two or three, and in all probability will continue to do so.

Times have changed. It costs a good deal more to run the simplest sort of train to-day than it cost yesterday. And the automobile in the rural districts is a factor in this situation hardly to be ignored.

Comparatively few trains were added to the passenger schedules when the roads came back to private control. The Central Railroad of New Jersey and Philadelphia and Reading New York-Philadelphia service, which had been greatly denuded of its passenger trains as a war measure, restored three of these in each direction; yet remembering folks easily recalled that its reëstablished service of a train between the two big cities every two hours is not quite the every-hour-on-the-hour traffic that once distinguished this particular route. Nor do these fast expresses any longer traverse the ninety miles that lie between their terminals in one hour and fifty minutes—including twelve minutes allowed for the ferry connection at the New York end of the run. That particular schedule, accomplished day after day with hardly a minute's variation, represented the very apotheosis of American passenger service. To bring it back means that our American railroads must once again enter their golden age. And that, for the moment, seems very far away indeed.

In a similar fashion the Pennsylvania Railroad has added not so much for its own Philadelphia-New York service as from the Pittsburgh region up into New England. Here it shows a genuine competitive front once again. For many years the Pittsburgh-Boston traffic has been a practically exclusive field for the Vanderbilts—by way of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, the New York Central and the Boston and Albany Railroads. They have held it for themselves.

But the completion of the great Hell Gate Bridge across the East River in the city of New York four or five years ago has wrought a larger change in the New England traffic situation and future than might easily have been anticipated. For years the Vanderbilts—the New York Central system—have all but held New England in a firm traffic grasp. Not only have they owned and controlled the Grand Central terminal, which until very recently was the sole New York City passenger gateway of New England's chief railroad, the New York, New Haven and Hartford, but they have held under long leasehold its next most important railroad, the Boston and Albany, as well as practically all the pathways out from the three New England gateways at Albany, at Troy and at St. Albans.

When, some twenty or more years ago, the Pennsylvania and the New Haven, in response to a pretty well formulated public demand, sought to establish a through-train service between Boston and Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, it was forced to ferry the trains on huge car floats from the New Haven's freight terminals in the Bronx down the East River, round the very tip of Manhattan and across the Hudson River to the Pennsylvania's old terminal in Jersey City—a very tedious and expensive procedure. In fact, so difficult was this process that eight or nine years ago it was abandoned and the Federal Express was routed from New Haven up and over the Poughkeepsie Bridge and thence by a devious single-tracked line back to the main line of the Pennsylvania at Trenton. So devious was this route that it was usable for only the night train. The day train, the Colonial Express, also a great public convenience—was abandoned for a time.

The Hell Gate Bridge has changed all this. It immediately became the short and direct all-rail passenger route between New England, Pennsylvania and the South. As soon as it was completed it took to itself the Federal, the Colonial—completely restored and shortened in its running schedule—as well as a through train operated in summer from Baltimore and Washington and Philadelphia down to the State of Maine points.

Now, with peacetime conditions reëstablished in our railroading, the Pennsylvania seemingly shows its hand more distinctly in regard to the New Haven property. It establishes fast through trains between Boston and Pittsburgh by the Hell Gate route in direct defiance of and in competition with the Vanderbilt lines. And furthermore it places in service direct new night trains for exclusive Philadelphia and Boston business as well as semiexpresses for the local trade between Philadelphia and New Haven.

The inference of all this is quite clear to anyone who has made any study whatsoever of the strategy of our great railroads. The very slight Vanderbilt influence in the New Haven property is waning, the strong Pennsylvania influence growing stronger still. The pressure upon the Pennsylvania Station in the city of New York is, in my opinion, apt to grow more rapidly from the east—from the direction of New England—than from the west. That is where the room is to be needed. And the ideas of Mr. John E. Oldham, of Boston, and some other gentlemen who have made bold actually to allocate upon paper the twenty-odd competitive systems that Senator Cummins, of Iowa, has so persistently held in his head, start with giving the New York, New Haven and Hartford over to the Pennsylvania Railroad. Which does not seem so very far from common sense.

Traffic to New England

As yet the New York Central has announced no reprisals for these assaults upon its New England strongholds. It would like if it could to establish a New York-Boston service of its own and is in a fair strategic position to do that very thing by striking a diagonal line off across from the old-time Harlem River Road, which runs north from New York close to the east boundary of the Empire State, over to its Boston and Albany somewhere in the Berkshire Hills. Such a line would be neither easy nor inexpensive to build. The country which it would traverse is rough and rugged in the extreme. Nor could it be built in a very direct way. It would have to avoid Connecticut completely. Years ago the statutes of that state were drawn so that no competing railroad could be built across it.

But even with a fairly indirect line of its own from New York to Boston, the New York Central, if unable to compete with the fast day trains of the New Haven between those two cities, could maintain a very comfortable competitive night service, to say nothing of the fighting chance for express and freight of every sort. It would be strategy well worth its while, and with the consolidation plan of competition really coming into effect and Boston and Maine and Maine Central falling to the Vanderbilt lot—as predicted by the astute Mr. Oldham—it would form a very valuable main stem into northern and eastern New England.

The Western territory has seen far fewer restorations of trains even than the Eastern. It is probable that the coming of heavy summer travel from Chicago out to Colorado will force the replacement of such crack trains as the Burlington's One and Six, as well as one or two of the much-missed flyers on the Rock Island and the Milwaukee out to Denver and to Colorado Springs. Minor service replacements have already been made—observation sleepers replaced between Chicago and Omaha and Kansas City and the Twin Cities and the all-compartment sleepers reinserted in the fast night trains between these last two points and Chicago, while the Wabash, with a good deal of enthusiasm, announced the complete replacement of its prewar express service between Chicago and St. Louis.

The Santa Fé felt the brunt of the vast overload of passenger traffic that came to all our American roads in the last year of the war as well as in the fourteen or sixteen months of peace that followed the signing of the armistice. It was chosen by the Railroad Administration as the approved route down into the Southwest. In consequence its trains were particularly overcrowded—the slower ones moving down from Chicago fourteen, fifteen or even sixteen cars, and picking up two diners at Marceline for the breakfast into Kansas City. West of that point most of these trains are cared for at the Harvey eating houses. Now Fred Harvey built his refreshment stations at the Santa Fé depots down into the Southwest for the normal demands of travel, not for the abnormal; which meant that a sixteen-car train stopping in front of them had to be fed in two shifts.

Old Schedules Disarranged

The Santa Fé's long-established crack train, the California Limited, has never stopped at Harvey eating houses. It carries diners all the way from Chicago to Los Angeles; and in other days up to San Francisco as well. And, because we have 5000 new millionaires as a result of our wartime experience—and heaven only knows how many who have put aside a mere quarter of a million or so—the traveler of to-day wants to ride the crack trains; wants a drawing-room or a compartment as well; not only wants them but demands them; not only demands them but gets them; for such is the very inherent nature of the American traveler to-day.

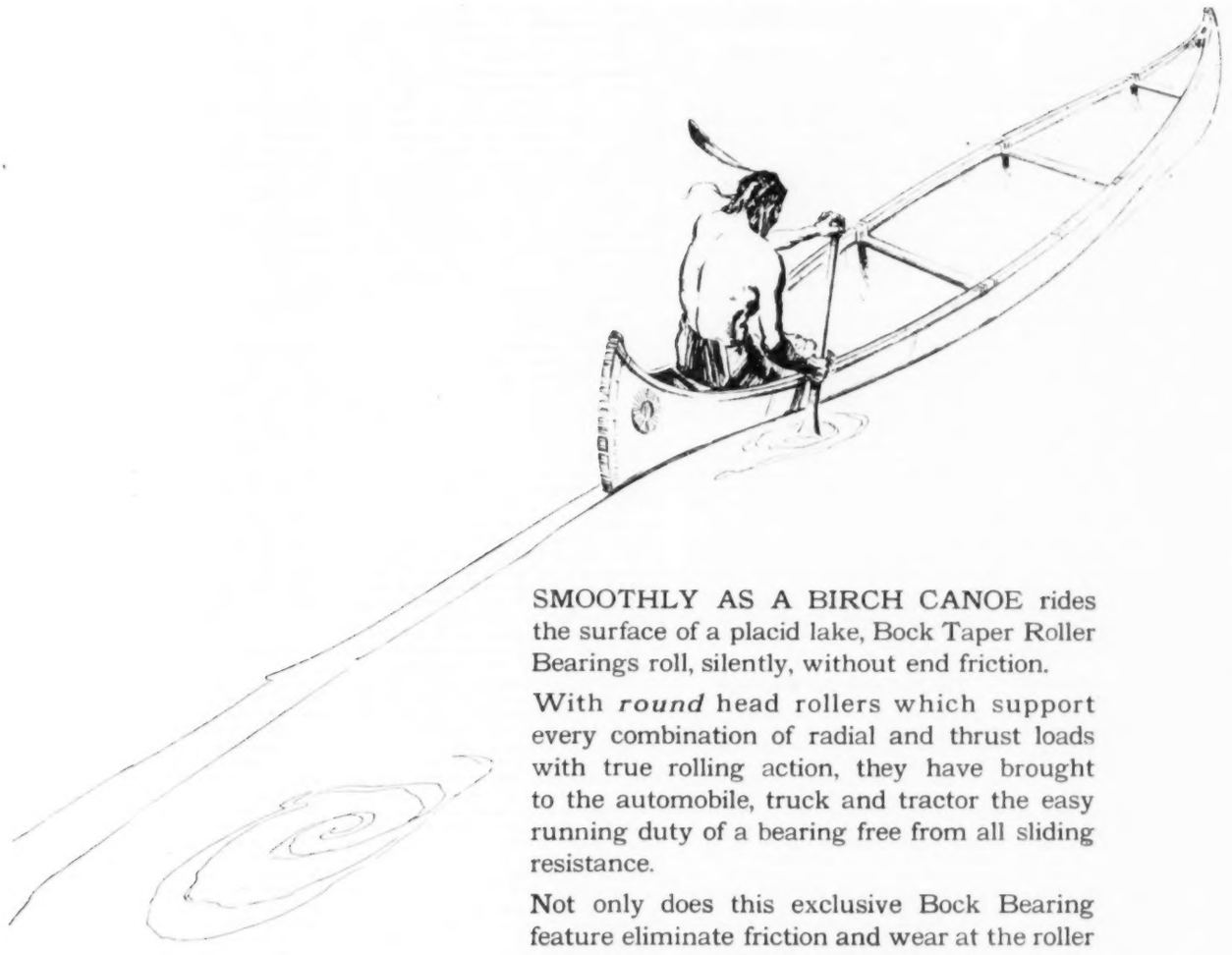
In accordance with the demands of the McAdoo administration for wartime simplicity the running time of the Santa Fé's crack train as well as that of its competitors was slowed from sixty-eight hours to seventy-two between Chicago and Los Angeles, and the San Francisco service lopped off completely.

In former years its schedule had been adjusted to a nicety. Together with its chief competitors, the Rock Island's Golden State Limited and the Union Pacific's Los Angeles Limited, it left Chicago each evening after easy connection with the previous evening's trains out of New York, and pulled into Los Angeles on the third day at 2:30 P.M., or in full time to make the three-o'clock afternoon connections to Santa Barbara and San Diego, getting tourists into each of these perennially popular resorts in full time to worm into their boiled shirts for dinner.

New schedules completely upset this comfortable arrangement. What business did folks have with boiled shirts in war days anyway? The California Limited was set back and set forward. It now left Chicago at 7:35 o'clock each evening and did not get into Los Angeles until 5:30 o'clock in the afternoon; which meant if one was lucky he got to San Diego or Santa Barbara by midnight, or just in time to have the urbane hotel clerk announce that the last available room had been sold thirty minutes before.

But it was on the Chicago end of the revised schedule that the greatest part of the trouble rose. Last winter, as you may or may not care to recall, was a regular one. Even the biggest and the best of the Eastern roads reaching into Chicago had fearful

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SMOOTHLY AS A BIRCH CANOE rides the surface of a placid lake, Bock Taper Roller Bearings roll, silently, without end friction.

With *round* head rollers which support every combination of radial and thrust loads with true rolling action, they have brought to the automobile, truck and tractor the easy running duty of a bearing free from all sliding resistance.

Not only does this exclusive Bock Bearing feature eliminate friction and wear at the roller ends; it also gives to the bearing an amazing thrust load capacity, removes the tendency for the rollers to twist out of line, and promotes effective lubrication.

Because of these fundamental advantages Bock Taper Roller Bearings serve better and last longer than ordinary roller bearings.

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BOCK
BEARINGS



The round head roller touches at a single point. Bock Bearings never slide or drag—they roll

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times maintaining their schedules, or anything like them—with poor coal, worn-out locomotives and a lowered morale on the part of the men who were moving the trains. About six o'clock of a January or a February evening the passenger traffic manager of the Santa Fé—he is a bundle of human energy and his name is W. J. Black, though almost every one calls him "Jerry"—would get an agonized request from one of the Eastern roads to hold the California Limited ten or fifteen minutes for connecting passengers on their trains.

Black quickly surveyed the situation. A good portion of these connecting passengers from the East held compartments or drawing-rooms reserved long in advance. They were the sort of folks who demand this particular type of Pullman accommodation. They were good friends of the Santa Fé. Competitive days were just ahead. Black did not hesitate. He would call up his road's terminal, down at Dearborn Street, and order the train's leaving delayed until the old hour of eight.

At about 7:55 o'clock, central standard time, the telephone in the Black family homestead on the outskirts of Chicago would begin ringing violently. An Eastern road again. The Wolverine or the Manhattan was not doing so well as might have been expected in crossing the dunes of Indiana. Would Jerry hold the limited another thirty minutes? Would Jerry? A man does not get to be the boss traffic artist of a road like the Santa Fé without having some obliging characteristics. He would, and he did—with the net result that the California Limited would go ambling late out of the Dearborn Street Station, but with a lot of satisfied folks aboard.

Nor was this so easy as it might seem. The California Limited is no slouch of a train in size or in appearance. Ofttimes in winter months she runs in three sections, each of seven or eight heavy Pullmans. Even through the period of war administration these extra sections were the rule rather than the exception.

Now Dearborn Station in the city of Chicago is not a particularly large terminal. Yet it has heavy demands upon it without the Santa Fé setting out to run its limited in sections. So it was that on those distressing winter evenings Mr. Black would get telephone messages from a different quarter: the Monon and the Grand Trunk and the Erie and the Wabash would begin calling him up and asking when the Santa Fé was going to get its durned old flossy limiteds out of the crowded train shed. They could not get their own little night roadsters into it. After all, the troubles of delayed passengers on the Pennsylvania or the New York Central meant nothing at all to the bosses of the Erie or the Wabash.

Back to the Golden Age

All that is over now—one is tempted to add, reverently of course: "Thank God." The California Limited will be back at her eight-o'clock schedule out of Chicago and getting into Los Angeles for those beloved midafternoon connections by the time next winter's tourist gets ready to hie himself to Santa Barbara and down to San Diego. So, too, will its twin train of the Rock Island—the well-famed Golden State. Only the Golden State has gained a great advantage of its competitor on the San Diego business by the completion of the San Diego and Arizona Railroad—the only important piece of brand-new railroad construction attempted in the United States during the past three or four years, shortening the route into that ambitious town from the East by more than 100 miles. A good portion of this new line lies south of the international boundary in old Mexico, and at one point in our benighted neighbor where engines are changed there is a flourishing barroom across from the railroad depot. Which gives the Golden State's San Diego connection a traffic advantage over its competitors which is hardly to be scorned.

Other trains, too, are coming back; not merely back to their old schedules but in many cases fast long-distance flyers—short-distance ones too, that seemingly died completely under the quick chloroforming of the governmental anæsthetic experts—are being brought back to life; but not quickly. The process is a slow one indeed. There is a shortage—of men, of locomotives, of cars.

"Give me the Pullman equipment and I will give you the trains," a big traffic man in Chicago told me just the other day. "The people are not going to stand forever for the wartime conditions of overcrowding in passenger traffic."

Which led me quite logically into the near-by offices of the Pullman Company. The officers of that very systematic and usually very unemotional institution were in a state of near panic. To the standard or chronic state of sleeping-car and parlor-car shortage, always intensely aggravated toward the end of June by the perfectly healthy and natural desire of a highly prosperous people to enjoy long summer vacations, had been added a tremendous traffic overload caused by three prospective conventions to be held in the last week of that month and the first one of July—the Shriners at Portland, Oregon; the Elks at Chicago; and the great quadrennial love fest of the Democrats, planned this year for San Francisco. Personally I have my own thoughts as to conventions. Most folks who make a regular business of travel also possess them—not always of the most complimentary sort. It is hard to pull into Detroit or Kansas City late of a winter's evening and find that the Michigan State Master Plumbers Association or the Western Missouri Educators have arrived there in force some hours before and preëmpted the none-too-generous hotel accommodations. Still, that conventions are a real necessity in our national life of to-day I would be the last to deny. And that the big political assemblages wherein our history is made are very real factors in it is a most patent fact.

"Cars?" said one of the Pullman men to whom I gained access. "Do you think that sleeping cars are made out of thin air or out of pasteboard?"

The Pullman Car Shortage

I denied such trivial or even flippant thinking. I told him that I realized that for two or three years past there had been no Pullman construction whatsoever; that the troop movements had been a vast tax upon the existing equipment. Ninety per cent of our boys in khaki who rode over twenty-four hours in continuous troop movements rode in Pullman sleepers—either tourist or standard—which was a decidedly different condition from that which prevailed overseas. For verification ask any doughboy who was over there.

The Pullman Company, with a sagacity born of long experience in troop movement, carefully denuded its cars of all their surplus luxuries, mirrors, curtains and the like, but found nevertheless that practically all its great fleet of 7700 cars which were allotted for army transport had to be shopped before they could go into regular passenger service once again. Which only has added to its perplexing problem of car shortage.

Normally it would have built 350 to 500 cars in each of the past two years; so with the extra fleet of troop-movement cars now tied up in its repair shops it may be safely assumed that it is at least 1000 cars short of the number required for its minimum services; including of course the special movements and conventions that have long since come to be part and parcel of our national life.

To try to overcome this shortage it has contracted for a 1920 output of 600 new sleeping cars—at practically double the prewar costs. Nor would it be able to turn out these big steel cars at $35,000 each if it were not for the fact that it had much of its construction material bought and held from prewar days. To buy that material to-day would add at least $15,000 to the cost of each of these 600 new cars.

The schedule for their completion called for delivery at the rate of one a day through March and two a day thereafter. Yet the Pullman folks are by no means exempted from the troubles confronting other manufacturers of every sort these days. Which meant that when I saw their shops in mid-April, hardly twenty of these new cars had been completed. Yet the specter of the triple convention was barely two months distant. For it the Shriners had already ordered 487 sleepers—the most of them for thirty-day sight-seeing jaunts throughout the entire West—and would have ordered more if the lid had not been forced down suddenly. And the expectations were that the Democratic convention alone would require 350 to 500 cars. The railroad folks turned quickly to the Portland folks with requests that the convention there be deferred—but without success up to the time of the writing of these paragraphs.

These facts also are being set down, without a particle of prejudice, in order that the very great problem that confronts the operating railroader to-day may be understood in part at least by his passenger patrons. The passenger-operating man of our railroads to-day—East or West—is working against tremendous shortages not merely of Pullmans but of baggage and passenger coaches, practically none of which have been turned out either in the war months or in those that have followed Armistice Day, while the orders to-day for new equipment of this sort, even by roads which ordinarily are regarded as more prosperous than their fellows, are both few and slim; not only of locomotives—there is a notion still prevalent among old-fashioned railroaders that locomotives still are essential to the movement of trains—but of morale. The coming of Federal control, the governmental attempt to consolidate all our varied railroad systems and interests into a single so-called national railroad overnight, the added power and authority given to the railroad employees and their organizations did nothing whatsoever to add to this last extremely valuable transportation quality. On the contrary the extension of the union-station idea, with its almost invariable accompaniments of indifference and inattention to the city ticket offices, only added to the general lessening of the old-time morale, and added to the problem of the railroad operator endeavoring with all his energy and ability to restore the old-time competitive system which our Government has now decided is the real panacea after all for its transportation ills.

This lowered morale has run—consistently if you please—through almost every phase of passenger operation; freight operation, too, as we shall see at another time. It is to be found to-day not only in traffic solicitation, in ticket selling, but in the real departments of actual operation. Take dining-car service as a single instance. I should not care to defend our dining-car operation as it existed in each and every corner and section of the land in the days before the war. In some instances it was very good. In others it was inconceivably bad. Much traveled and sophisticated folks who returned from Europe and with these last instances of American railroad cuisine firmly fixed in their minds used frequently to declare that they did these things much better over there. Since then I have ridden on European restaurant cars myself, and am perfectly willing to testify that even in the hard, hard days that immediately followed the closing of the war the French diners in particular furnished meals of the same taste and quality that one found elsewhere throughout France. Yet even then I am unwilling to concede that even these were quite comparable with the best of our American dining-car meals in those lovely days before the war.

The Road to the Stomach

The trouble with the Railroad Administration seemed to be that in its passion for consolidation and for standardization it fixed the very worst of our prewar dining-car standards as its high marks of ultimate perfection. But even with this policy apparently fixed in its mind, it fluttered and changed. One day it hit upon the brilliant idea of standardized table d'hôte meals. From one end of the country to the other, no matter what the climate, what the season, what the market, the man riding from Portland, Oregon, up to Seattle should eat the same lunch—dish for dish—as his fellow unfortunate bound from Portland, Maine, up to Bangor, or he who ventured to fare upon the cars between New Orleans and Mobile or between Duluth and St. Paul. Then it was that wise travelers developed the lunch-box habit.

Now I am not arguing against the table d'hôte system in our dining cars. Or, the contrary I am perfectly willing to admit that I believe that our private railroad operators, generally speaking, have never recognized its full possibilities under certain conditions. But if they had wished to damn the system utterly and finally they could have chosen no more glorious or effective road than that taken by the governmental railroad operators. Their table d'hôtes were badly chosen, badly cooked, badly served. No one at Washington apparently had the simple horse sense to suggest that a little variety in their content could have been introduced without ruining the possibilities of our country's winning the war. But the menu cards were changed once in fifteen days only—to the intense disgust of folks who had long journeys to make up and down or across the continent.

"You had better get the yellow cornmeal again and the regular maple sirup and start your griddles going again, Ezra," said the big boss of one of the Eastern trunk lines on the third day of last March to his dining-car superintendent. This particular railroad president is rather touchy on this question of cornmeal. It so happened that one day four or five years ago he fell in with one of his boyhood cronies who had come East from Chicago to stir up things on the banks of the Hudson.

"Treat you all right on our road?" said the railroad president to the man from Chicago.

The crony was visibly embarrassed. Finally he blurted out: "Sorry, old man, I came this time on the X. & Z."

The railroader is never embarrassed. He came back for the reason. It developed, slowly. The Chicagoan—he is a big banker out there by Lake Michigan—had chosen the X. & Z., with slower service and more roundabout, because he liked the corncakes. Others were traveling on the second-rater for the same reason. The road to the stomach is always a popular line.

The big railroader in New York lost no time in taking his cue. Cornmeal—cornmeal cakes, please remember—became his obsession. He started in on the great cornmeal competition. It did not cease until government operation and standardization came along and choked it to death; with other exhibits of initiative and energy.

Good Meals at Low Prices

Trifles? Suppose they are? It is upon trifles such as these, multiplied and magnified, that the best of our railroad service in the old days was pretty firmly imbedded. Did the railroad that winds its way through the Colorado mountains specialize in mountain trout upon its diners—and begin to advertise that fact to an expectant world? Behold, its competitor heralded a little better species of mountain trout—even though it came from Galveston or Corpus Christi and was properly camouflaged in its preparation—and advertised that accomplishment a bit more loudly. That was service, under competition. That was the sort of service that brought high reputation to our American railroads.

That is why so many of them have taken the revival of their old-time dining-car standards as one of their most serious and immediate operating problems. Not a few of our railroaders, big and little, realize that private operation is on trial for its life here to-day, possibly for the final time. It is a real crisis for them. Perhaps that is the reason why the average railroad dining car is about the cheapest place in the country to eat to-day—with the exception of the very cheap lunch rooms.

The Milwaukee's famous evening splurge on its Pioneer Limited from Chicago up to the Twin Cities—and again as of yore in personal charge of the ever-fascinating Dan Healy—is practically as elaborate a feast as in other days, and remains priced at $1.25 instead of the traditional dollar. I dined, myself, the other night on the Rock Island's Golden State, running from Chicago down into the Southwest. We had a thin soup, roast duck, three or four vegetables, a delicious salad, a dessert and coffee. The check for two came to $3.50; on the à-la-carte plan. It was such a dinner as could not have been ordered in a first-class hotel, with the same quality of food and of service, for less than six or seven dollars. So I found it all the way across the land. Even the famous meals at the Harvey houses all the way throughout the Southwest have only risen to a dollar instead of their prewar price of seventy-five cents.

There is no guaranty, of course, of the maintenance of these low prices. For the moment, while our railroads are in the throes of their reorganization, their expenditures are in a large measure protected by the government guaranty, which expires on the first of September next, at which time they will be supposed to have adjusted their income to take full care of their outgo. Which, being translated, will quickly mean not only an increase in dining-car prices but in sleeping-car and parlor-car fares—the Pullman Company accomplished this particular step quite painlessly on May first last—but in railroad fares themselves.

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Believing the public will welcome detailed information about the LAFAYETTE, we print a summary from a review of this car written by an eminent technical critic and published in a leading automotive journal.

The observing eye reads in the mechanism of the LAFAYETTE many evidences of the influence of the marked engineering development during the past five years.—I cite examples which are typical:

a A very simple eight-cylinder engine, notable for its clean design, unusual accessibility and reduction in number of parts.

b The general use of alloy steel forgings instead of the conventional malleable iron casting.

c The achievement of lightness by the introduction of hollow alloy steel shafts to replace solid shafts.

d The incorporation of new aluminum alloys.

e The elimination of all driving gears in the engine with the exception of two small gears which operate the distributor.

f The enclosure of all moving parts for protection against dust and oil, this construction applying to the entire cycle of movements from the engine to the rear axle.

g Use of straight rods: not one bent rod in the entire car.

h Power travels in a straight line from engine to rear axle.

i Lubrication has been greatly simplified and the number of lubrication points reduced.

j The use of ball and socket self-adjusting joints on control rods.

Among the following points of design will be recognized many features which have originated and are exclusive with the LAFAYETTE, several of them valuable contributions to the science of automotive engineering.

a A hollow crankshaft of large diameter with five bearings—a bearing on each side of each crank, one factor which makes possible extremely high speeds and increases life.

b A hollow camshaft with sixteen cams, one for each valve.

c The lubrication of camshaft bearings by oil under pressure.

d Valve tappets operate directly on cams without rocker arms, and necessary angle of valves brings the valve ports closer to center of combustion space, thus increasing thermal and valve efficiency at all speeds.

e Front end chains adjustable from outside of crankcase—a patented device.

f Advanced type of manifolding. Exhaust manifolds cast integrally with cylinder blocks. Exhaust gases led away from lower side of each block by single connection.

g LAFAYETTE patented dual-action water pump direct-driven from the crankshaft, eliminating all gears and their attendant auxiliaries.

h Thermostatically controlled air circulation keeps engine cool for quietness, while exhaust-heated intake ensures proper vaporization of fuel.

i Vertical radiator shutters thermostatically controlled.

j LAFAYETTE patented compensated fan drive, without lubrication.

k LAFAYETTE patented device for removing water and sediment from oil, without removing oil pan or draining oil supply.

l Pressure relief valve integral with oil pump, circulating only oil actually used in lubrication, thus adding to life of oil supply.

m Oil which passes through large, hollow crankshaft tends to cool connecting rod bearings as well as lubricate them.

n Front axle of reversed Elliott type.

o Torque tube which relieves rear springs of every duty except springing car and prevents chattering of brakes.

p No slotted links in brake control rods.

q Rear spring shackles always in tension, which tends to eliminate rattle.

r Pinion and sector type of brake equalizing differential. Dust-proof, fool-proof construction—a positive mechanical device ensuring uniform reliability of brake equalization; prevents skidding.

s Speedometer drive enclosed in transmission.

THE dignity of the LAFAYETTE in its physical aspect and the brilliancy of performance, consequent upon the excellence of its engineering, have given it rank among the finest motor cars of the world.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

LAFAYETTE



(Concluded from Page 44)

There has been a popular concept that the increased costs of railroading would be borne entirely by increases in the freight rates. I think that I am now in a position to say that this concept is quite wrong. The Interstate Commerce Commission, to which has been intrusted the rather difficult problem of adjusting railroad rates of every sort so that the roads will receive the so-called "six per cent guaranty," is inclining rather stiffly to the belief that the passenger-carrying end of a railroad should assume its proper proportion of the expenses of conducting the entire enterprise, a condition which has not always prevailed in past years.

Mr. McAdoo while overlord of our railroads put into effect one rather radical change in railroad rates which met with the unqualified approval of most of the traffic experts. In addition to establishing a flat charge of three cents a mile, save where a higher rate of fare already prevailed, he ordered a supercharge of one-half a cent a mile for all tickets to be used in parlor cars or sleeping cars. Later and under pressure from a group of senators he revoked this supercharge. The passenger-traffic men were annoyed—to put it mildly. The supercharge was really their idea; they regarded it as a really scientific way of making the Pullman cars, carrying from twenty-five to thirty-five passengers, come nearer the revenue basis of a day coach with seats for seventy to eighty passengers.

As a matter of fact the railroads should share more generously in the earnings of the Pullmans than they hitherto have done. With a few exceptions they have not often had their fair share of the revenue of this vast fleet of passenger equipment. And this is of real importance in a land which to-day demands Pullman service at every point and of the highest class. The demand is for compartments and for drawing-rooms; berths or sections are taken only under compulsion; and tourist cars travel nearly empty.

If the railroads had to begin again it is probable that they would organize a Pullman company on a nonprofit basis; very much as the Associated Press is organized and conducted by its membership-newspaper basis. It would be in effect a car pool, such as is frequently organized for the joint use of freight equipment of various sorts. The advantages of such an organization as the Pullman Company are obvious, even to a layman. It insures, under ordinary circumstances, a reservoir of extra sleeping car and parlor car equipment that may be used north or south or east or west as emergency may dictate. Five hundred cars, or any considerable proportion of that number, for a national convention of one of the big parties, the Elks, the Shriners or the Rotarians, would be a vast burden even upon a sizable single railroad. Such an order is part of the day's work for the Pullman folks. They balk only when three or four of them come within a week; and they are struggling against their own sort of car shortage.

It is not feasible apparently to attempt the reorganization of the Pullman system at this late date, wherefore the demand on the part of the passenger experts for the supercharge for the users of the service—a demand which is not unlikely to be met by the authorities at Washington; there are other supercharges also likely to come—rather than a flat raise of the standard or basis fares at the present time. The question of free baggage is a perpetual annoyance to the passenger auditors and actuaries and, I think, rather more justly so than the Pullman supercharge. Just why a man who is carting 150 pounds of luggage up in the forward end of the train should ride for the same price as he who goes without this extra demand upon the resources of the railroad has never been quite clear in my mind or in the minds of a good many other men who have studied into this situation.

The Railroad Administration considered for a time a flat ten-cent terminal charge for the handling of a trunk or checked bag at each end of the haul. The idea was finally rejected as being too complicated for adoption at that time. But it shows the trend of the passenger-fare situation at this moment. The other day I rode on the new San Diego and Arizona through the wonderful Carriso Gorge from El Centro down to San Diego, 148 miles. I rode on a ticket which cost me $5.40, with war tax, and which expressly stated upon its face that it was not good for checking baggage. Had I wished that privilege that selfsame ticket would have cost me $6.48. It is hardly germane to say that this lowered-rate ticket was installed to meet competition from a through stage line. The point is that it is a bully illustration of scientific rate making; the fare made to attract passenger traffic and yet recognizing upon its face the difference in service to be rendered.

Upon lines such as these the more immediate readjustments in our passenger fares are apt to come. The mileage-book system may or may not be retained. It is probable that the convenient universal mileage book which was put into effect by the United States Railroad Administration will be abandoned. In the opinion of railroad executives it is far too subject to abuse on the part of oversmart travelers. Some other form of script or mileage, more limited in territorial extent and safeguarded against these abuses, will probably succeed it. The idea itself will stand. The railroad traffic managers are not entirely blind to the possibilities of salesmanship in transportation—in passenger transportation in particular. Only they are feeling their way very carefully at just this present moment.

Yet upon the freight rates must come the brunt of the greatly increased railroad charges that we are soon to undergo—even the scientific and judicial Interstate Commerce Commission will be forced to that viewpoint. But because a discussion of the necessity and variety of these increases entails such a wealth of incident and detail I shall leave that until another time. They are in themselves another story, and a story of consuming importance not merely to direct users of freight service but to its indirect users—which means every man, woman and child in the United States.

The One Big National Contract

IN EVERYDAY life, before the average man signs a paper of any kind he wants to know what it is all about. Usually he is satisfied only after he has read the paper through and feels sure he understands what it will do for him and what it will let him in for. If it is a paper with other signatures besides his own—an agreement, a round robin, a petition, a protest, a nomination—he looks to see who else has signed it, sizes up the signers in his mind, decides whether or not they are his sort, know what they are talking about and carry weight in the neighborhood. Finally he is likely to ask himself: Will the thing work? Then he signs or refuses to sign. In either case he is able to give his reasons. And if he signs he has a fair idea at least of what he and the other signers have agreed to do and what are their rights and benefits.

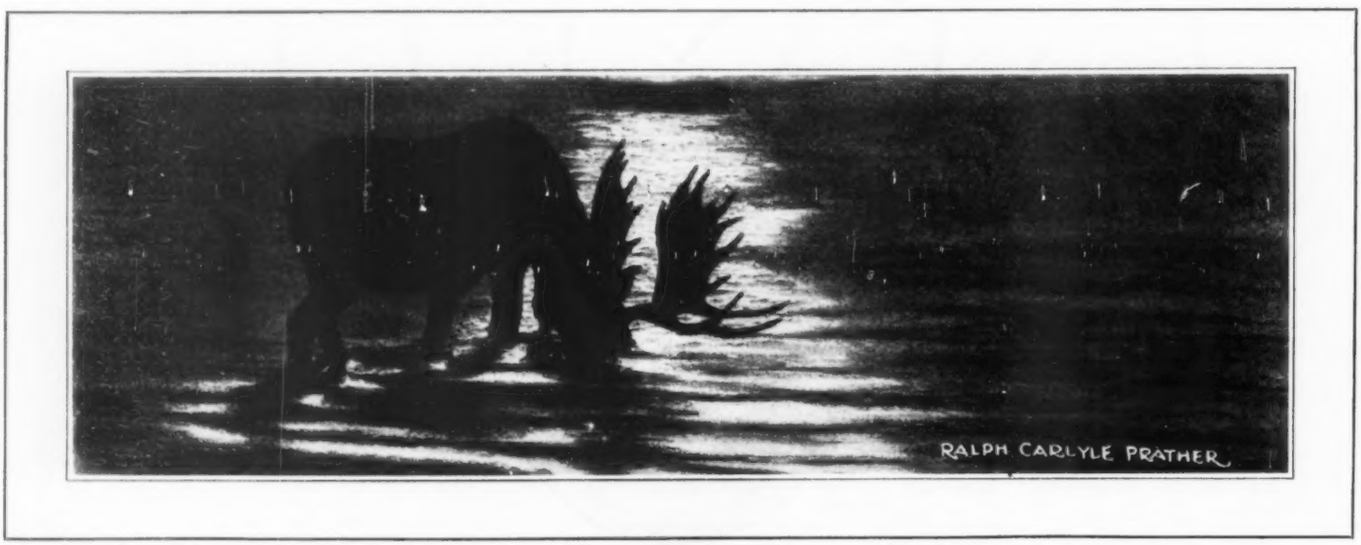
He has taken this trouble to inform himself because he has a wholesome fear of what may happen to him if he signs the wrong paper. Perhaps he signed the wrong paper once before; at any rate he has heard of persons who did and of the unpleasant things that occurred to them in consequence. The sight of the paper he is asked to sign, the pen put into his fingers, the fact that the signature is going to bind him and that if he signs he cannot later get away with the plea that he did not know what was in the paper—these are what make him stop, look and listen.

But, on the other hand, keep the paper away from him, ask him only what he thinks about the subject, and in most cases he will say offhand "Fine!" "No good!" or "Oh, I don't know!" and let it go at that. In this case he has not been asked to sign anything and as far as he can see there is no call for positive action on his part. So, being busy with other things, he is content to pass up the idea that all this personally concerns him. It is like a passage in history or a part of the landscape, important of course, but, in his estimation, less vital to his interests than the price of beefsteak, the stock-market quotations, certainly not so vital as the contract in his pocket for new business and not so entertaining as the day's baseball score.

This is about the mental attitude of nine out of ten citizens and citizens-to-be with regard to a paper known as the Constitution of the United States, a paper by all odds, not excepting the Declaration of Independence, which means more to them individually, to their rights politically, to their comfort economically, to their present safety and peace of mind and to their future security and happiness than does any other document in existence. A paper which, in setting forth the great principles of his Government, affects directly the acts of everyone in the country every day in the year, and which, in effect, every American separately signs when he qualifies and takes the oath of citizenship, thereby binding himself to do certain things for the Government and for himself and binding the Government to do certain things for him.

But just what are these things provided by the Constitution? And just how material to the welfare and happiness of individual citizens and the citizens-to-be are they? This is what the Constitutional League of America, a voluntary association of citizens, now proposes to make plain to every man, woman and child in the United States. It plans to "sell" the Constitution to the people by showing them that, beyond being a statement of great principles upon which our laws are based and our Government constructed, the Constitution is at once a contract and an insurance policy—a contract between all Americans in which they agree to stick by the common job, to play fair by one another and by the nation and, if they decide that they want to change the Constitution or their form of government, to do so only by exercise of the voting power which is supplied them; a mutual insurance policy which protects their lives, property and liberty, guaranteeing them a square deal in obtaining an education, earning a living, choosing who shall govern them and how they shall worship, and generally giving them a chance to express their opinions. To make these facts clear, the League will put a copy of the Constitution into every one of twenty million homes in America, explaining the document paragraph by paragraph, in the terms of everyday life and in foreign languages as well as in English. It will do this through the agency of political parties and labor bodies, from the public, church and club platform, by lectures and debates and by coöperation with the American Legion, fraternal associations, schools, and personal welfare and business organizations the country over.

This is a movement for Americanization which has the right slant and which, fundamental in its purpose and plan, is broad enough in its application to be worth while. If the League shall keep that movement free from suspicion of being worked in the interest of any political party, class or creed, or for the advance of any individual's ambition, it will deserve and it will probably get all the public support it requires.



DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

Quite naturally when you think of the Dort it is in the terms of warm esteem with which it is regarded in your particular community.

And yet there is a larger aspect to the great goodwill that surrounds the name Dort.

What is true of your community is true also of the country at large.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land people are saying the same good things about the Dort with the same quiet sincerity.

It is, in the aggregate, nothing less than a national recognition of the measurably superior qualities of this car.

And it is based solidly upon the demonstrated ability of the Dort to perform unusually long and loyally at a remarkably low operative cost.

PRICES

Touring Car - - -	$1035
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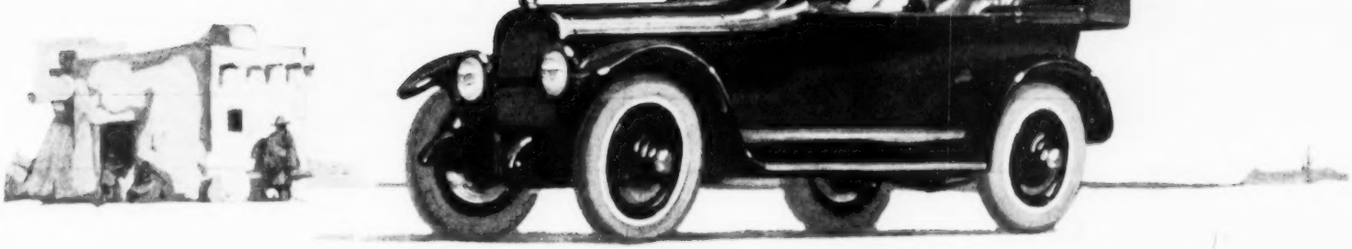
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Wire wheels and spare tires extra

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DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.



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IN the Wahl shops, where skilled workmen fashion the Tempoint Pen, it is required that every gold tip be hammered by hand. This is a pen-making process that improves penmanship. It produces the tempered pen point of Tempoint—a point of steel-like hardness and flexibility that resists corrosive ink acids and remains springy throughout long, hard service. Fed with a ready ink flow, the tempered point of Tempoint writes dexterously, writes uniformly, writes like the user. Make sure you get Tempoint—the name is on the pen. Thin or thick, long or short, plain or mounted barrels. Prices, from $2.50 upward. Offered by dealers who display Eversharp Pencils.

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TEMPOINT

Companion of the Eversharp Pencil

WAHL PRODUCTS

THE YOUNG ADVENTURESSES

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY THELMA CUDLIPP GROSVENOR

WHENEVER anything happens at Camp Eileen they first of all send for my chum Georgia Moreland, and if she didn't do it—or if they can't prove she did—then they begin quizzing the other thirty-nine girls. So when the counsellors' bloomers got hidden while they were in swimming, the day after the 4th of July, everybody was sure Georgie had something to do with it. And when Mother L—that's what we call Mrs. Laird, the directress; it's not a nickname or anything, she knows we call her it—got up at the supper table and asked our whole bungalow to report to her office after supper everybody knew what was up.

There are seven bungalows at Camp Eileen, two Senior, three Intermede and two Junior; and ours, The Better 'Ole, is the First Senior Bungalow. There are six of us in it, and I am the only one that isn't fifteen yet. Georgie, my chum, is sixteen and a half. The other Senior Bungalow gets better counts for deportment and neatness, but of course The Better 'Ole have it all over them in every way!

The other Seniors and the Intermedes were all hanging around the porch of the Main House cutting the class in anaesthetic dancing just to hear what happened to us and whether we were going to be suspended or only porched again or what. You know how a summer camp is—they have to be a little strict or there wouldn't be any discipline.

But they don't dare be too strict because parents that spend four hundred dollars to send their daughter away for the summer send them away for a good time and not to be treated like a reform school or something. So porching is about the worst punishment they dare to hand out. But they're awfully free about handing out that. In a way they're awful bluffs—Mother L and the counsellors—because they always keep saying at Camp Meeting how they hate punishments and all that stuff, and then the least thing you do, it's "Eulalie Prince, you are porched to-morrow morning!" or "This afternoon during swimming, Eulalie, you will remain on the west porch!"

And that means you have to stay there on your honor no matter what happens, and if the porch was to blow away they'd expect you to stay there just the same, I suppose, only I'd like to see myself being such a dub. Our whole bungalow had been porched that whole day, only being allowed to come in for meals, because of having a midnight feast the night before. You might as well murder someone as have a midnight feast at Camp Eileen—the fuss they make! But when you think how sad it is to always have your candy and stuff confiscated and passed round the whole camp of forty girls and ten faculties you can't blame us. And anyway, the more fuss they make the more fun it is to have them.

The 4th of July happened to be the day before trunk inspection. And Floppit Rosenberg had just gotten a *perfectly* marvelous box from home—tuna fish and mayonnaise and olives and stuffed dates and crackers and marshmallows. And Georgie had gotten a perfectly *marvelous* box of chocolates from er crush, Dean Ormond. isn't that a simply divine name? And I had some fudge left from the day we hiked to Soangataha, and I bought it while Georgie kept Miss Simpson busy at the camera counter. Every two weeks we have trunk inspection, and Mother L goes around and examines all the trunks to see if you keep them neat and also what you've got in them. And as Georgie said, "There's only one place we can put this stuff that Mother h'L won't find it at trunk inspection." Well of course we all knew without she explaining it, just what she had in mind, and our counsellor was down on the lake with one of the boys' counsellors from Caguas, so it really looked like the chance of a lifetime.

And we would have gotten away with it, too, only Floppit Rosenberg had to go to work and fall over my wardrobe trunk looking for a corkscrew in the dark, and Miriam Rees choked on an olive and we all got giggling, and Winkie—she was the Officer of the Day—she heard us and reported us.

And Mother L came chasing over and gave us an awful talk and porched us the whole next day.

And during swimming, while we were supposed to be porched, the counsellors' bloomers happened to get stolen. Well, you know how camp is. All the girls go round in middies and bloomers, and if somebody hides your bloomers while you're in the water you haven't got much to get across the field and up to the bungalows in. It was the first time anybody thought of it, and it made a terrible lot of excitement in camp.

"Well," said Mother L, "I'm waiting. I want to know which girl or girls broke their patrol and hid the counsellors' bloomers, and also where they are hid."

Nobody answered.

Mother L tapped with her foot on the office floor.

"This whole bungalow does without dessert until those bloomers are restored. And for breaking your patrol you are porched again to-morrow—*with a counsellor on guard!* I am heartily ashamed to think that my Senior Bungalow would ——"

"What makes you think," interrupted Georgie—she was the only one that had sense enough to even think of asking—"what makes you think it was us?"

"I *know* it was you—or one of you. Now, I do not like to punish the girls who are not responsible but who from a mistaken sense of loyalty are keeping still. So if the girls who had nothing to do with it will step forward ——"

Of course nobody made a move.

So after a while she said, "You know how I hate these punishments!" Well if she does nobody keeps making her hand them out, say I. "So if the girl who is to blame will confess I will lift the band from the whole bungalow, and as an additional reward for honesty she may go along on the overnight hike to Lake Ursuline."

There was great fidgeting by all. Suddenly I had an inspiration.

I cleared my throat, but Georgie shook her head at me, and thinking it was a hint to not say anything, I did so. And anyway, Smiriam Grease beat me to it.

"I did it, Mother L!" she said.

The big bluff! She never did! Mother L looked at her.

"Miriam Rees, don't lie. You never did a thing like that in your life. You haven't the brains or the courage. Report to the council to-morrow morning after Camp Meeting, for lying. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Mother L, but I ——"

"Never mind what you. As for the rest of you, since you will not confess you are porched again to-morrow, under guard. And no dessert until those bloomers reappear. And when I do find out, as you know I shall, rest insured it will go worse with you. Now you may go. Eulalie, what is the matter with you? You look as though you had been stealing sugar and were caught with your hand in the bowl."

I was so dumfoundered I couldn't speak. For I never steal sugar, and anyway I always use the tongues.

Before I could get my breath back Georgie said, "That's the way she always looks when you're displeased with her."

"Indeed! And who spoke to you? Please let Eulalie speak for herself!"

But I had nothing to say, and finely she let us go.

We told the bunch we were porched again, and they all looked sort of sorry for us. But I bet in their heart of hearts they wished they had of thought of hiding those bloomers and snapping pictures of the counsellors running across the road with their feet through the sleeves of their sweaters, like we did with my camera, which Georgie had happened to have brought over with her. Some of the counsellors whose other pair of bloomers was in the wash, were kind of sore about the whole thing. But wait till they see those pictures!

Miss Rawes went by with the midgets and the mail bag. Going to the post office is a midget privilege. They have so little out of their life at that tender age.

"Can I go with you to the post office, Miss Rawes?" Georgie called out.

"You can go jump in the lake," replied Miss Rawes. She's the most popular Junior Counsellor at camp because she is always ready to joke with we girls. I'm going to be like she is when I'm a J. C. Unless I should happen to marry too young to ever be a Junior Counsellor, which I cannot help having a feeling I will.

The girls began talking about the mail they expected to get. A lot of the girls get letters from boys. In some camps they don't let you. But at Eileen they don't censure the mail at all.

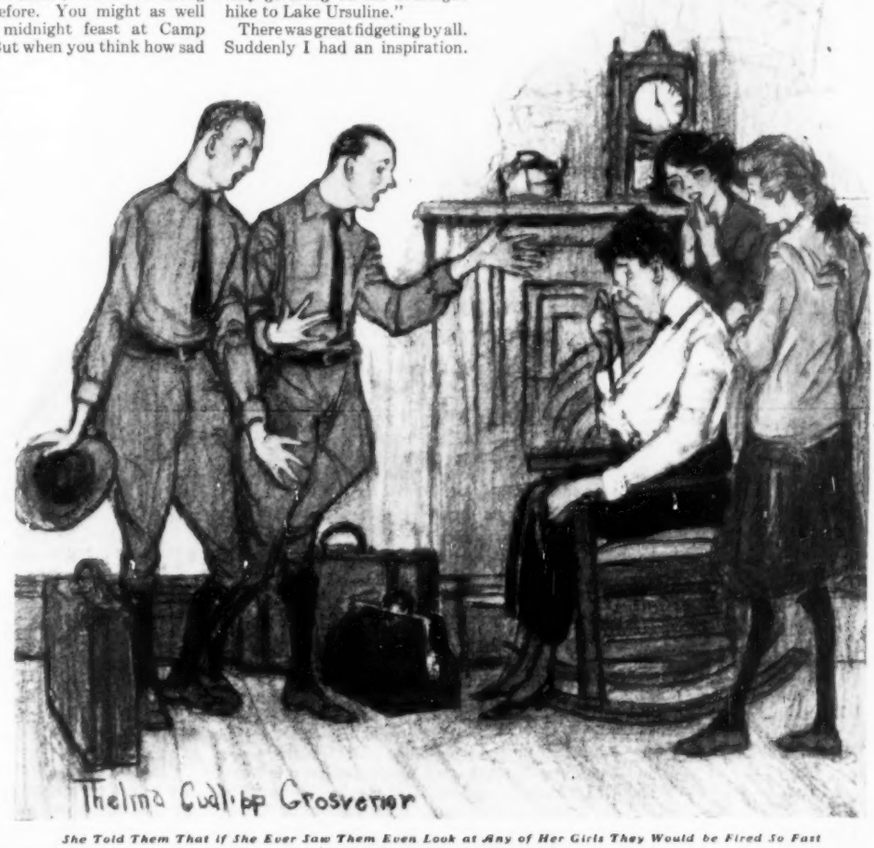
"I hope there's a letter from Mother," said Mattie Caspar, "saying when she'll get here."

Would you believe a little thing like that would lead to the most marvelous experience of a lifetime—just her saying that about her mother? When you stop to think of it, which most people don't, isn't life a marvelous thing?

Someone asked, "Where's she going to stay, Madagascar?"

"At the Wayside House in Soangataha. And she's going to bring up my net dress and take me to the hop Saturday night."

Mrs. Caspar is such a marvelous mother! Most of our mothers when they do come up, they only take us for a ride or something and never think of taking us to a dance or anything. But Madagascar's mother is so considerate!



She Told Them That if She Ever Saw Them Even Look at Any of Her Girls They Would be Fired So Fast it Would Take Their Breath Away!

Georgie said, "Oh, those hops at the Wayward House aren't much. The Inn is the only place around here!"

"Of course—The Inn! But who's going all the way over to Highland to dance?"

"We may," answered Georgie, "Lollypop and I." I hate Georgie to call me that. But she says she can't help it. When she starts to say Lalie, the rest just pops out. That was the first I knew about we going to The Inn.

"How are we going to get there?" I inquired, "and with who?"

"I have some friends camping over in that neighborhood," replied Georgie, giving me a look about something or other. "They'll probably drive over for us."

"Huh!" said Madagascar. "I see you going!"

"What do you want to bet?"

"A box of fudge."

Well, that bet started something which may really change my whole life. Isn't it marvelous the way the most important things in our life sometimes start from something like that that you don't think a thing of, at the time? And to think there are some people that think there is no God!

"You're on," said Georgie and she jumped up and began brushing the dirt off of her bloomers.

"Where you going?" I inquired.

"For a swim."

"For a swim!" everybody cried, and some of them began to laugh the way they always do when Georgie says anything, if it's a joke or not.

"Huh!" remarked Smiriam. "I'd like to see you go swimming after supper!"

"Why, Smiriam Grease! Rawes just gave me permission! Didn't you hear her tell me I could jump in the lake?"

"Why, Georgie!" I cried. "She didn't really mean that!"

Georgie stopped. "Do you really think she didn't, Lollypop?"

"I'm sure she didn't," I replied. And all those idiots laughed harder than ever. Georgie looked at me as much as to say, "What's the joke?" And I looked at her as much as to say, "Mon Dieu, how should I know?" Georgie and I have been chums almost since infancy, you might say, and I suppose that accounts for the perfectly marvelous understanding there is between she and I.

The girls began begging for a song. Georgie's been going to Eileen ever since it opened, and she made up most of the camp songs. I don't think much of some of them, but I will say that if it wasn't for Georgie, Eileen would hardly have any songs at all.

"Give us a song, Georgie!"

"Give us Eileen, I lean."

"Sing Spaghetti."

"No! Counsellors."

"All right," said Georgie, "as long as you all want the same thing, and all are in favor of Beautiful Camp Eileen, I will proceed to sing that noble ballot."

A howl went up. "Yea! Beautiful Camp Eileen!"

I shook my head at Georgie. For although she is the most marvelous girl in the world, her taste in songs is something awful. Beautiful Camp Eileen is really one of the silliest things. But she didn't get my signal.

"Isn't it perfectly marvelous, Lollypop?" she asked. "At home even my dogs howl when I sing, and here they sit up and beg for it." Which was a good joke, because of course dogs sit up and beg but people don't. "It only goes to show," she went on, "that there's no profit in being appreciated at home."

Before I had a chance to tell her that isn't the way that goes, she started to sing that vile song. In lots of places it doesn't make any sense at all, and I can't understand why somebody at camp doesn't tell her. I've tried to, enough times. It's to the tune of The Dummy Line and they all join in the chorus.

The girls who go to other camps
They got no style and they look like tramps
But the finest girls you've ever seen
Are the beautiful campers at Camp Eileen.

Chorus

At Camp Eileen, at Camp Eileen,
Where the grass is blue and the sky is green,
They douse your head with kerosene
When they get you at Beautiful Camp Eileen.

The idea of her mentioning anything about having our heads kerosened against—well, you know what I mean.

Some young girls have no sense of shame, or humor either, say I. You can't expect much from some of the others, but I feel awfully disappointed in Georgie sometimes.

We all have skin as smooth as silk
Because we always drink our milk
Our hearts are pure, we have no faults
Because we take our Epsom Salts.

Mornings we don't rise till ten,
Servants bring us breakfast then.
We always bathe in porcelain tubs
And the counsellors give us alcohol rubs.

Luncheon's served at one, dear heart,
On solid silver, a la carte
And Mother h'L goes out and gets
Each girl her monogrammed cigarettes.



"Don't Cry, Dearie," She Said, "the Pain Will Stop"

Basket ball's too rough a game
Ping pong, though, is sweet and tame.
It does not wear us out at all
We always have a counsellor to chase the ball.

Supper is a meal de luxe
Served by ten Ritz Carleton cooks
The Juniors find it very hard
To order all in French from a menu card.

Every evening we rejoice
Riding in the camp Rolls-Royce
To the Wayward House we all repair
And dance all night with the boys down there.

Georgie came to me in wild excitement. "Mother h'L's going away!"

"Away?"

"Yep. And Simp'll be in charge. Yea bo! We can do anything we like!"

"What's Mother h'L going away for?"

"A rest," replied Georgie. She always knows everything about everything in camp. "She's a nervous wretch between the chef threatening to leave if the kitchen man doesn't, and the housekeeper siding with the kitchen man and Bareknees Eckstein straining the tender in her foot, and Daffy Miller's mother saying she looked underfed. But don't mention it to a soul. It's a dark secret."

And sure enough a couple of days later Mother L got a telegram to come to her sick aunt, and Miss Simpson was left in charge. Poor Simp!

No sooner was Mother L out of the house than the chef says, "It's him or me," meaning the kitchen man, and the kitchen man quit and the housekeeper and dishwasher sided with the kitchen man so they quit too. Simp and Nuisance—that's Mother L's secretary, Miss Newstadt—nearly went dotty. They tried to get help from New York and Saratoga and the agencies kept promising to send someone, but nobody came. And then Nuisance would phone again and they'd promise again, and nobody'd come again. So finely the chef said *he'd* quit if he didn't have more help. So our whole bungalow turned out to set tables and peel potatoes. And I and Georgie offered to wash dishes and Simp kissed us both, though there is no real love lost between she and Georgie. Mon Dieu! what a time!

Finely Simp decided, so as to have less work, to send all the big girls with some of the counsellors on a four days' trip to Lake George. We could have gone only Georgie said we ought to stay home and help Simp and there were tears in Simp's eyes when we told her. I bet she was sorry for all the times she was mean to Georgie. Poor Simp! When they get as old as twenty-nine there's not much hope for them any more. Although she dives simply divinely.

We were in the kitchen helping when Nuisance finely said to Simp, "You'll have to send someone down to Saratoga. Folks come in and walk away with the help before they can send them out to us."

"But I can't spare anyone!" Simp was almost in tears. "I'm so darn short handed already, I wish I was dead and criminated and done with it all."

"You'll simply have to wire Mother L."

"Never!"

After, Georgie came flying into The Better 'Ole and began to dance a hornpipe. "I'm going to Saratoga!" she began to sing. "To get a kitchen man and a dishwasher!"

I was so stunned I couldn't talk.

"Yep. Simp is going to send me by stage to-morrow morning."

"But how?"

"Well, she had nobody else. She needs all the other counsellors for the hike to-morrow. And Nuisance has to stay home so there's somebody in camp. So when I offered ——"

"And what," I inquired suddenly, "becomes of me?"

"Oh, you poor darling Lollypop." She had the decency to look sorry. "You're to go on the hike with the Intermedes! Oh, if I could only manage to take you along to Saratoga!"

"A fine chance"—I was ready to cry—"of your managing *that!*"

But would you believe it, she did manage it? Although, of course, as it happened, we never did get to Saratoga. And that's where the marvelous part or our Great Adventure came in.

That night, being alone in our bungalow, we slept in the same bed, which is a very strict rule in camp. I mean it's a strict rule not to. We talked very late trying to think up ways for me to get to Saratoga. In the middle of the night Georgie woke me up by jumping out of bed and starting for the door with virtuously nothing on but her pajamas. I thought the place was on fire, at least.

"I've got it!" she cried.

"What?"

"Toothache!"

"Mon dieu! You have a toothache?"

"No, you!"

"Me?"

"Of course. There's no dentist in Soangataha. I once heard Mother L say if a girl had a toothache she'd have to send her all the way to Blue Ridge or Saratoga. Yea bo!" and she opened the bungalow door.

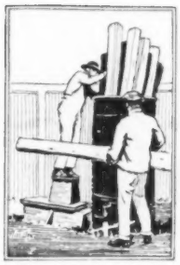
"Where you going?"

"For Sizzle. Get busy and stifle a couple of moans." And sure enough she went and got our poor fat nurse, Miss Sessler, out of bed. And she put oil of cloves on a cotton on my tooth.

"Don't cry, dearie," she said, "the pain will stop." But I wasn't crying about any pain, only I hate the taste of cloves and the darn thing burned my tongue.

"Call me," she yawned, to Georgie, "if that doesn't help." And she almost fell over herself getting out. She

(Continued on Page 53)



Treating Fence Posts

WOOD PRESERVATION

A timely talk of interest to all users of structural wood



Open Tank Process

PUBLISHED BY US EVERY FEW WEEKS IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Authority Says:

"Wood is the backbone of industry. Upon our forest crops as upon nothing else depend the millions of dollars that are put in our payroll envelopes every week. The capital invested in the 52,000 concerns using wood in one form or another is three billion dollars. Over 1,130,000 workers are in the wood-using industries of the country....



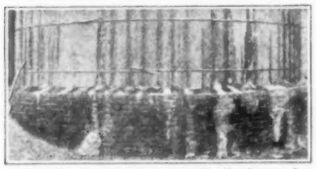
Charles Lathrop Pack
© Harris & Ewing

"We should have forest crops just as we have corn and wheat crops. The history of the prosperity, or lack of it, of any nation is based upon that country's forest wealth. There is not a single industry independent of wood in some form. The need of a national forest policy is a straight business proposition.

"Proper utilization of wood (elimination of the waste due to decay) is the means available to each and every consumer of practicing timber conservation. Wood preservation aids the conservation of our present supply while reforestation will provide the new crop of timber."

CHARLES LATHROP PACK,
President
American Forestry Association

But Conservation is a slow process. While we are waiting for our new forests to grow, we must take steps to make our existing wood supply cover our present needs.



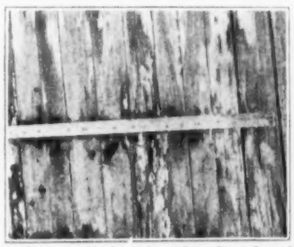
Wood silo showing staves badly decayed at base and tongue-and-groove edges, and consequent leakage.

Preservation is the "short-cut" to Conservation. If by preservative treatment of our lumber we can prolong its useful life over several additional years, we are aiding Conservation in the most practical way. This is not only a personal but a patriotic duty. We owe it to ourselves as well as to our country.

A Striking Example

LET us look at the enormous waste in decayed roof timbers alone, in textile and paper mills, and other places where high humidities prevail.

Take the weave-shed of a big textile mill for example. Inside the mill the temperature must be high and the air moist, or the yarn can't be woven. The roof decks and timbers are almost always moist due to condensation. In this warm atmosphere, decay soon starts, so that in from four to six years the heaviest timbers will have decayed so completely that they fall apart almost from their own weight.



A "close-up" of a section of roof weakened to a danger-point due to decay of planking.
(COURTESY AMERICAN LUMBERMAN)

Paper-mill roofs decay just as quickly. The cause is always the same—excessive humidity; and the remedy is just as easy—Carbosota.

Think of a complete new roof every few years! What a useless expense, when we *know* that preservative treatment with Carbosota would, at very reasonable cost, make that same roof last twice or three times as long.

On the Farm

Lumber users who smile at the mill owner who uses untreated lumber should consider their own case, because in a vast number of instances the life of structural wood can be easily doubled by the simplest kind of preservative treatment.

Even the farmer who cuts his own lumber has to pay for milling and labor. His costs are far higher than they were formerly. It will pay every farmer to use Carbosota treatment for his silos, barn floors, sills, fence posts and all structural timbers.

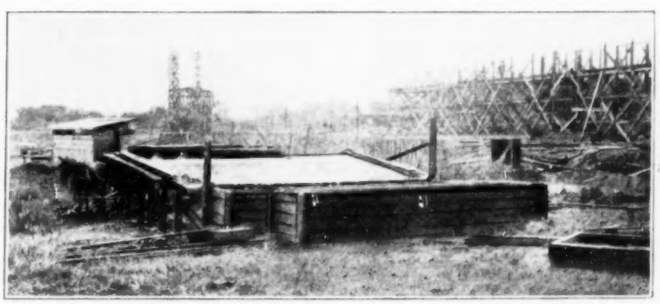
There is no "art" about it. All he needs is a can of Carbosota and a big brush.

Railroads

Roundhouse roofs catch all the steam that rises from the locomotives. They are more or less moist with condensed vapors, causing a condition of abnormal humidity. Consequently, they are subject to premature decay.

Numerous other way structures and wooden equipment could be maintained at about half the present cost by employment of non-pressure treatments with Carbosota, and with the resultant reduction of the waste due to decay.

Car maintenance is also a tremendous expense to our railroads. The number of cars awaiting replacement of rotted roofs, floors and sills is largely responsible for the perennial car shortage which hampers the Nation's business.



Contractor's plant showing hot and cold tanks for creosoting lumber with Carbosota by the Open Tank process. A single job requiring a reasonable quantity of lumber will fully pay for equipment of this nature.

In and Around the Mine

Every mining engineer knows that the replacement of decayed lumber is one of his biggest operating costs. Even for temporary structures a treatment with Carbosota will soon repay its cost.

A Carbosota treating plant is easily made and every piece of timber that can possibly be carbosoted should be treated by the Open Tank process. Creosoted lumber is recognized everywhere for its durability. Carbosota is the standard for non-pressure treatments.

The Pole Problem

We use about 3,000,000 poles annually for replacement of our telegraph, telephone, electric light and trolley poles. There is a "pole problem" just as there is a "timber problem," because good poles are continually growing scarcer. Nothing equals wood for poles, and if the poles are given a proper Carbosota treatment they will long outlast untreated poles. Surface treatments or the Open Tank process should be employed as required by conditions. Write for folder No. 406 dealing with this subject.

How to Use It

The simplest way to use Carbosota is by Surface treatments—painting the lumber with two coats of the preservative, or two applications by spraying. When larger quantities of lumber are to be carbosoted it is often more economical in time and labor to dip it in a tank of Carbosota.

Surface treatments are the most available means of practicing wood conservation by wood preservation.

The Open Tank process, where conditions permit its use, is naturally more effective. Special recommendations for application of non-pressure treatments have been prepared, and may be obtained free for the asking.

Write Us Today

If you use lumber either in large or small quantities, you will be interested in our booklet "Long Life for Wood at Low Cost." If you cannot obtain Carbosota locally tell us and we will see that you are supplied. Address all inquiries to nearest office.

What is Carbosota?

Carbosota Creosote Oil is a highly refined and specially processed Coal-tar Creosote, particularly adapted to Surface treatments (brush treatment or painting, spraying and dipping) and the Open Tank process. It conforms to standard specifications.

Barrett
Carbosota
Grade-One Liquid
Creosote Oil

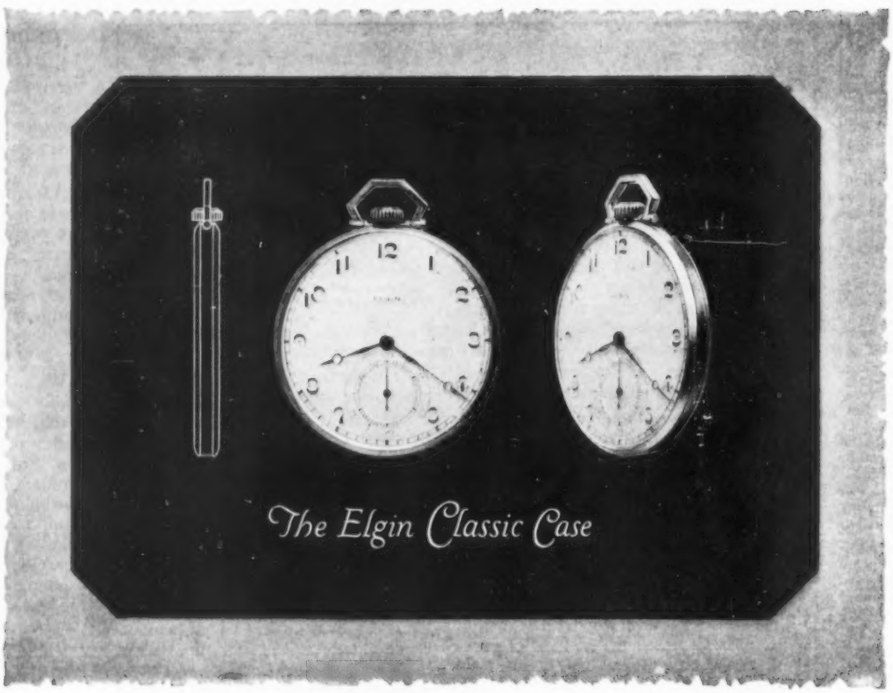
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Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES



The Elgin Classic

—cases by Wadsworth

Distinctive, indeed, is this Elgin Classic case—created by Wadsworth craftsmen for one of the best-known movements of the Elgin National Watch Company.

The clean-cut lines of the bow, the submerged pendant, the graceful bezel, bestow upon this case a note of real artistry and distinction.

The Classic is but one of the many notable cases brought out by Wadsworth during the last 30 years for the movements of leading manufacturers and importers. Some of these were designed, as was the Classic, exclusively for a particular watch, while others are available to your jeweler for use with any standard movement.

People nowadays, when buying a watch, use almost as much care in selecting the case as in selecting the movement. Their satisfaction in the watch depends in no small measure upon the beauty and durability of the case.

When you select a movement, ask your jeweler to "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee not only of correct design but of the best possible in material and workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

(Continued from Page 50)

just loathes being bothered. I sat up and spit out the cotton.

"I wish you'd be the one that gets the medicine *sometimes!*" I remarked sarcastically.

"Now, Lollypop," replied my chum, "I have a good mind to just leave you home for that!" But a person can't frighten me like that. I can tell when they're just fooling.

Georgie woke me again later by grabbing me by the arm.

"No more cloves!" I cried very firmly.

"No, no. Not that. But I've got the most *marvelous* idea!"

"What?"

She came over and hugged me. "Oh, it's the most *marvelous* idea you ever heard of. *Simply marvelous!*"

"Well, what is it?"

"Wait."

But if she thought I was going to wait up all night, she was mistaken. I laid right down again. I saw her dive under her bed and fish out her empty suitcase and I knew she was wishing I'd ask her questions, but I was too peeved to, even when I saw her put on her raincoat and start out with the suitcase.

"I hate to do it to poor old Simp just now," she called from the door, "but, c'est le guerre!"

When she came back I must have been asleep and I don't remember another thing till the rising bell and Georgie saying, "Don't wash your face. You have to look as if you hadn't slept." And then Sizzle poking her head in the door and Georgie telling her neither of us slept a wink all night and what did she think ought to be done about it?

Sizzle doesn't like to have to do anything about anything. So she waited for me to dress and we all went over to ask Simp about it.

"I think Miss Sessler ought to take Lolly down to the dentist in Soangataha," Georgie said. I started to remind her that there was no dentist in Soangataha, but she stepped on my foot and before I had a chance to think what she was hinting at, Simp spoke. It seems she knew about there not being any dentist there. So Georgie said, why not take me along with her to Saratoga? Mon dieu! what a look Simp gave her. But Georgie didn't seem to notice.

"There's Dr. Peters in Saratoga. Aunt Phoebe says he's very good."

"Who's Aunt Phoebe?"

"Mrs. Brown. She's not my real aunt—but I've always called her Aunt Phoebe all my life. She spends her summers in Saratoga."

"Well, I don't know what Mother L will say to my letting you two go off to Saratoga alone. But there doesn't seem anything else to do, and probably it's better than letting one of you go alone. But don't miss the bus back, Georgie. Remember, you've only got two hours in Saratoga. You take Eulalie to the dentist and then go right over to Ross' agency and don't lose any time. I want you to catch that two o'clock bus back to Soangataha and the five o'clock stage back to camp."

"If I *should* miss it ——"

"Now, Georgie, don't begin anything like that. You're not *going* to miss it. Hear?"

"Of course I'm not. But if I *should* I could go right over to Aunt Phoebe's ——"

"You won't miss it," said Simp, "if you mind your peas and cues."

"Who's your Aunt Phoebe?" I asked while waiting for the stage.

"Well," said Georgie, "she's our laundress. She works in Saratoga summers."

"Oh, Georgie!"

"What's the matter? I *said* she wasn't my real aunt, didn't I? And Dr. Peters *is* her dentist. I didn't say he was white, did I? I only said he was *good!*"

Nobody saw us off, everybody being busy getting ready for the hikes and et cetera. We are only one hour from Soangataha by the stage. From Soangataha there's one bus a day to Saratoga and back. If we missed that. . . . I didn't have a chance to talk to Georgie about her idea, but somehow I had a hunch we were going to miss that bus. And I guess Simp had one too. Because the last thing she said was, "If you *do* miss the bus—remember, you're not to miss it! But if you *do*—go straight to your aunt's."

The stage was empty and we got in the front seat alongside of Timmy. He is a friend of ours. Whenever we expect a box by express Georgie waits at the rusty bench up the road and he gives it to her instead of taking it to camp and having it confiscated. And then Mother L wonders how we always manage to have feeds in The Better 'Ole!

Timmy's an awfully funny man. He knows everything that's happened around here since the beginning of the Christian error. But when he talks he doesn't look at you or move his mouth and he has sunken cheeks and a bad cough and is very pale and a mimic. At the rusty bench he stopped and Georgie got out and you can imagine my feelings when I saw her climb in again with her suitcase!

Timmy talked all the way to Soangataha. He told us Lady Bumberell was closing up her place. It seems she has ulsters in the stomach and had to go to New York. Timmy was to pick her up on his return trip



All of a Sudden I Broke Down and Cried Like a Baby. Georgie Put Her Arms Around Me



HEAT YOUR HOME SCIENTIFICALLY

Sooner or later you must solve anew the problem of heating your home—because old, wasteful methods cannot be continued with the ever-rising cost of fuel.

Why not solve this problem *now*—in the light of modern science—with the patented *CaloriC Pipeless Furnace?*

The CaloriC is the wonderful, patented system of heating buildings by natural circulation of air. It is an established, scientific fact that the CaloriC heats homes more thoroughly and more uniformly, with ⅓ to ½ less fuel.

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101 Years in Business CINCINNATI, O.

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"A real blade at last!"

MEN who have experimented for years become enthusiastic boosters for Durham-Duplex blades at the very first stroke.

Made of finest oil-tempered Swedish steel, these wonderful hollow-ground, two-edged, detachable blades make short work of the toughest beard, without a suspicion of "heating" or "pulling". And—you can use Durham-Duplex blades again and again and again. Shaving *Economy* as well as shaving *Comfort*.

Additional Blades
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to Blue Ridge. She could afford a car if she wasn't so niggerly. She's a queer old dame that lives next to Eileen, and there is nothing but war between she and us all the time. She would rather let her berries rot than have we pick them. And she almost ruined our swimming for us by buying up the only bit of sandy beach on the lake. It used to be free to anybody and we could take our beginners there. The rest of the lake was a vile, muddy bottom and if you wade in it you go up to your neck in mud. So now we have to throw our girls off the dock with life preservers, and there is no love lost between she and us, you can rest insured.

"If she goes for good, good!" said Georgie. "We can use our sandy beach again."

"Oi hear," replied Timmy, "she's putting a caretaker in."

"The old she-devil!" said Georgie. "Why is she so down on Eileen?"

"Oi don't know's oi know, roightly"—Timmy began, but Georgie interrupted him.

"Timmy!" she said, and got it out of him. I always have to marvel when I see how she gets around other people and gets her own way with them. I'm glad she doesn't try it on me, though of course she wouldn't dare, because I'd see through her in a minute.

It seems Lady B has the most idiotic ideas about camps. She thinks they turn out nothing but tomboys, and that girls should be girlish and not boysterous and should learn sewing and cooking instead of basket ball and diving. But all those ideas were dead and buried long ago! You can tell the kind of person a person is by their ideas, say I.

Besides, she thinks only poor families that can't afford to go away for the summer send their girls to camp and she's crazy to sell her property for a lot of money and she thinks it runs down her property to have we girls next door. Poor families! I have to laugh! My father is the well known A. Prince, *the* Prince, of Norwalk, Conn. And Georgie's mother is *the* Alma Moreland!

Part of Lady B's peeve is because Mother L pays the natives such good wages they won't come and work for her for nothing any more. But worst of all, once when she was on the stage she saw a case of wine delivered at Camp! Isn't that a crime! And it was before Prohibition too! But she has such a grudge against liquor on account of being a W. C. T. U. and a Prohibitionist and all that sort of stuff, that she got down on Eileen and had a bone against Mother L ever since. People like she ought to make out their last will and testimonial and drop off the top of a mountain, say I.

At Soangataha I made a move to get off. Georgie held my arm. "Sit still."

"But the Saratoga bus will go without us."

"Leave it," said Georgie. I suppose she expected me to get down on my knees and ask her questions. But what's the use of asking a person questions if they just want to keep you guessing? So even when Timmy started back to Blue Ridge with we still on the front seat, I never gave her the satisfaction of asking her a single question. Just before we passed Eileen, Georgie dropped something on the floor and we both got down to look for it. When she finely found it, under her own foot—it was only a penny—we were past Eileen grounds, and there in the road, waving a fat old cotton umbrella, was Lady Bumberell. She's a sour looking old dame named Mrs. Henry. With her money she could afford to dress like a queen but she goes around so shabby if you saw her on the street you'd stop and give her arms. She got in the seat in back of us.

A little further on a bunch of girls from Camp Pinemere got on. I don't like to be sarcastic, but Pinemere really isn't the sort of camp I'd want to send my daughter to. They take as much as a hundred girls and what kind of girls! And they have no camp spirit! Our girls dress all alike—tan sneaks and stockings, brown bloomers, tan middies, brown ties and tan hats—as my Mother says, a perfect sympathy in brown and tan. But Pinemere wear just any old middies with green bloomers and any old sweaters. And they're very ordinary girls and very noisy.

They gave a screechy old cheer when they saw the stage and then another—three rahs seven rays with Eileen at the end—when they saw us. I think cheering is sort of unrefined so I was awfully glad that Georgie didn't give a return cheer, but only turned and thanked them.

"Where you aiming for, Eileen?" one Pinesmear yelled. She looked as if it was months since she could find her comb. Very different from we two, I must say. Everybody remarks about my braids, and says they look like spun gold. And even if Georgie's hair is bobbed and terribly curly, it always looks as if it was good friends with her brush.

"I'm taking one of our campers to Blue Ridge to see a dentist," replied Georgie. I looked at her. It was the first tinkling I had of we going to Blue Ridge.

"Gee whiz!" said another Pinesmear, "thought you were a coupla kids out without a counsellor."

"Eileen girls don't go out without a counsellor!" replied Georgie, giving me what I would terminate a meaning look.

"My Lord! What are you—a prison—that they don't leave you go out without a guard? Our girls are hiking to Caguas for a baseball game with the boys. We're the invalids and there was no room for us in the car with the team. It's gonna be *tsome* game! Boys play left handed and in skirts! Fun? But you don't ever play boys' camps, do you?"

No, we don't and Pinemere never misses a chance to give us a dig about it. It's too bad Mother L has such old fashioned notions about boys of the opposite sex, we all think. So I was dumfoundered to hear Georgie say, "Oh no! We girls can have just as much fun without boys!" and she looked around at Lady B when she said it.

We passed their camp on the hike and they exchanged cheers. Then they started to brag about tricks they played at their camp and et cetera. Such tricks! They think it's a wonderful joke to knot up the counsellors' pajamas! Baby tricks! I don't like Georgie to play practical jokes, because they're not really very refined, but I wanted her to tell some of the ones she did so they wouldn't have such an exulted opinion of themselves. Like the night she sneaked away from campfire and locked all the bungalow doors and screens from the inside and climbed out through the high washroom windows. And nobody could climb in again through those high windows without the ladder, which Georgie had happened to have hid in the top of the barn, where nobody goes. And it was eleven o'clock before camp finely retired that night by the kitchen man piling up tables and chairs and falling down severeal times and finely climbing in one bungalow after another and unlocking the doors. And to this day everybody thinks it was tramps or boys that did it.

But Georgie wouldn't tell it and all she said was, "Oh no, we never play *those* kinds of tricks at Eileen!" which was a good joke, meaning of course that we *do!* I do enjoy Georgie's humor when it's any good.

At Caguas the Pinesmears got off. Georgie sighed. "What a shame for a camp to turn out tomboys like that instead of little ladies!"

I got all ready to laugh because that's the way Georgie always jokes—saying things the opposite from what she really means. And you know at camp it's the worst insult to call anybody a little lady! So I was going to laugh, but she poked me with her knee and I suddenly decided to not.

"Think of sending girls out," she went on, "without a counsellor! And all that cheering in a public conveyance! Mrs. Laird is always warning us against such a wampum disregard of other people's rights and telling us we must confine our cheering as much as possible to our own grounds. And to always remember to not be a nuisance to our neighbors!"

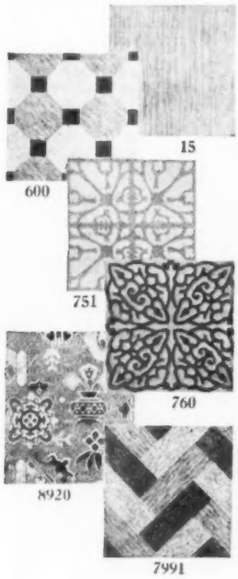
I looked at Timmy, but he was looking straight ahead. His face hardly ever shows anything and besides he probably didn't know about Georgie being cheer leader at camp and always giving a couple of extra loud ones near Lady B's fence!

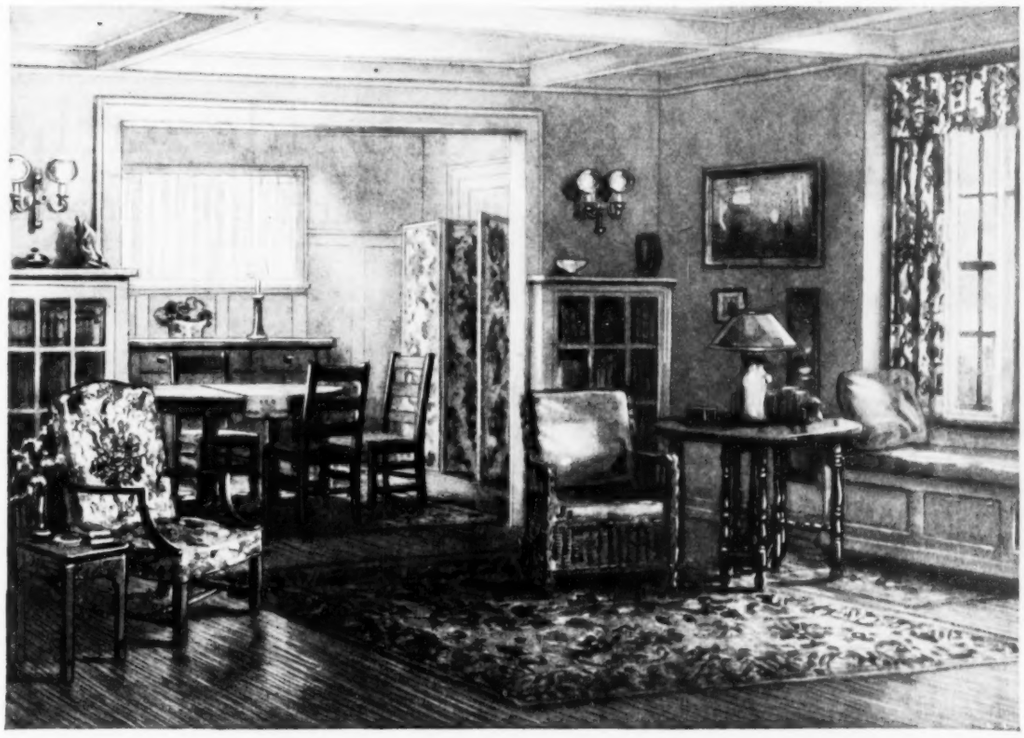
Georgie went right on. "Had you heard, Eulalie, that that dear old lady that lives next to camp is going away for the rest of the summer?" Pretending to not know who she was! "Mother L was so worried for fear of the girls had of annoyed her some way. You know how she always warns us to be careful and not trespass on dear Mrs. Henry's grounds."

Well, if the earth had of stopped turning round on its axiom, I couldn't have been more dumfoundered. Georgie told me herself she once heard Mother L say to Simp, "I'd like to feed the old witch carusive

(Continued on Page 57)

No. 15 is a "close-up" of the Jaspé Linoleum pattern in the main illustration. The other patterns in this group are appropriate for almost any type of bungalow living-room and dining-room.

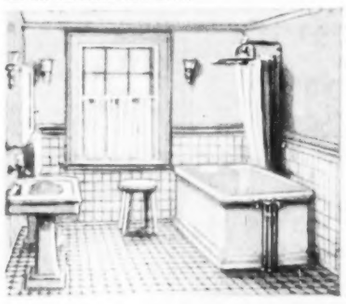




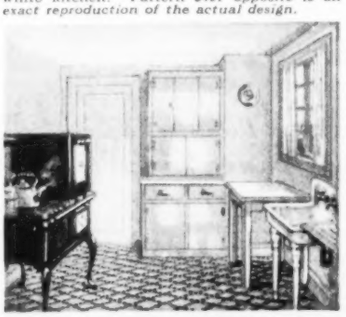
A beautiful Armstrong's Linoleum Floor for a tasteful bedroom. Pattern 8215 opposite is a "close-up" of it.



Armstrong's Linoleum in a clean-looking, sanitary tile pattern. See pattern 5300 opposite for an accurate view of it.

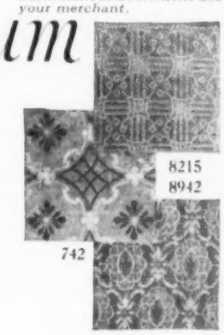


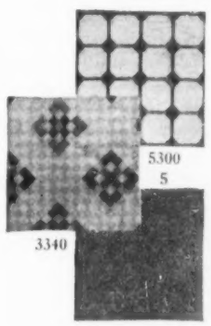
Just the linoleum floor to match an enameled white kitchen. Pattern 3451 opposite is an exact reproduction of the actual design.

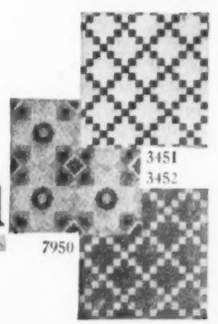


Armstrong's Linoleum

These patterns offer a wide range of choice for bedrooms, bathrooms and kitchens. See your merchant.







A VISITOR to this bungalow would be impressed by its atmosphere of cheerfulness and comfort and its excellent arrangement from every standpoint of interior decoration. And, after careful observation, he would also readily understand why linoleum is the logical choice for all its floors.

The brown Jaspé Linoleum blends most attractively with the varied color tones of the living-room and dining-room. The bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen have Armstrong's Linoleum floors that are equally well suited to their respective schemes of furnishing and decoration.

And besides, there are various practical reasons why linoleum floors are appropriate for every room in a bungalow. *Real* linoleum, such as Armstrong's, is an exceedingly durable floor, because *real* linoleum is made of wood flour, powdered cork and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. It is not easy to tear. It is very tough and elastic. It is the easiest of all floors to keep clean and sanitary.

The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trade mark, appears on the back of all genuine goods. Ask for it by name.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator is in charge. There is no charge for this service.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Dept.*, LANCASTER, PA.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

Usually a curb-side gathering

when a New Mitchell parks, even for a moment

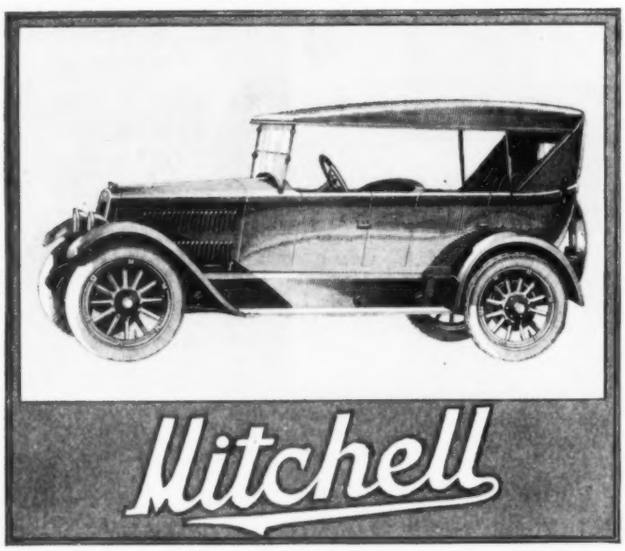
NOTE the people pause. A New Mitchell! See many stop to make a careful examination. Others, already familiar with it, give an admiring glance. All approve. All grant distinction.

Mitchell style is irresistible. New lines have been rare of late. For a long time no great genius had come forth with fresh ideas.

So the Mitchell conception of harmonized lines was a complete and welcome innovation.

But reflect on the restraint of the New Mitchell body lines. Nothing bizarre. Nothing uncouth.

The blunt radiator of yesteryear now gives way to one which harmonizes with windshield, doors, louvers, etc. These are the lines you see on a smart yacht—graceful, blended, slanting lines that you always identify with smooth speed and motion.



More friends constantly

THOUSANDS of these New Mitchells are now in service. Thousands of owners are proud of them. And thousands more have placed their orders.

Yet these thousands of owners of New Mitchells have not bought for style *alone*. There are other attractions as well.

Superfine construction has its appeal. And close-pricing.

Never have we built as fine a car as this, and we have been building fine cars for years. Never before were we so well equipped to include so many costly-car practices of construction.

One example will prove it; we have abandoned hand-scraped bearings by installing the expensive Martell Reaming System, a practice developed for Liberty Engines, and famous for its accuracy. Few cars, if any, at the Mitchell price, offer this improvement.

We could name numerous and costly factory practices that bring hidden values. That mean a car built to stay new. That mean few replacements. That mean a new minimum in operating and upkeep costs.

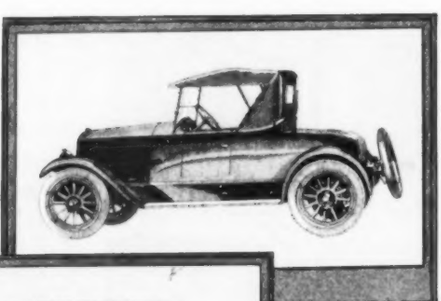
A wise procedure

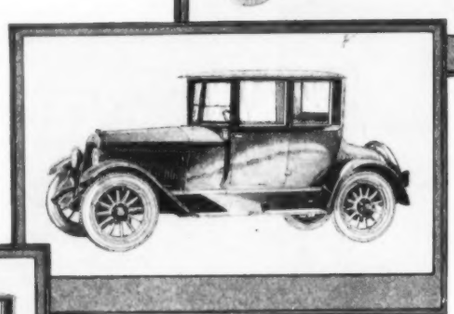
TOMORROW'S style. Superfine construction. Close-pricing. These are three considerations that you cannot afford to overlook. In fact, the New Mitchell, by offering so much, challenges your investigation before you make a choice.

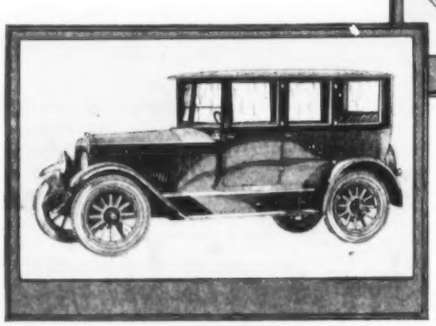
No such values can be found elsewhere, when you start to make comparisons. Mitchell style is exclusive. Mitchell craftsmanship is of the finest. And there is a worthwhile saving.

See this New Mitchell at once. A Mitchell dealer will be glad to show it, pointing out the superiorities. Or write for catalog.

Then order early so as to insure early delivery.







The New Mitchell Six is presented in four "future-style" models: a 5-passenger Touring Car; a 3-passenger Roadster; a 5-passenger Sedan and a 4-passenger Coupé.

MITCHELL · MOTORS · COMPANY · INC. · RACINE · WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 54)

supplement and then let the whole forty of them loose on her petunia beds!" Georgie kept on and on. "I've never seen Mrs. Henry myself, but Mother L raves about her noble work for temperance! You know, Timmy, how Mother L just adores temperance and prohibition and all that noble work? Why, she just sent away our housekeeper that she's had since camp started, because she found out she had cases of liquor—liquor! mind you—sent up every year and hid them in our cellar! Think of it, Timmy—that vile stuff—right in our mist! She is away now getting a new housekeeper and Miss Simpson is in charge of camp."

I did not know where I was at or if she was joking or getting crazy or what. "I thought ——" I began, but Georgie interrupted me.

"Have you ever," she asked, turning around in her seat and speaking right to Lady B, "been to Camp Eileen?"

My mother once had an attack of verdi gris on top of a ladder, and I know just how she felt. Lady B at Eileen! Such an idea! Lady B shook her head no.

"It's the finest camp in the country. Very exclusive. Nearly all millionaires' children."

Lady Bumberell spoke then. "Ahem," she said. "You don't say so."

"Oh my, yes! Most of them are the daughters of very rich millionaires." Lady B seemed interested. "Why, this child here is the daughter of A. Prince—*the* Prince of Norwalk, C ——"

"The *Prince* of *Norwalk?*" interrupted Lady B in an excited voice.

"Yes," replied Georgie, "the Prince of Norwalk!"

"Well, I declare!" Lady B looked at me as if I was Exhibition A. I blushed to the roots of my hair. "A Prince's daughter!"

"Yes, indeed. Princess Eulalie of Norwalk. But of course it's not generally known. Her folks are here in cogs. They had to give up their kingdom on account of the war."

"You don't say!" murmured Lady B. "Have your folks decided to settle in America for good?" she asked me.

Georgie answered. "Oh yes, they're making America their home."

"Whereabouts are they locating?"

"It's not certain. They might settle right up this way."

"You don't say!" I thought she was going to fall out of her seat. "Do you mean they might consider buying up this way?"

"They might. They just adore Eulalie, and they'd do anything to be near her. Of course they'd require the finest kind of an estate."

"There's nothing around here any finer than ——"

"There's Mrs. Henry's place," interrupted Georgie. "That's really the finest place around here. But when the Prince heard Mrs. Henry wouldn't let his daughter bathe on her sandy beach, he was perfectly furious and said he wouldn't have anything to do with those kind of people. He's really awfully democratic, you know."

Lady B looked kind of whistful. She asked Georgie: "You know him, the Prince?"

"Of course. I'm companion to Eulalie here."

"You don't say! You look very young to have such a responsible position."

"Bobbed hair always makes you look young."

"Why, if I'm not too personal, how old are you, miss?"

"I'll be twenty-one—some day," she added under her breath.

Lady B seemed to be thinking of something all the rest of the way. Once or twice she gave a heart rendering sigh. When we left her at Blue Ridge I thought Georgie would have an epiplectic fit, laughing.

"Wasn't it perfectly *marvelous?*" she gasped when she got her breath. "I don't know how I ever did it. It just seemed to come to me—from somewhere. Princess Eulalie of Norwalk, Conn. . . . Oh—*oh!*" and she started in to have another fit.

"I don't think," I had to remark at length, "it's so *very* funny!" Sometimes I think Georgie has the funniest sense of humor!

Mon Dieu! what a day! You know what Georgie's perfectly marvelous idea was that she got in the night and wouldn't tell me? To go to the dance at Highland Inn that Madagascar bet her she wouldn't. And we did! And you know who with? Boys! Dean Ormond and three other chaps! Doesn't it read just like a book?

It seems they were camping at a place near Highland. We took the Highland stage at Blue Ridge and got off at a narrow little trail that leads right down to their camp. Georgie stood at the top of the trail and gave a funny kind of a call. Somebody answered the same way and a few seconds later a boy in khaki came around the bend, and then another, and when they saw Georgie they came tearing up as if the grass was on fire at least, and it was Dean Ormond, the boy that lives next door to Georgie, and his chum Howard Diaz!

They carried our suitcases down to their camp and on the way Georgie explained all about us being there and they introduced us to the two other boys they were camping with—the Farrell twins. One of them just got out of the navy and the other is a perfect gentleman in every way. They're all perfectly marvelous fellows, especially Howard Diaz. He has the divinest black eyes. They say people with blue eyes should marry people with black. Of course I'm not thinking of marrying yet, and anyway I wouldn't think of anybody I just met, but somebody I knew and respected a long time, although that wouldn't stop me if I really loved a person.

They had two tents to eat and sleep in and a shed for the Farrells' flivver. It was two o'clock when we got there and we spent the afternoon talking and et cetera and then they made a fire and cooked us the most marvelous meal! They made the most wonderful coffee I ever tasted in a perculator and they told us all about their adventures in the war. Dean was wounded several times. Once when his leg was shot he tore up his shirt for a turnkey. And once a bullet skinned his neck and he said it just missed his juggler vein! And Howard was up in a balloon and it took fire and if it hadn't of been for his thingumabob working all right, mon Dieu! I never was so thrilled!

I tried to remind Georgie about how were we going to get back and about the kitchen man and et cetera but she told me to not worry as we would get back the way we came, only ride to Soangataha on the stage and then back again so as to look as if we had of come from there. And about the kitchen man, she would simply say she couldn't get any and what could they do to her? And, as I told her, I wasn't so worried about we getting home again as about we getting to the Inn in bloomers.

"As to that," replied Georgie, "gaze!" And she opened her suitcase and there were two evening dresses!

"For you," she said and tossed me a dream of a deft blue Georgette. The other was black lace with long sleeves.

"But Georgie! Where on earth ——"

"Counsellors' closet."

"The coun——"

"Yep. This is Rawes' and that's Winkie's."

"Winkie's!" Winkie is our most stuck up counsellor, I suppose on account of being engaged. Everybody knows she's engaged, even if she wears her solitaire on her right hand, because of writing letters every night and never going out with the Caguas counsellors. "But she'll *kill* us!"

"Not if she doesn't find out. It was the only one short enough for you."

"But how ——"

"I just swiped them. They'll never miss them because they only wear them to the Wayward House and Mother h'L made them all promise to not go while she was away."

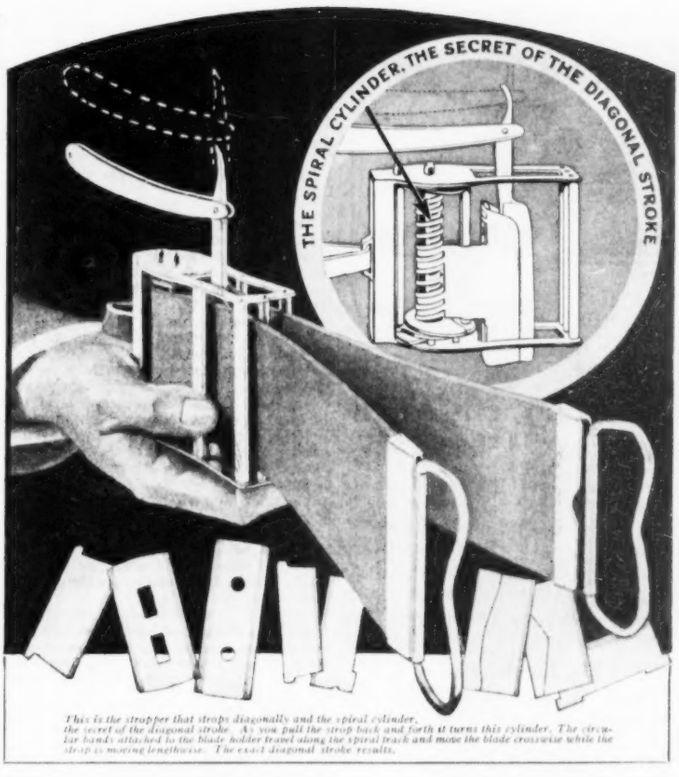
Mon Dieu! I wish you could have seen us when we were dressed! I had to pin Georgie in the black lace but you couldn't see it, being hid under the girdle. Even with her bobbed hair she looked about eighty in that dress. My hair was in puffs and the deft blue fitted me like the paper on the wall, as they say. All the boys remarked that we looked ravished!

"Where'd you get 'em?" I asked when she showed me hairpins and powder and everything.

"Dramatics locker." Isn't she a wonder? "Don't put on so much," she told me and took a towel and rubbed off some of my complexion.

I was a little nervous stepping out of the flivver at the Inn and it being my first dance and all and never going out with boys, but I soon got over that. The floor was jammed and there were lots of girls standing around on the porch and in the doors that didn't have all their dances taken like we. I felt sort of sorry for them. It must be awful to not be popular!

All of a sudden, in the midst of the most *marvelous* waltz with Howard, Georgie



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clutched me by the arm and dragged me through a French window onto the porch. "My Lord, Lolly, did you see her?" she whispered and began running down the porch steps and up the path like Elijah being chased by the bloodhounds.

"Who?" I gasped in mortal terror.

"Mother L!" she cried and headed for the garage. I began to tremble like a leaf.

"Are you sure it was her?"

"Positive. She's got on her old beaded Georgette."

"Oh mon Dieu! Did she see you?"

"I don't know."

Dean was cranking the flivver while Howard ran back for the Farrells. All of a sudden I broke down and cried like a baby. Georgie put her arms around me. "Don't cry, Lolly dear. She didn't see *you*. And besides, I got you in this."

I felt ashamed of myself for crying. The boys were all there and we started off. But we didn't sing any songs the way we did coming down! We were silent as the doom. Every time a car came toward us we ducked. None passed us by because the little old flivver was moving along. It's a wonder we got back to the tents alive. It showed that God wasn't so very angry with us anyway.

The first thing we did was take off those darn old dresses and get into our uniforms. I said to Georgie, "It's a good thing the boys have two tents or where would we have slept? If they'd have only had one, we would have had to have slept on the ground. Didn't you think of that?"

"Well, I couldn't think of everything, could I? I thought of how to get here and hair pins and safety pins and powder and rouge. What do you think I am, a thinking machine? I knew we'd manage once we got here."

And even if we hadn't of been able to manage it wouldn't have mattered because nobody slept a wink all night but the Farrells. We just sat around and talked about everything and the best way to get out of it all. It was decided that the boys should take us all the way to Soangataha in the flivver. Then we wouldn't run into anyone and we could take the stage back from there as if we had of come from Saratoga.

"What happens if you get caught?" asked Howard.

"Sent home," replied Georgie.

I couldn't help it. I broke down and cried like a baby. "My mother will *kill* me if I get sent back!"

"But you won't get sent back unless you're caught."

"But we're sure to get caught now!"

"Don't be a calamityike," said Georgie. "We're all right—yet. Only"—and I could see even she wasn't so exactly happy—"it would be better if we had a kitchen man." At that we all felt pretty glum. "How would I do?" asked Dean. "How would I do for a kitchen man?"

"Huh! You've got to have experience!"

"What kind of experience?"

"Oh—chopping wood and scouring pots and peeling potatoes."

"Say, what do you think I learned in the blooming war?"

"And you got to know a little about cooking ——"

"That's me."

"Don't be silly, Dean. Fine chance I'd have of getting by Mother L with you! She'd fire us all out!"

"What? Fire me out? Me—a discharged soldier? And thrice wounded? Once in the leg and once in the head ——"

"And once in the hearts of his countrymen," said Howard.

Dean went on "—— and now needing a summer in the refreshing mountain air before going back to hard labor ——"

"At Stevens," put in Howard.

Everybody had to laugh and Dean asked, "How much do you pay, lady?"

"Sixty-five dollars a month."

"Oh, lady, what couldn't I do with sixty-five dollars! Yea bo! Put me among the girls!"

"I wonder ——" began Georgie.

"Do I go swimming?"

"Yes. But not with the girls. With the help."

"Oh, well," said Howard, "you can't have everything. Don't you need two kitchen men?"

"No, but we need a dishwasher."

"Well," replied Howard, "in my heart of hearts I have always cherished an ambition to be a dishwasher ——"

"In a girls' camp," said Dean, and commenced to sing:

"Who says that our dishwashers ain't got no style
They got style all the while, they got style all the while ——"

"I mean it," Howard said. "What say you, Dean, do we make Georgie let us take a shot at it?"

"Sure. Come on, Georgie!"

"Yes; come on, Georgie!"

"They can't do more than kill me," said Georgie, "and they won't do that because it costs so much to ship the body home from the mountains. But remember, you came from Mrs. Ross, the agency lady, and you're a sad case. Young man wounded in the—the—where was it again?"

"Defense of his country," said Howard.

"Your duty to your country's heroes, lady, remember! A trial is all I ask."

We all had fits laughing. "Maybe she'll fall for it," Georgie thought.

"Never," said I.

"I never saw such a calamityike. She might! A wounded soldier! She won't have the heart to not take him. And if him, why not Howard?" Why not indeed?

On the way to Soangataha in the flivver I asked Georgie, "What do we tell Simp?"

"The truth, of course."

"Of course. But shouldn't we be sure and tell it the same?"

"Sure," she said. "I'll tell the truth and you tell it the same."

When we passed the stage Georgie peeped from under the blanket, and sure enough, there on the front seat next to Timmy sat Mother L! Mon Dieu!

Well, we got home without any more troubles, although we had enough already, and the first thing Mother L does is to give me the once over and ask me what did he do to my teeth! That I didn't get heart failure that day wasn't because I didn't have plenty of chances to!

Georgie spoke up. "He didn't have to do anything. There really isn't anything the matter with her tooth. It must have been ——"

"You'd think," interrupted Mother L, "that Eulalie was tongue tight the way you always answer for her. I asked you, Eulalie, how your tooth is?"

"It doesn't ache—now," I managed to say at last.

"That's good," said Mother L. "Now run along." Think of all that heart failure for nothing! And she took Dean and Howard after hearing their heart-rendering story. Only she told them that if she ever saw them even look at any of her girls they would be fired so fast it would take their breath away! So they took all three suitcases over to their tent and later Georgie got hers back from behind the wood pile.

There is a pipe running from the linen closet down to the counsellors' writing room. And if you should happen to be getting a towel you can hear everything they say down there if you should happen to have your ear on the floor. Georgie is monitress of the linen, which is a mean job that nobody wants, but Georgie says it's worth it.

She heard Mother L say to Simp, "I may be letting myself in for all kinds of trouble, but how could I turn them down? They were so evidently sincere and if we don't get somebody soon the chef will walk out. But I'll keep my eyes on them."

Mother L has good eyes, but they didn't see that when Dean went to the wood pile after wood he left two notes there. And took two away.

The next day Georgie said to Mother L, "My mother writes that my cousin may be over at The Inn."

"Your cousin? What does she look like?"

"They say she's the image of me."

"She's there. I saw a girl who looked so much like you—only older—when I was—when I—er—happened to be driving past The Inn—that I even told Miss Simpson I could have sworn it was you."

Georgie knew she said that to Simp. She heard her say it.



"That's why I had to give her something," Georgie told me, "to make her mind easy. Now she won't think about it any more. So. That's the end of *that!*"

But it wasn't. Simp called us both over the next day and showed us a letter.

Dear Miss Simpson:—it ran—

I hear you are in charge of Camp Eileen in the absence of Mrs. Laird.

I would consider it a favor if you would have your little girls go over and pick the berries on my grounds as it would be such a shame to have them go to waste! And if you would care to let your little girls use any part of my beach for swimming, I would feel honored.

The companion to the Princess Eulalie informed me, on the stage going to Blue Ridge, that Mrs. Laird was interested in the splendid fight against liquor in this country. I am sending her some literature on the same subject which I think will interest her. The good fight is by no means over!

Remember me kindly to the little Princess and her charming companion.

Yours sincerely and cordially,
MARTHA HENRY.

"Stage to Blue Ridge?" asked Simp. "Companion to the Princess Eulalie? Splendid fight against liquor? What's the answer?"

Georgie told her about the Princess and the Prince and the sandy beach and et cetera and she kept biting her lip and blinking her eyes. And once when Georgie was telling her about Mother L and prohibition I thought she was going to laugh, but she coughed instead.

"But what were you doing on the stage to Blue Ridge?"

"Oh, the stage *to* Blue Ridge is the same as the stage *from* Blue Ridge. I mean, it's the same stage—don't you see?"

Simp looked doubtful. "I see. But what shall I say to Mother L? How shall I explain it—this letter and all—to her?"

"I could tell her the truth," suggested Georgie, "or you could—sort of—tell her the truth *your* way."

"Very well." Simp tore up the letter. "I'll tell her the truth my way, and if you two know what's healthy for you, you'll keep mum about the whole thing."

Which we did, even though it meant giving up a box of fudge that Georgie should have won from Madagascar.

Georgie heard Simp say to the other counsellors, that night: "The little devil! I nearly choked to death trying to keep from laughing! Mother L and the noble fight against liquor!" And they all burst out laughing.

"I shouldn't have let Georgie out of my sight—only I was so desperate. Mother L would have my scalp if she ever heard the whole story. She was sore that I let them go at all, but what could I do? Thank the stars they brought home the bacon. Those boys seem to be working out fine. Although, somehow, I don't feel just easy in my mind. Nuisance, be sure and get that prohibition literature out of the mail before the old lady sees it." And they all had fits again.

"I haven't told her yet, but I know she'll be tickled pink over the sandy beach. Think of that little wretch telling me to tell her the truth *my* way! She's bright, all right, that youngster. I only wish I could get rid of the feeling that there's something funny about the whole thing, that that child is keeping under her tam o' shanter. I'll have to pump the little Princess. Whatever it is, it'll come out sooner or later. It always does."

That's what they think. But it doesn't—always. Like the time the counsellors' bloomers were gone.

"Whoever found them?" I asked Georgie.

"Mother h'L, of course."

"But she never knew who did it, did she?"

"Sure, she did," replied Georgie. "She knew only one girl in camp could get past the chef and hide those bloomers in the cellar."

"But she never said a word. And she never punished you. Wasn't that kind of her!"

"Well," said Georgie, "maybe it was and maybe it wasn't. You see I had hid them in her secret bunk that she had built special and that she thought nobody knew about. And maybe it was kindness that made her keep still and maybe it was more not wanting the whole camp to know about her having that secret closet and also about the big stock of wine she had stowed away there."

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If you find that doubling or trebling the illumination there means glaring light, *don't* cut down the amount of lighting again—*shade* the light better! Keep the direct rays from striking the eye. Throw some of the light to the ceiling and walls.

If you will do that, you will find that a great deal more light in the room is decorative, pleasing and restful. It's not the amount of *light* that you find irritating in some rooms, but the amount of *glare*. Insist on buying lamps packed in the Blue Convenience Carton.

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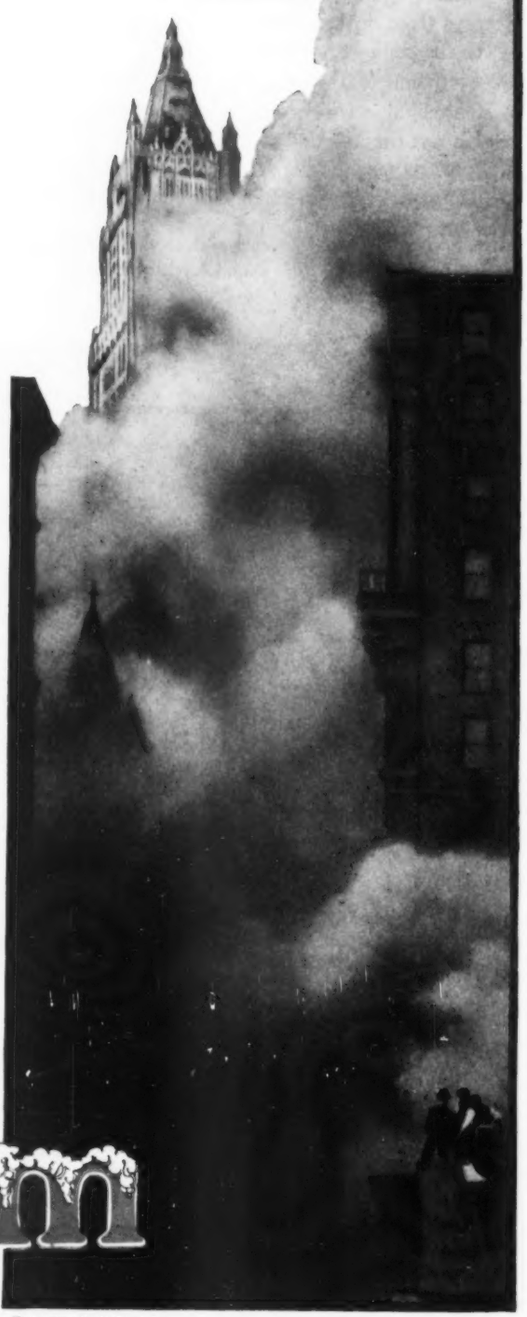
Every week in the year fire destroys in the United States alone:

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3 Theatres	26 Hotels
3 Public Buildings	2 College Buildings
12 Churches	3 Department Stores
10 Schools	2 Asylums
2 Hospitals	2 Jails

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SENSE AND NONSENSE



Honor Where Honor is Due

ONE of the pioneer moving-picture producers is rather proud of the fact that he was the first of his profession to discover the atmospheric advantages, for outdoor camera work, of Southern California, and that he was the first to set up a studio near Los Angeles. Not far from his studio at this time is the studio of the Balboa Company, also a moving-picture corporation, but a newer one than his.

A year or two ago he was turning out a series of one-reel films depicting historical events in the development of America. Suitable themes for subjects were running rather low. One day his chief scenario expert, a former newspaper man, entered his presence to offer an idea.

"Say, chief," he stated enthusiastically, "I've got a corking notion for the next one of that historical series we make. Why not turn out a picture showing Balboa discovering the Pacific?"

With flaming eyes his superior bounded indignantly from his chair.

"Shush!" he snorted indignantly. "What kind of foolish talk is that? Them Balboa guys never discovered the Pacific. I discovered the Pacific!"

The Hero Unintentional

WITHOUT much practical experience but with unlimited nerve, a Yankee second lieutenant in the second year of the American participation in the war broke into the aviation service over in France.

On being sent up as a pilot he promptly knocked the top off a tall tree and descended through the branches with the wreckage of his machine. This feat, one might think, should have qualified him for a transfer to the forestry branch of the service. But we did not do things that way very often in our army, as many can testify. Instead of transferring him they assigned him to a bombing plane. His initial foray in this capacity was a complete success in every detail excepting one. He dropped his bombs squarely upon a fortified town. The only mistake he made was that the town on which he dropped them happened to be a French town well inside the Allies' lines.

When the fact of this error came out the ambitious youth found himself facing the prospect of a court-martial. Overcome with remorse he promptly became overcome with something else which he procured in large quantities at a near-by café and consumed on the spot.

Following this he climbed into a strange car which he found standing hard by the flying field of the squadron to which he lately had been attached, and without notifying anyone he had borrowed it he drove away in what might be called a general direction. Well up toward the Front, after whizzing madly by military policemen, road guards and sentry outposts, he smashed the car against the stone foundations of a wayside shrine and, abandoning the ruin where it was, he proceeded upon his befogged and uncertain way afoot.

That destiny which looks after idiots, children and green second lieutenants presently landed him in a trench where a squad of French infantrymen was awaiting the signal to go over the top on a forlorn-hope expedition into hostile territory. Having nowhere in particular to go himself and not caring particularly where he might go, and only dimly aware that he was going anywhere at all, the youngster joined these adventurers.

In their company he journeyed across No Man's Land to where a blast of fire from the watchful Huns wiped out a good half of the squad and left most of the others lying stunned and wounded where they had dropped. But just before this tragedy came to pass that same beneficent Providence which had our hero in its keeping decreed that he should stumble into a shell hole, where promptly he was overcome by a compelling desire for slumber and where he lay sleeping serenely through all the horrors of the massacre.

Fifteen minutes later a second wave of French raiders, following in the tracks of the decimated handful that had led the way, drove in the Germans, took some prisoners and fell back again to the protection of their own breastworks. They brought in the battered survivors of the first wave, and along with them the Yank, still incapable of being roused but without a scratch on him. Before long he was doing his sleeping in a forward dressing station.

At dawn came a French general, desolated by the loss but intensely thrilled by the account he had heard of the desperate courage of his men, to pin decorations upon their breasts.

The general passed down the line, kneeling by each outstretched form to make solicitous inquiry regarding the injury the man had suffered, and in the name of a grateful country to bestow the ordained honor upon him. He came to where the American was stretched out. At sight of the khaki among the horizon blues the commander was overcome by emotions of astonishment and enthusiasm.

"Behold!" he cried out in French to the members of his staff who accompanied him. "Behold here a gallant American officer who volunteers for this undertaking and who falls fighting for France!"

Alongside the American he stopped, murmuring his sympathy. When his words failed to rouse the recumbent one the general gently stirred him until the youth half opened one drowsy and heavy eyelid.

"Ah!" cried the general, in English, "now you are awake. And of what do your glorious injuries consist?"

"General," murmured the second lieutenant, "I'm plastered."

"Ah, my poor one!" He turned to the members of his staff. "Gentlemen, this gallant one has been most terribly plastered." And in the name of France he fastened a Croix de Guerre upon the tunic of the American, who already had gone back to sleep again.

The chief merit of this story is that it is said to be true.

The Hunting Season

LAST summer a well-known New York caterer took his small boy, Harry, out to Long Beach, Long Island, for a day's romp. While digging in the sand the youngster found a cheap watch, and his excitement was unabated for a month. The incident was forgotten by the father but not by the youngster.

The other day little Harry saw the car pull up at the door to take his father as usual to his business.

"Oh, daddy," he teased, "won't you stay away from the office to-day and let William take us out to the beach?"

"It's too early for bathing, son," demurred the father.

"I don't want to go bathin'," persisted little Harry. "Let's go out there and go watch hunting."

No Longer a Badge of Honor

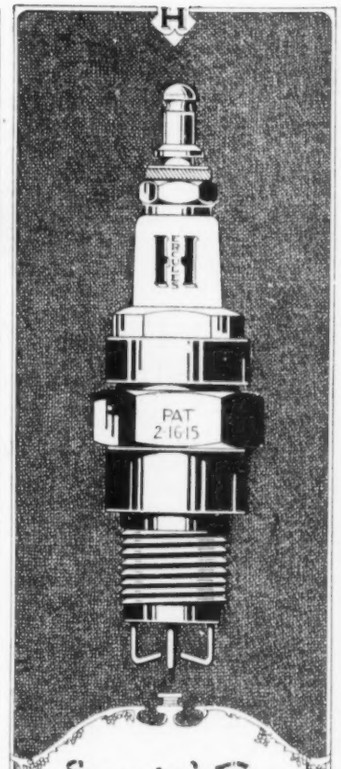
FOUR wealthy occupants of a stylish apartment house came down the elevator clad in overalls for the recent parade that was to be New York's protest at the high cost of clothing.

The janitor caught sight of them as they departed.

Immediately he went to the basement, discarded his overalls and put on a regular suit of clothing. In this he greeted his wealthy tenants upon their return.

"What's the matter with your overalls, Henry? Aren't you with us?" one of them, a broker, inquired.

"No, I'm not. There was a time when overalls meant something. When I see you



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HERCULES plugs are capable of withstanding all the severe use and continuous running to which the average Ford motor is subjected, permitting this sturdy, powerful little motor to deliver its maximum efficiency under any and all conditions. Write for size chart showing models for other cars. Eclipse Manufacturing Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.

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—and it will interest every actual or prospective building owner

YOU take pardonable pride in the beauty of your roof surfaced with Sta-so laminated slate—its beautiful colors of deep Indian red or cool sage green—its beautiful granular texture. You feel security in Sta-so's ability to resist fire—the fact that it is proof against sparks or embers. And you recall with pleasure Sta-so's moderate cost.

Now your Sta-so'd roofing is about to meet its severest test. For all summer long the blistering sun will beat down unmercifully upon your Sta-so'd roof.

Your experience with roofing may have taught you that ordinary roof surfaces turn traitor under the ruinous rays of the sun. The colors, so bright and attractive when new, fade or change tone under your very eyes. When autumn rolls around, out come pocketbooks to pay for paint or stain.

It must be a source of deep satisfaction to you to *know* that your Sta-so'd roof will look as new and beautiful after the summer as it looks today; that Sta-so's colors will neither fade nor change; *that they will retain their original beauty as long as the building stands.*

The manufacturers listed below surface their asphalt roofing with Sta-so. You can identify Sta-so'd roofing by the Sta-so label which appears on bundles of shingles and on rolls of roofing. Find the Sta-so label before you buy.

Amalgamated Roofing Co. Chicago, Ill.
Barber Asphalt Paving Co. Phila., Pa.
Barrett Co. . . New York, N. Y.
Beckman-Dawson Rfg. Co. Chicago, Ill.
B. F. Belson Mfg. Co. Minneapolis, Minn.
Bird & Son, Ltd. Hamilton, Ont., Can.
Bird & Son, Inc. East Walpole, Mass.
Philip Carey Mfg. Co. Cincinnati, Ohio
Flintkote Co. . . Boston, Mass.
Ford Mfg. Co. . . St. Louis, Mo.
The Heppes Rfg. Division
The Richardson Paper Co. Chicago, Ill.
McHenry Millhouse Mfg. Co.
South Bend, Ind.
Wilberite Rfg. Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Keystone Roofing Mfg. Co. York, Pa.
National Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Jersey City, N. J.
National Rfg. Co. . Tonawanda, N. Y.
Pioneer Paper Co. . Los Angeles, Cal.
Reynolds Shingle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richardson Paper Co. Cincinnati, Ohio
Safepack Mills . . Boston, Mass.
Si Fo Products Co. . St. Paul, Minn.
Standard Paint Co. . New York, N. Y.
Uvoma Mfg. Co. . . Aurora, Ill.
H. F. Watson Co. . . Erie, Pa.
A. H. White Rfg. Co., New Orleans, La.



Home at Westport, Conn., roofed with Sta-so Surfaced shingles.

At right: Photographic reproduction of Sta-so Surfaced roofing.

gentlemen in them I feel like a soldier watching civilians wear the uniform when they've never been in the service."

An Enthusiastic Friend

ON THE New York National League baseball club there is a pitcher, strong of arm but not very well versed in letters. For two years he listened and endeavored to learn. During that time he became very enthusiastic about another ball player from his section of the country; so much so that Manager McGraw finally became interested.

"Say," the manager asked of the pitcher one day, "I've just had a chance to sign the player you've been raving about. Tell me what build man is he—tall and rangy or short and stubby?"

"Well, Mac, I couldn't say exactly," replied the young man. "I reckon he's what you'd call mediocre."

A New York Bargain

TWO New York women were in a shoe store engrossed in the usual topic of places to live and the high rent.

"Have you succeeded in getting an apartment?" one asked.

"No, I am keeping my old one."

"But they've raised your rent, haven't they?"

"Oh, certainly, but considering the surroundings," the other replied, "I am satisfied to pay $125 a month—that's only a raise of sixty dollars. I have so much air. Think of it, four of our windows come down to the floor and every one of them looks right out over the cemetery!"

A Consoling Thought

IN NEW JERSEY the friends of Governor Edwards are telling of a trip they made to a penitentiary where he was to address the convicts. The party was a little late in arriving.

The governor was immediately introduced.

"Fellow citizens," he began, and hesitated. That form of address would not do.

"Fellow—fellow—convicts," he finally started, and again stopped.

The whole assemblage broke into a laugh in which the governor joined.

"Anyway," he announced in an effort to straighten things out as quiet was secured, "I am glad to see that so many of us finally got here."

Discriminating Against New York

IN THE first week of May there was a partial eclipse and a reporter on one of the New York papers was assigned to write a special story about it.

The eclipse was supposed to take place about seven o'clock in the evening.

The reporter turned in a story in which he very seriously explained at what hour the phenomenon would occur.

"But," he added apologetically, "New Yorkers will not be able to view the shadow throughout its passage on account of the daylight-saving law, which makes the sun one hour later than our time."

He Was Born a Lawyer

DURING the examination of several candidates for admission to the bar in Alabama one of the prospective legal lights, though admittedly humorous, was considered a little too flippant in his answer to a question.

The president of the board, in an effort to sit on the young man, decided to trick him by the use of a legal term that had been obsolete, so he afterward said, for seventy years.

"Young man," he asked sternly, "what would you do if you brought a suit in detinue and the opposing counsel should introduce a plea of *absque hoc?*"

"There'd be only one thing to do," the young man replied without a moment's hesitation: "I'd ask for a continuance—and look that one up."

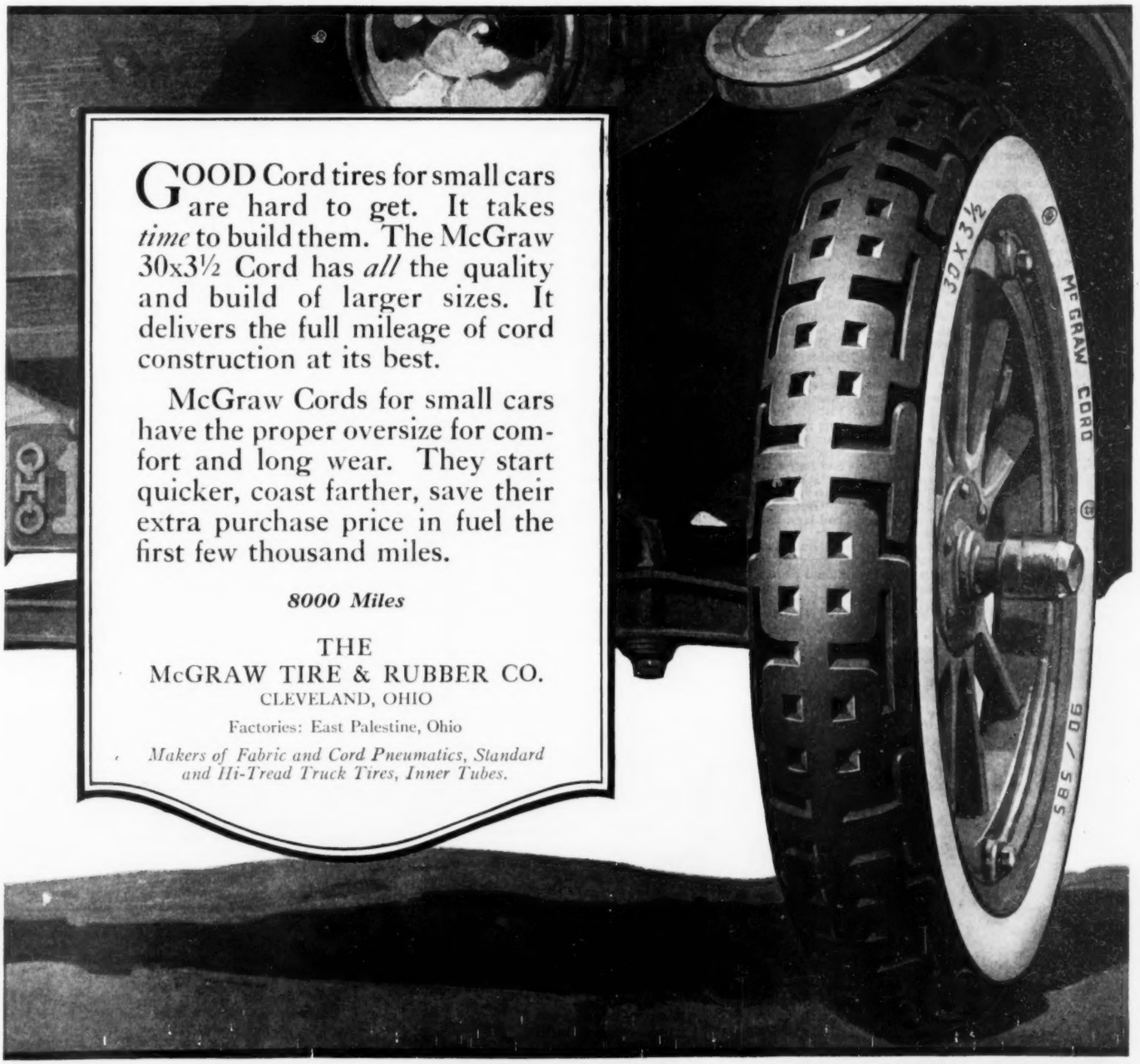
He was admitted all right.



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OVERLANDS MAXWELLS CHEVROLETS DORTS



GOOD Cord tires for small cars are hard to get. It takes *time* to build them. The McGraw 30x3½ Cord has *all* the quality and build of larger sizes. It delivers the full mileage of cord construction at its best.

McGraw Cords for small cars have the proper oversize for comfort and long wear. They start quicker, coast farther, save their extra purchase price in fuel the first few thousand miles.

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McGRAW TIRE & RUBBER CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Factories: East Palestine, Ohio

Makers of Fabric and Cord Pneumatics, Standard and Hi-Tread Truck Tires, Inner Tubes.

McGRAW

HIDDEN PROFITS

(Continued from Page 27)

method must be devised—that's the logic of the situation—by which we can arrange now to have your long stock," he told Mr. Payne, "cover your short contract," he told his daughter. "That is," he continued to explain to her, "his bet cover your bet in some permanent form, and leave everything theoretically on my books just as it is."

"He'll lend me his stock," said Miss Fisher finally.

"That's it!" said her father. "That's it! He'll loan it to you in some permanent way."

"I knew that much," said Miss Fisher, "about short selling."

And now both of the younger persons observed that Mr. Fisher stopped and looked from one to the other.

"Of course," he said to Mr. Payne, "there may be some little difficulties in financing the matter, because of your holding your stock on margin."

He stopped again, and both saw he was searching their faces.

"There is one thing," he ventured then, "that would be ideal in a situation of this kind. Suppose, for the sake of argument," went on Mr. Fisher after a pause, "we should have this situation: Suppose there was a young man who owned a certain amount of stock and, on the other hand, there was a young woman who had sold short the same amount, which covered his bet, let us say," he said, and held off, archly observing the results of his supposition upon his hearers. "And suppose, for the sake of argument," he proceeded, "they married—following an engagement. Then—then," he said, going on when neither replied, or indeed as much as moved a muscle or made a sign, besides a growing mutual ruddiness of complexion, "it would be the simplest thing in the world. This stock would be loaned to her to carry out her short contract. Technically she would have borrowed his stock. There would be no bona fide sale, no records of closing the transactions for either. They would not be closed, in point of fact. The Government would have no valid claim for the collection of its infamous confiscatory tax and the money would stay right there in the family. What do you think of that for a scheme?" asked Mr. Fisher with a pardonable pride at a completed triumph of reasoning showing in his voice and eyes.

"Don't mind him!" said Miss Fisher after a moment, turning to Mr. Payne, her face quite flushed.

"But didn't I understand—didn't I guess right," exclaimed her father, "when I thought you two were practically engaged to be married?"

"We are—or we were," said Mr. Payne, starting speaking now in a strained and hollow voice. "At least I hoped so."

"Were!" cried Miss Fisher, her face considerably less rosier than it was.

"Oh, if it were only possible now!" said Mr. Payne, suddenly straightening and raising his hands to his face.

"Possible!" exclaimed Miss Fisher.

"Can't you see," said Mr. Payne, speaking almost like an automaton, "what has happened?"

"See what?" echoed Miss Fisher with dry lips.

"How this postpones our marriage indefinitely?"

"Indefinitely!" cried Miss Fisher.

"Can't you see how everything is changed by what's happened?"

"Changed!" cried Miss Fisher, growing quite rosy once again and sitting up straighter, a new and sharper light dawning in her eye.

Mr. Payne, however, was now facing Mr. Fisher, without watching her.

"It was true what you surmised," he was explaining. "We had hoped, with your consent," he said, bowing slightly to Mr. Fisher, "to be married—and married not long from now," turning and looking with wan appeal to the face of Miss Fisher, which, however, met it with a hostile and rosy stare.

"I had the means—I felt that I could marry," said Mr. Payne. "But now——"

"But now?" repeated Mr. Fisher, who had been listening with his mouth slightly ajar.

"But now I have nothing upon which I could get married; no means on which I would be justified in asking any woman to marry me since the fall in Agmo."

"What do you want?"

"What do I want?" returned Mr. Payne. "Certainly! Haven't you practically $500,000?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Payne. "You know and I know what has happened. You have just finished saying yourself that this money must be hers legally and not mine."

"But," began Mr. Fisher, "in reality——"

"But in reality," persisted Mr. Payne, "it is and has been exactly the same. I appreciate—no one can tell how much—what she—what you have tried to do for me," he said appealingly again, and turned his eyes away, once more repulsed by that growing, rosy hardness.

"But you know and I know," he then went on, "that money is not mine ethically or morally any more than it is legally. It was her judgment, not mine, that won that money. My judgment lost it; it was hers that won it finally."

"My judgment won it!" said Miss Fisher and was silent.

"Moreover," continued Mr. Payne, "it was made in the first place from money given in good faith, irrevocably, to her, or at least to you. Oh, can't you see," he said in a hoarse appeal to the young woman, "that this money, or a part of this money, might properly be held to be your father's because the original gift was perhaps to him; but never, by any course of reasoning, could it be considered mine, even if I could have employed it—accumulated this money legally—which, as your father has shown, I could not possibly have done?

"No," said Mr. Payne, "the thing is so clear in principle that there is no debating it. That money, in spite of your kindness," he said to both of them, "is not mine. It is hers—absolutely!"

"Say it is," said Mr. Fisher—"say it is hers! What of it? What difference does that make?"

"What difference does that make?" responded Mr. Payne slowly. "Why, obviously it makes all the difference in the world! Don't you see?" he said, now turning in a desperate appeal to his fiancée. 'Don't you see—on principle?"

His appeal was met with a still rosier and still more repellent stare.

"Can't you see, as a matter of principle, Deborah?" he said, calling her for the first time in public by her first name. "Don't be unreasonable! Don't be unfair! That money is yours—physically, ethically, legally. It was mine when the stock was up—all mine. But now when the stock is all down it is yours—just exactly the same and for the same reason. Don't you admit that?"

"I don't," she stated laconically.

"And being your money, as it certainly is," he went on insistently with his reasoning, "I can't—I wouldn't have anything of my own to support you on."

"Of all ——" stated Miss Fisher, half rising from her chair.

"I know!" exclaimed Mr. Payne hastily. "You say that! It might look so superficially. But think of it—my position—practically, for a moment. Just a moment! Just be still and consider it, as it would actually be day after day, year after year! Is there anything in the world more despicable than a man who has to live on his wife's money year after year, year after year? Just on principle?"

"On principle!" repeated Miss Fisher, now more loudly.

"Did any man ever do it and keep his self-respect?"

"Oh!" said Miss Fisher suddenly.

"So that's all there is to it now," the other speaker went on then in a very melancholy voice. "It all depends—our marriage," said Mr. Payne, now very seriously indeed, looking at Mr. Fisher in lieu of catching his daughter's eye. "I must face it now as well as later. It all depends on whether your daughter is willing to wait for me to make good at my profession. I must go now where I had planned to go at first—to the copper mines of Montana—and begin at the beginning of my career as an engineer. And now," he said toward the rigid, rosy face so near him and yet so infinitely far away, "I can't press you. I have no right. But will you try to see my position? Will you feel that you could wait?"

And at this the young woman beside him sprang to her feet.

"No! No! No!" she exclaimed with a fast-rising inflection. "No, I will not wait—on principle! On principle I wouldn't, marry you—on principle—if you were the last man alive—on principle!

"I have heard of excuses," she stated, her manner now changing to one of extreme coldness, "but I never yet heard of a man who hated to marry a girl so much that he would rather give up $500,000 than have to take her with it, especially when she's just made it for him with her own hands. So here's your ring," she stated, withdrawing it from where it had apparently been secreted previously at the end of a chain.

"And as far as that confounded, disgusting old $500,000, or whatever it is, is concerned, I wouldn't touch it if I starved to death four thousand years in Siberia without a stitch to my back."

And with that awful picture in her hearers' mind she started abruptly to the door.

"But," cried Mr. Fisher hastily, "you can't go this way! You can't, kitten! We've got to do something about this money, even if neither one of you wants it. Be practical! Be practical!" he urged her.

But she would not be detained.

"You can do just what you want to with it," she said. "I'm through! Do what you want to with your darned old $500,000! I'm through!"

Saying this, she swept from the private room and left the two men staring blankly at the glass door marked "Private" which slammed after her. Mr. Fisher was the first of the two to recover speech.

"She was always that way—as a child," he stated. "Always a quick-tempered little tike, flying up at nothing."

"I wouldn't say that," said Mr. Payne in a shaken voice. "If there was any fault in this it wasn't hers. I can see her position exactly. I'm only sorry she can't see mine," he said, and paused, a broken man.

"She thinks me too—too theoretical," he went on still more sadly. "Too much the moral and intellectual highbrow. But I was right—in principle. I know I was right. A man cannot live on his wife's money and entertain his self-respect year after year. I have seen it too many times. Look," he said in final argument—"look at that man Halpin!"

"I know! I know!" said Mr. Fisher tactfully, and sat then for a moment very still. But then after a few moments he made an attempt at speech again.

"Of course," he said, "as practical men, sooner or later we shall have to go ahead and work the thing out practically between us."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Payne, giving the sudden start of one intensely preoccupied with another subject. "But for the present," he said, swallowing slightly, "there is no danger in letting it remain as it is."

"No," conceded Mr. Fisher.

"Well, if you don't mind, for the present we will leave it so. For the present," he said, swallowing again. "We will discuss the final arrangements later," he said, getting up and going out then, evidently under the influence of only partially suppressed emotion.

To Mr. Fisher, sitting there alone in his private room, recalling his parting words



"Why?" Asked Mr. Fisher, Speaking Finally With Quiet Authority. "Hidden Profits, That's Why"

(Continued on Page 67)

It has remained for the Aeolian Company to perfect the Piano ~ The DUO-ART PIANOLA

The Piano that is going to be in every Home



"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go."

MEMORIES! Memories! Wakened by spirit fingers on the keys of my piano. No wealth could buy from me my memories. The wonderful summer of my youth. Evenings of silver and purple—silver moon and stars, purple shadows and distant hills and HER. *Molloy's beautiful ballad was popular that summer, so many years ago. It was her favorite. She sang it to me often, and I love it beyond any other tune. Fingers of Hofmann, fingers of Paderewski will play for me wonderful music on my Duo-Art, but "Love's Old Sweet Song" and the other ballads of my young days played with the feeling that only masters can bring from the piano are my favorites.*

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But not only does the Duo-Art Pianola offer you this wonderful new thing—it offers you every advantage possessed by the ordinary piano and the "player-piano" as well. That is—it is a piano of famous make, with unequalled tone and a regular keyboard for hand playing and practice.

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me your illustrated Duo-Art catalog

Name _____

Address _____



The Vacuum Cup Tread is GUARANTEED not to skid on wet, slippery pavements

(Continued from Page 64)

and manner, there was something more directly suggestive of a sincere grief-stricken undertaker than of a man who has just been the victim of a promising conspiracy to give him $500,000.

To Mr. Fisher, sitting there in much the same attitude on the following late afternoon, reading over the short letter in a heavy, precise script in his hands there had come an even greater burden of wonder and anxiety. This much-read letter said to Mr. Fisher:

"I find upon consideration through the night that my one logical course now is to go at once where I should perhaps have gone before—to my mining work in Montana.

"I have attempted during this morning to get in touch with your daughter at your house, but it seems that she is no longer desirous even to see me. So then there is only one logical course open to me—to go away and rid her of my presence at once. For if I stay in New York I could not help—in spite of my best resolutions—but annoy her more or less with my unwelcome efforts to see her.

"This being so, it would be a great favor to me if in the meantime you would use your judgment about the handling or closing out of my stock account in your office. I know your judgment will be excellent, and I shall, in fact, be glad of any settlement which you may finally make which will give me my own initial investment of $10,000 and whatever else may accrue to me on my stock. That—but no more. Anything, in fact, you may do will be entirely satisfactory to me, except the giving to me of any part of the profits under that other account, not my own in any sense, which both legally and literally belongs to you and your daughter. Any part of that I shall never take.

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOHN HENRY PAYNE, 3D.

"Address, Boston Hobo Mining Company,
"Butte, Montana."

Mr. Fisher, reading this letter for the hundredth time, shook his head once again. He could see these two accounts containing this undesired $500,000, which neither of its two possible claimants would touch on any terms, going on indefinitely upon his books; two accounts always the same in the total of profits on his books, but with the amounts in either account shifting from time to time as the price of Agmo moved up or down: if it were up of course putting more into Mr. Payne's balance; if it were down more into his daughter's. In his mind's eye he could see these two accounts making up this undesired $500,000 teetering up and down indefinitely in the absence of exact orders from the persons who had disowned it as to what disposition should be made of their contents.

There was one thing, however, upon which Mr. Fisher's mind was made up quite definitely in advance. He would not close out or pay the income tax upon these two accounts except as a last resort. He was resolved rather than pay them at all that he would see first what the healing effects of time might accomplish upon the minds of the two principals in this very unusual transaction, this dual account in Agmo, who though now to be hundreds of miles apart, were still to remain bound together under his management by the subtle bonds of the income-tax law.

VIII

ON MARCH 9, 1920, quite early in the morning, Mr. Augustus J. Halpin stood facing the stock board in the rooms of the brokerage house of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co. in that same sidewise, or profile, attitude which was so familiar to students of Napoleon and to the older frequenters of the offices of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co.

"The old girl's got some life in her yet," he said to the round, high-headed man with glasses in his hand who stood observing the board beside him. They were both apparently looking at the same point on the stock board under the department of motors—at Agmo common.

"I was wise," stated Mr. Halpin, "to hang on to her just as I did." For as a matter of fact, with but a slight assistance from that wealthy woman, his wife, he had held on to his Agmo through thick and thin. "There's something going on there," he continued. "They've got the bears on the run. They're twisting them. They're turning their flank. That stock has recovered now over a third from its low. It's gone right up, especially since that Supreme Court decision on stock dividends is out."

"Why?" asked Mr. Fisher, speaking finally with quiet authority. "Hidden profits, that's why—following that wise decision registering the public opinion of this country concerning stock dividends; a decision which upholds and carries out the expectations of the brainy, farseeing lawyers of the financial district. Just as I prophesied—just as I prophesied it would."

Though Mr. Halpin did not seem to be listening carefully, Mr. Fisher went on nevertheless.

"You are about to see another great era of prosperity in Wall Street and the country at large from this—this wise, farseeing decision," he asserted. "Why?" he asked. "Why?" he asked again, and then answered, going on: "Because it completes the process; the process upon which the best minds of this country—the minds of all sane, honest, patriotic citizens of the Republic—have been at work during the past two years—the determination to prevent and oppose to the last limit of their strength the penalizing of American industry and effort by these insane and confiscatory income taxes.

"As I have said so many times before to you," he proceeded, "the big, strong, broad-gauged managers of the great corporations and their lawyers have planned to bring this about in two ways: First by hidden profits accumulated in their treasuries; and second by distribution whenever possible to their owners—their stockholders. And now that the Supreme Court has got this stock-dividend decision off its chest finally, the method of distribution of these profits to their owners lies open and we shall see now a new era of prosperity dawning in this country from now on.

"And as for Agmo common," he said significantly, "you've probably heard the news about the hidden profits they've got there—how they had them covered up."

"I heard something," replied Mr. Halpin noncommittally.

"I always said they were there. You will give me the credit for that," continued Mr. Fisher to Mr. Halpin. "There were hidden profits there. There are everywhere—in all the corporations. In this case it was those suspended profits from their great government contract which were still in dispute and which were very naturally and prudently kept out of their annual report. They were there, hidden conservatively; a little more conservatively, a little deeper than I would advise, but there just the same, and the market is now registering them."

And now he saw that Mr. Halpin was clearly not listening to him, but watching with unconcealed interest the entry of a tall, bronzed, angular man—a stranger in recent weeks in this office.

"How are you? Welcome to our midst!" said Mr. Halpin, stepping forward with a quizzical and sardonic smile. "How is the copper king?"

"Not that as yet by any means," replied Mr. Payne of Boston and Montana, shaking hands with the two men warmly and with whomever of his former seat mates there were still sitting their days out in the rooms of J. Belgrave Fisher & Co.

"Come in, come in," said Mr. Fisher to Mr. Payne finally, and the two soon found themselves again looking at each other over the bare, severe surface of the miniature directors' table in the glass room of Mr. Fisher marked "Private."

"Correspondence was not entirely satisfactory," said the young man finally. "I felt that I might perhaps better come and see you about the settling of that matter between your—your daughter and myself."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Fisher; "I have it here."

"Now let me understand it, please," said Mr. Payne, settling himself down and winding his legs together preparatory to mental effort.

"Certainly," said Mr. Fisher. "My understanding of it is this: You two have together a profit which must stay indefinitely at approximately $500,000 if left as it is."

"Yes," assented Mr. Payne.

"If left as it is—left as it should be—and not made subject by an entirely unnecessary sale to the confiscatory depredations of the income tax—kept as it should be. At least my daughter and I myself have felt that way."

"Very well," said Mr. Payne, bowing. "Anything she—you wish, I also wish in this."

"I have asked her if she would close out her short account when Agmo was low, giving her a large profit," stated Mr. Fisher concerning his daughter. "But this she absolutely refused to do, saying, in fact, that the whole property being yours it must be kept intact as it is, without disturbing the certainty of its profits, and that in any case she would refuse to take the money."

And at this Mr. Payne's dark face, which had been red, grew noticeably more so.

"So my feeling is this," continued Mr. Fisher: "So long as this matter stands as it is, I have decided on this form, subject of course to your approval, for my own protection."

"I see," said Mr. Payne.

"The stock which you owned has been transferred as a loan to the short account, which my daughter claims is yours, but as you know and I know cannot be yours under the law."

"Exactly," responded Mr. Payne.

"She having borrowed this stock by my arrangement," continued Mr. Fisher, "gives

(Continued on Page 69)



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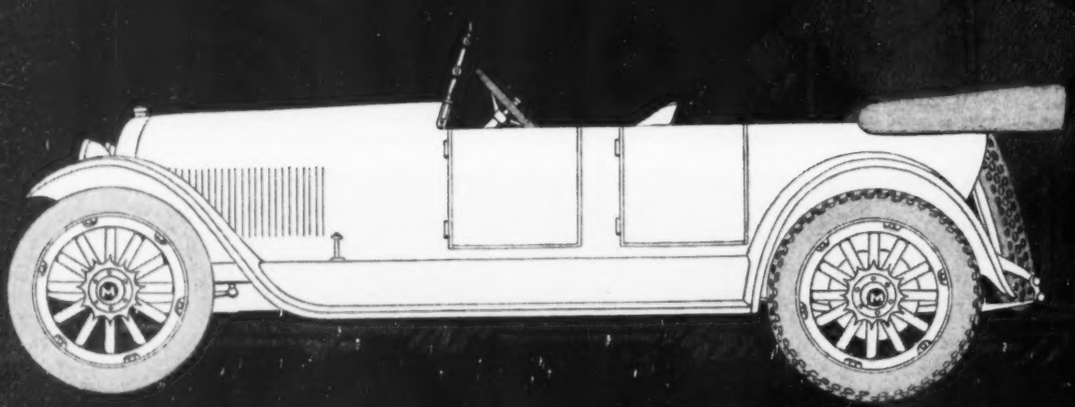
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(Continued from Page 67)

her acknowledgment to you for your stock certificates, which both by business practice and law and the necessities of the financing of the case would be necessary."

"I see," said Mr. Payne, his lower body showing slight uneasiness. "Very well."

"Now then," said Mr. Fisher, "by agreements which I can make I have financed this matter on this basis: She has borrowed your stock in place of previously borrowed stock—she owes you for this. And temporarily of course you have no stock—merely her agreement to deliver. In other words, there is no stock for the present in either of your hands, though neither account is completed or closed on my books.

"This leaves," said Mr. Fisher, going on, "practically $500,000 in assets in my hands free for investment. I consequently, by my plan, take these, form a trust fund under my name and divide at the end of each month or quarter the amounts of income which accrue to it during that time, on the basis of the average price of Agmo, the average profit belonging to each account during the given period."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Payne, now with the voice of one gladly consenting to anything. "Whatever she wishes or you wish will suit me very nicely. But ——" he said, and stopped.

"But what?" inquired Mr. Fisher.

"Is not that somewhat elaborate—your plan?"

And at this question Mr. Fisher laughed heartily.

"Elaborate!" he said. "If you think that is elaborate you should see the others! That plan is simplicity itself to what takes place in most of our great financial and business offices. In Agmo, for instance, imagine what pains, what elaborate pains, must have been taken in the past year in its accounting for the suspended and hidden assets, which have now appeared and are making their mark upon the price of that stock.

"The fact is," continued Mr. Fisher, now dropping the immediate case in point and going on to the general financial conditions in Wall Street and the country—"the fact is that this rapacious Government has driven this country into elaborateness—the elaborateness of self-defense. It has been one of the great problems of this country, upon which the brainiest men have centered their intellectual powers in the past two years—this elaborateness of self-defense which you speak of. The brainiest men, in fact all sane, progressive, patriotic citizens, have determined that American industry should not be penalized and paralyzed. And now, thank God," he said devoutly, "the country at large has quite generally worked out this overhanging, overwhelming problem of the stifling income tax, each man and corporation in its own sphere.

"You do not realize, perhaps," said Mr. Fisher, "not having been in New York so much recently, how far this great problem of the income tax has been worked out by this country at large. Take the greatest class," he said, "in numbers in the country—the farmers of the South and the great West. Of course, naturally, having framed these taxes and having had the administration of them, you would not naturally expect them to pay them themselves. Oh, no, naturally," said Mr. Fisher, "the farmers of course could not be counted on for the payment of any great amount of our income taxes."

"I see," said Mr. Payne, listening attentively.

"After these," continued Mr. Fisher, "in numbers would come perhaps the high-paid mechanics—the so-called workingmen getting from $3000 up to $5000 a year under these new and better wages. These too of course would be expected to pay their income tax in relatively fewer instances, their income naturally not being so accessible in many cases to the tax collector's knowledge, inviting of course less interest and attention than the great fortunes from which it was at first expected to get so much of the income tax.

"But the great fortunes—the great capitalists," explained Mr. Fisher, going on, "have, as is well known, found investments quite largely for their capital which are not subject to tax, thus of course removing one of the greatest sources of the hoped-for revenue."

"I have heard so," admitted Mr. Payne.

"For the corporations," proceeded Mr. Fisher then, "and the business enterprises of considerable size of all kinds, which of course, with the great capitalists, had been expected to furnish the great bulk of this tax, the working out of the problem has been more difficult and a much more elaborate matter. They could and did of course raise prices on their goods to secure a good liberal surplus over the excess-profits taxes for themselves. And then of course in addition to this they would naturally put away as much as possible in hidden assets—profits. And now this wise decision of the United States Supreme Court, coming as it does, clears the air at last and frees these hidden profits for final distribution to their rightful owners—through the stock-dividend decision making stock dividends free from this income tax.

"And so you see," went on Mr. Fisher to Mr. Payne, "the country at large—all kinds of the larger and well-organized interests and classes—has worked out its own problem very well, leaving only one class which has really to suffer from the tax payments—the large and necessarily unorganized middle class, drawing salaries or returns from $2000 up—school-teachers, professors, clerks, salaried persons of all kinds who are unfortunate enough to have to pay their taxes fully and at the same time to help the corporations and business houses pay theirs also by the increased prices which all business is compelled to put on its goods in order to pay the Government's taxes and lay aside its own surplus profits.

"So you see," said Mr. Fisher, drawing back to watch the effect of his thorough analysis of national conditions on Mr. Payne's mind, "the country at large, with the exception of this special class, has now worked out its problems under the income tax very well indeed, just as we ourselves are now engaged in working it out in this instance—in this understanding between you and my daughter.

"And now," said Mr. Fisher, going on with this particular business again, "there is one more thing about this agreement: In case of the death ——"

"Death!" interrupted Mr. Payne, reddening suddenly.

"—— of my daughter ——" said Mr. Fisher, and paused.

"Your daughter!" cried Mr. Payne finally. "I hope—I hope there is nothing ——"

"She isn't well," said Mr. Fisher, waving his glasses a little sadly, "of course. She isn't so well as we might have hoped since that affair—this disagreement between you, this insult which she feels you have put upon her."

"Insult!" exclaimed Mr. Payne.

"Certainly. Why not?" inquired Mr. Fisher, trying to speak fairly and judiciously. "Why not, if you look at it broadly?"

"Insult!" repeated Mr. Payne, and stopped, swallowing quite openly. "Tell me," he said in the voice of one able to wait no longer, "how is she? Is she dangerously ill?"

"No more perhaps than might be expected," said Mr. Fisher. "She has lost perhaps five pounds in weight. We are thinking of sending her to Florida before long.

"Of course," he said, "I can see how you both feel. But I have felt for some time that if you could only get together in some way; if you could only effect a compromise in this matter—a compromise—a compromise is the thing always," commented Mr. Fisher reflectively, "in all business of any consequence. And if you would only consent to see her and discuss ——"

"Consent to see her!" cried Mr. Payne. "Consent to see her! I cannot see her. She will not see me. She has stated so over and over again."

"It is possible," replied Mr. Fisher thoughtfully—"possible that I could arrange it so you might see her."

"Not with her consent," said Mr. Payne. "I know that too well now."

"Well, without it then," returned Mr. Fisher. "Would you—could you arrange to drop in here at, say, four o'clock this afternoon?"

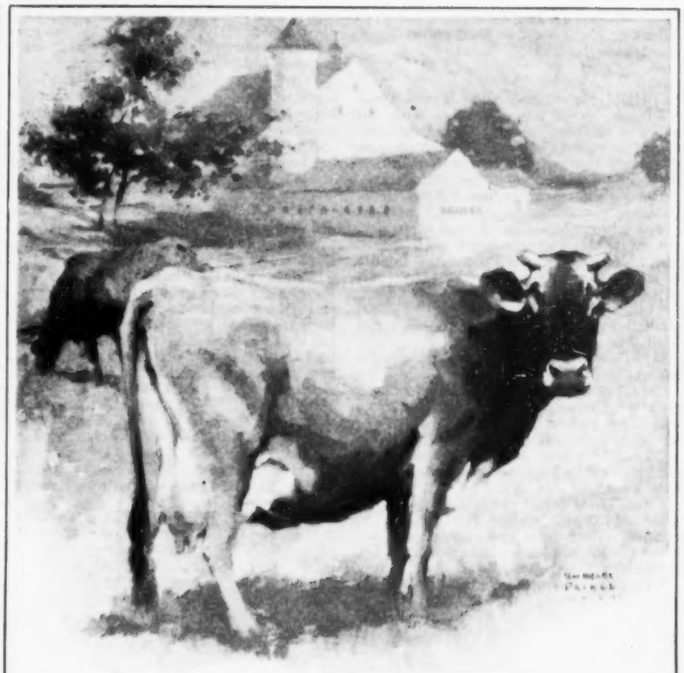
"Why, certainly!" answered Mr. Payne.

"I think, if so," said Mr. Fisher—"if so I could get her in here."

"To meet me?" cried Mr. Payne eagerly.

"Not to her knowledge, you understand," said Mr. Fisher, "but upon some pretext or other. And then you yourself could happen in—to see me. The office of course at that time of day would probably be empty, I myself going out. She would naturally be in my private room alone."

Mr. Payne quite clearly while Mr. Fisher was speaking was the prey to active internal emotional struggle.



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"I'll do it!" he said at once. "I'll do it if I may. For I must at least see with my own eyes if she is really ill."

IX

WHEN Mr. Payne came in the great busy room was deserted, with no traces of its keen, active-minded inhabitants of an hour before except the fragrance of extinct cigars. The great high stock board and the ticking of the office clock, showing almost exactly four o'clock, dominated a menacing silence which seemed completely untenanted. It was so still, in fact, that Mr. Payne's heart sank within him. Nevertheless, he turned the handle of a glass door marked "Private" and walked in.

"Billikins!" said a voice which he could not fail to recognize. "So you've come finally?"

Mr. Payne stood for a moment speechless in the doorway.

"No," he said hoarsely then, and like a flash she turned. She was very pale, he saw—very pale and thin. And yet, he observed, she wore an entirely new hat.

"You!" she said, and rose with a flare of sudden color to her cheeks. "You here in New York!"

"Yes," said Mr. Payne.

He was deeply chilled by the growing coldness of her voice and manner, her obvious resentment at his being even in the same city.

"Yes," he said again, "I felt that I must see you."

"Haven't I told you—shown you sufficiently," she inquired coldly, "that I never wished to see your face again?"

And now he saw that all was over—that there was no possibility of reëstablishing relations between them; and immediately his courage came back to him, that despairing courage—the desperate theoretical courage of the Bostonian, the New Englander, in the lost cause, in the forlorn hope; the same courage that he felt in that shell hole in the Argonne.

"You are right," he said, seeing that all was lost but going on because he knew he should on principle. "I realize that I was all at fault, always. But I want to say so directly before I leave you finally."

And at this Miss Fisher, he saw, sat down again rather suddenly by the side of the miniature directors' table of her father. He could not help but realize then how frail and young and pale and inexperienced she was.

"I know," he said, "that you are anxious that I go and leave you. Your father," he continued in her silence, "has no doubt told you the arrangement he has made concerning that matter in dispute between us."

She made no response to this one way or the other, sitting looking at him very pale and cold, with a face full of scornful expressionlessness.

"He will, if he has not already," continued Mr. Payne. "I think you will be satisfied. I hope you will be; and if you are not it will be very easy to have you so. Whatever you wish," Mr. Payne assured her, "will be done exactly. For you have more brains and worth and value," he told her suddenly, "in your little finger than I have in my whole body.

"But that," continued Mr. Payne, "is not what I want to talk about—what I must take up—in the few moments I have before I go finally—for the last time."

And he stopped, for it seemed to him he heard a faint smothered ejaculation from her lips.

"I could not go," he said. "I could not stultify myself by going without telling you ——" he said, and stopped.

"What?" asked Miss Fisher finally from beside him, seated at the side of the miniature directors' table.

"What—of everything you have meant to me; everything that was frank and fine and girlish and inexperienced," said Mr. Payne.

"Oh!" cried Miss Fisher.

"But now of course," said Mr. Payne, "I realize that what I hoped is not to be."

"Oh!" said Miss Fisher again, more loudly.

"I angered you," went on Mr. Payne after a moment's waiting. "You felt that I insulted you. I can—can see you cannot forgive me. But I want you to realize in after years ——" he said, and stopped.

"Oh! Oh!" Miss Fisher was crying again.

"But I want you to realize," Mr. Payne continued after a further break, "that in one thing—one only—you were wrong; that whatever I did—whatever I said—I did inadvertently, on what I thought was principle—on principle," he said, and stopped suddenly, much agitated.

"Oh! Oh!" said Miss Fisher, and with a cry of sudden anguish threw her upper body face downward upon the miniature directors' table.

Mr. Payne of Boston and Montana, hearing her, sprang to her side.

"What is it?" he asked in genuine alarm. "What is it? Shall I send for someone?"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Fisher again, but did not answer him directly; merely lay there face downward, shaken by an excess of pain and grief.

"What is it? What is it?" cried Mr. Payne, still more genuinely alarmed and, seating himself beside her, drew lightly at her shoulder to attract her attention. He felt that he had never touched anything so frail and helpless, so priceless and so fragile. She yielded only slightly to his gentle insistence.

"What is it?" he said, exerting just a little more strength to see her face.

"Don't!" she said, still hiding it.

"What is it? What is it?" reiterated Mr. Payne. And suddenly again her paroxysms of pain and grief, or whatever it might be, returned to her.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Deborah Fisher, her face hopelessly concealed from him by her arms, and stamped with her small foot in the intensity of her emotions.

"What—what is it?" cried Mr. Payne, coming closer and closer in his anxiety to relieve her. "What is it?" he exclaimed, and now, gently pulling at her arm, almost uncovered her face. "What is it?"

"Oh! Oh!" she said, answering at last, when he could almost see her face. "Darn a Bostonian!"

"Why?" asked Mr. Payne defensively, pulling at her shoulder, behind which her face had again disappeared. "Why? Why should you say that?" he cried to her now, now pulling gently but more firmly at her arm. "Why do you say that?"

"They aren't human! They aren't human, that's why!" she cried.

"Oh, no, don't say that! Don't say that!" said Mr. Payne anxiously, still drawing respectfully but insistently at her shoulder. And all of a sudden he felt his hand come into contact with a very warm, smooth, tear-stained cheek. "Don't say that! Don't say that! That isn't so! That isn't so! That isn't so!" cried Mr. Payne with a sudden outpouring of thick and hasty speech at the end of which he found himself, to his intense surprise, face downward upon the miniature directors' table with the contact of a warm, smooth, tear-stained face against his own right cheek.

"It isn't so!" repeated Mr. Payne firmly after a few moments, and he now found his right hand vigorously patting the small shoulder farther from him as they still sat side by side, face downward upon the miniature directors' table.

"Do you really mean it?" said Miss Fisher, finally consenting to look up. And he saw with delight the fascinating angle which her new hat made where it tipped slightly over her left eye.

"Will you do anything I say?" she asked him then with a frank, wet glance. "About anything I say?"

"Anything! Anything!" promised Mr. Payne.

"About that money?"

"Anything!" Mr. Payne reasserted. "Anything you say."

"I thought you would. I thought you would be sensible," she said, "when we talked it over."

"Then—then you know about it—our plan?" said Mr. Payne, somewhat surprised.

"Oh, yes, I thought it out myself," she said quite calmly—"almost everything—just how we could do it. And it's a great comfort to know, too, about everything, isn't it?" she continued.

"What is?" asked Mr. Payne happily.

"That it will be all—all ours; that that confounded grasping old Government won't have to get a cent of it so long as we live and are happy together."

And suddenly, very frankly, she kissed him on the end of his nose.

"How cold your hands are!" she said then. "My!"

It came to Mr. Payne, sitting there with her, how little in the past he had appreciated woman—all her deeper powers, her deeper principles of action. No one, it seemed to him, of all those who had expressed themselves on her in prose or rime had ever done justice to woman as she really was—to her sagacity, her foresight, the real grasp of fundamentals in which her mind so much surpasses the often more showy intelligence of the male; to that something, that deep, underlying, intangible something in feminine nature which stands and will always stand as surety for the permanence of purpose and achievement in both the individual and the race.

(THE END)

Civil Service

February 10, 1920.

Editor, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia.

Sir: You were good enough to send the Commission on January 16 a letter from Mr. Arthur Bullard, of 1228 Seventeenth Street, Washington, the author of an article appearing in your issue of December 27 under the title of "Dollar-a-Year Men on Politics," concerning which the Commission wrote you on January 3. The Commission finds Mr. Bullard's letter very interesting.

As was pointed out in letter of January 3 to you, two of the principal criticisms found in the article were, first, that promotions within the service were made according to seniority, and, second, that a cabinet officer cannot remove a civil-service employee. Mr. Bullard in his article quoted certain dollar-a-year men as saying with regard to seniority, "Appointment on the basis of competitive examinations, permanent tenure of office, promotion by rote, the seniority rule." In his letter Mr. Bullard says, "Of course, there is not a hard and fast adherence to the seniority rule. The boy who is taken in as messenger does not go up by rote."

In his article he quoted someone as saying with reference to cabinet officers, "His relation to his subordinates is just as grotesque. He cannot discharge them—they are protected by civil service—and so has no real control over them." Mr. Bullard in his letter says, "It is true that the appointment officer can remove appointees 'for cause.'" We are glad to have Mr. Bullard add his testimony to our own that the statements appearing in the article in question were not correct. No one claims that the Government service or the civil-service system is perfect, and so far as the Commission is concerned it has always been its policy to welcome constructive criticism, but it quite naturally objects to statements concerning the service which are manifestly not in accordance with the facts.

It will serve no purpose to enter into a discussion of the statements made in Mr. Bullard's letter. The Commission cannot refrain from pointing out, however, that many of the superior positions in the government service are filled through competition instead of political appointment, though we agree that the service would be improved if more of them were.

It is our opinion, whatever may be said to the contrary, that generally methods of selecting employees followed by business concerns are far less satisfactory than the Government's method, and that many concerns succeed not because of these methods but in spite of them.

In recent years the larger corporations have given greater attention to this problem, with the result that many have adopted systems of selection quite similar to the Government's; and contrary to Mr. Bullard's view, many personnel managers of these larger corporations seek suggestions and advice from this Commission and invite the Commission to send representatives to their conventions for conference with them.

By direction of the Commission:
Very respectfully,
(Signed) MARTIN A. MORRISON, President.

WASHINGTON, D. C.
March 13, 1920.

Editor, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dear Sir: Your letter of March ninth at hand. Early in January you sent me a copy of Mr. Morrison's letter, to which I replied on the twelfth.

Most of the business men who volunteered for war work here in Washington did not, in all probability, read the law which Mr. Morrison quotes. They were faced by a condition, not a theory. The experience they had here during the war did not give them the impression that the Civil Service regulations were perfect, nor even so good as the personnel work of the businesses with which they were familiar. None of them, as far as I know, have given up their former practice to copy the Civil Service regulations.

The reason which business men give in favor of the ordinary business practice as against the Civil Service regulations is the superior elasticity of the former. They find it easier to move men about, to give rapid promotion to exceptional talent, to get rid of the listless and inefficient.

Of course, there is not a hard and fast adherence to the seniority rule. The boy who is taken in as a messenger does not go up by rote. Some youngsters by very marked ability do go ahead a short way quite rapidly, but on the whole the adherence to the seniority rule is very much closer in Government than in private business. The young people in the Civil Service—just like the West Point graduate in peacetimes—can figure out the average mortality among their superiors and make a fairly reliable chart of the dates of their future promotions.

The young man in Civil Service has no real hope of ever working up to the top. The chief jobs are political appointments. For instance, in the Diplomatic Service the top rung of the ladder is "Counsellor of Embassy." Ambassadors and Ministers, with very few exceptions, are chosen from outside the Service. The esprit of the whole Civil Service would be immensely improved if these higher positions were incorporated in the classified lists, but until this is done the civil servant will lack the incentive which the employee of private business has from the knowledge that hard work and high ability may lead to membership in the firm.

It is equally true that the business man coming to Washington for war work was deeply impressed by the lack of real control over Civil Service employees similar to what he was accustomed to in his own affairs. I have read carefully the regulations forwarded by Mr. Morrison. In spite of the letter of the law, the present practice is generally a reaction—a very laudable and necessary reaction—from the old spoils system, where the tenure of office in Government service was dependent on campaign contributions. In an effort to protect the employees from the danger of discharge because of politics, safeguards were contrived which, when compared with the appointment practice successful in efficient business, seem too rigid to men who were used to choosing, promoting and firing their staff under the pressure of making their enterprises earn profits.

A careful report on the subject was prepared by the Food Administration, and as a result a special exemption was made for them, allowing them more latitude in employment than in the regular Government bureaus.

It is not only business men who bring such criticism against the Civil Service. The Honorable Franklin K. Lane, in his letter to the President, on leaving the Department of the Interior, expressed the same criticism in somewhat different words.

None of the dollar-a-year men with whom I talked while gathering material for my article wished to minimize the tremendous good which the Civil Service reform has rendered. The old spoils system is well dead, and it is an achievement of which the Civil Service Commission may be very proud that the day is past when campaign managers go through the Washington bureaus with their subscription blanks and force contributions from all government employees.

We are going to have some Civil Service regulations. Return to the old spoils system is unthinkable. The Civil Service Commission will, in my opinion, best serve its purpose if it keeps an open ear for all honest criticism. Their work has been good—infinitely better than the old system. It is very generally highly appreciated by everyone who knows anything about it, but it is not yet as efficient as the personnel work of half a dozen large corporations.

It is even doubtful if we have succeeded in building up as efficient and effective a Civil Service as has been done in other countries—for instance, Switzerland. The only thing which could stop the steady improvement of our Civil Service would be a satisfied attitude that it is already perfect and too sacred for criticism. Cordially,

ARTHUR BULLARD.

Bon Ami

keeps white shoes white



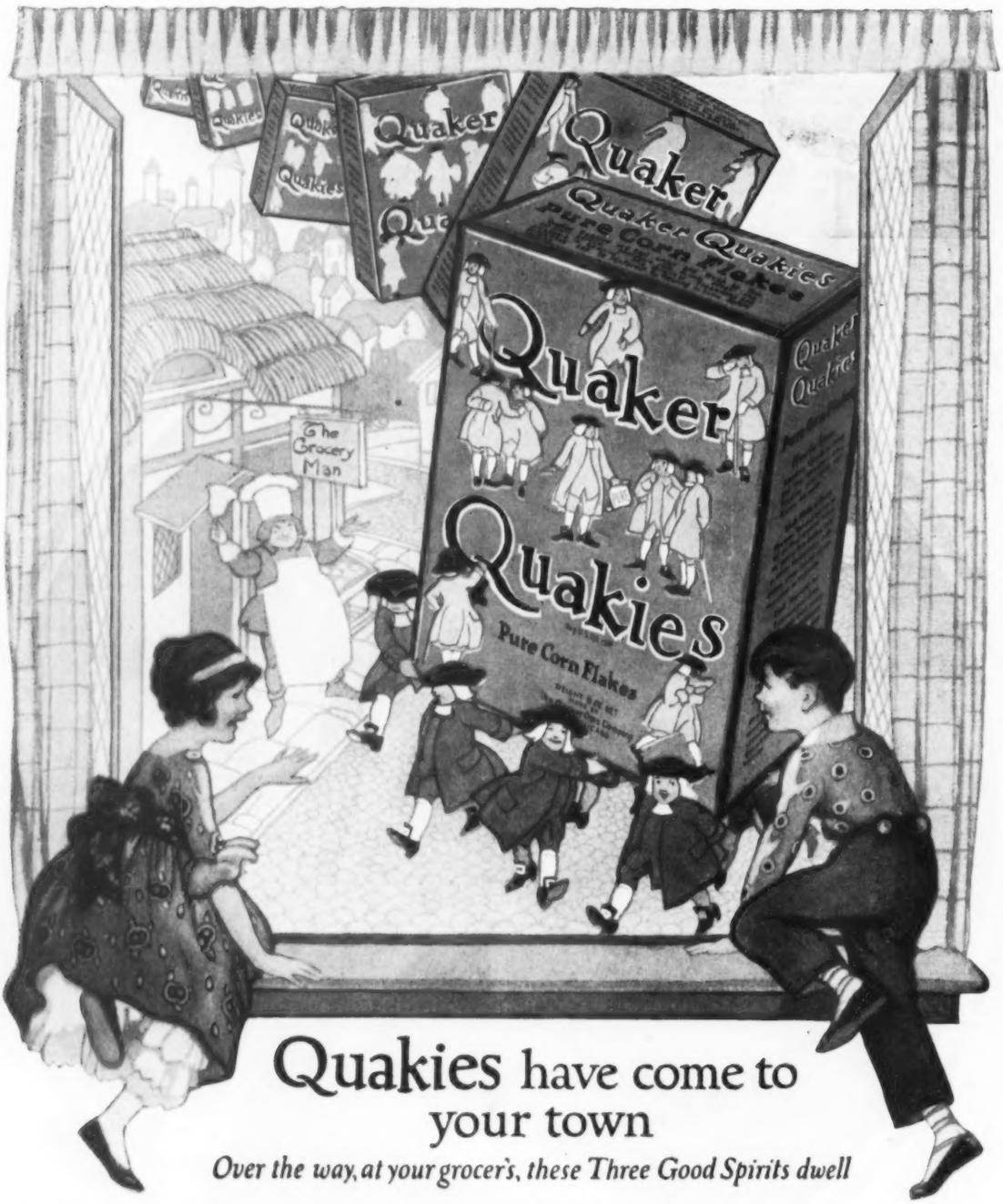
GRASS stains, mud stains, dampness stains—they all come right off my white shoes at a touch of Bon Ami. It does not paint a temporary layer of white over a layer of grime as some shoe whiteners do; but it uncovers the *original* white and makes the shoes look like new again. (You don't need any shoe whitener until the original white is actually worn through; and even then you should clean the shoes with Bon Ami first to give the whitener a clean foundation, permitting a thin coating to avoid the flaky filled-up look!)

You can use either the cake or powder form of Bon Ami. Avoid too much water—don't sop the shoes. Shoe trees are helpful. Use Bon Ami for white canvas, cloth and all white leathers except kid.

Made in both cake and powder form

"Hasn't scratched yet"





Quakies have come to your town

Over the way, at your grocer's, these Three Good Spirits dwell

Dear boys and girls: You know, what grown-ups sometimes forget, that everywhere about us live Good Spirits, Elves and Pixies.

This is the story of Three Good Spirits that live in a box of corn flakes—a fairy box of a new kind of flakes, like those shown in the picture. Listen while we tell it.

Long, long ago when the Quakers first came to America the cruel winter came upon them and caught them without food.

Then the Indians, whom the Quakers had befriended, brought them corn to stay their hunger. And this is the story the Indians told the Quakers when they taught them why the corn was good.

In the corn, the Indians said, the Great Spirit had caused to dwell the Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—the Spirit of Strength, the Spirit of Courage, and the Spirit of Truth.

And unto him who ate the corn entered these Three Good Spirits, and he became strong and brave and true.

Now we bring them to you

Now we have caught for you these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth—caught them in fairy flakes of corn.

We have named these fairy flakes the Quaker Quakies.

The warm spring rains have sweetened them as they do the maple tree; the summer suns have colored them a golden brown; and the autumn winds have crisped them to a new deliciousness.

Now the Quakies have come to your town, and just over the way at your grocer's these Three Good Spirits dwell.

And when mother fills your bowl with Quaker Quakies tomorrow morning you, too, like the little Quaker and Indian boys and girls, can become strong and brave and true from these Three Good Spirits of Beautiful Youth. The Quaker Oats Company, 1056 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

The Quaker Oats Company

THE ROMANCE OF TOMÁS DOZAL

(Continued from Page 4)

Instead of curing him of his passion the affair only served to excite it to a hotter flame. The first time he could walk, his shaking legs carried him past the house of Ynez Jimínez in the hope that he might obtain a glimpse of her. But Antonia was too angry with him even to reward his vigil by carelessly moving past her window, and poor Gonzales returned home in a distressful state.

There were other suitors too. No girl in all that region could hold a candle to Antonia for beauty and vivacity of spirit. It was well known, moreover, that the old man had been careful and saving, so that a handsome sum might be expected to go with the daughter. Consequently all the youths round there set about winning her favorable consideration.

Months went by and then on a night Pablo Urbina swooped upon Mezquital with myself and two thousand men. The garrison was taken by surprise. Many of them were partially stupefied by the poisonous drink known as sotol and were dancing with their women to the tune of La Cucaracha when they heard our thundering shouts of "*Viva Urbina!*" The wretches rushed pell-mell into the streets with their frantic females clinging to them, and terrible scenes ensued.

The night was extremely dark and cloudy. A mild wind kissed the blossoms, scattering their fragrance and scents, chatting faintly with the sighing leaves of the trees, indifferent witnesses of the tragedy. By goodness, sir, we drove them headlong before us so that they could never rally. There were no superior officers on hand to lead them or direct their fighting; the commander was asleep when the alarm sounded, and he fled out of the city in his underclothes on a burro. We were in undisputed possession of Mezquital before dawn, with seven hundred persons, five cannon and twenty machine guns.

Awakened by the firing and the screams of the neighbors Antonia jumped out of bed at the first onset and dressed. Just in time! Hardly had she got her clothes on than there came a big thump on the front door and a harsh voice commanded—"Open! Open up!"

Toñita shook in her little shoes, sir. What fate lay in store for her, there behind that frail barrier? She knew well what a captured city had to expect from the outlaws, and she shuddered.

The marauder on the outside continued to shout, emphasizing his orders by pounding with the butt of a rifle against the wood, and at last the Señor Jimínez decided he must admit him. He went to the door all atremble and opened it about half an inch.

"What do you want?" he quavered. "We are peaceful folk here who have never harmed anybody. Only my old wife and myself are in the house, Excellency, and we have nothing worthy of your trouble."

But the soldier was not to be put off in that manner. He stuck his foot inside the door, pushed it wide open, and paying no attention whatsoever to Ynez Jimínez, strode straight toward Antonia's room.

"Hi! Wait a minute!" begged the agonized father. "You cannot get in there. Oh, my poor Antonia! She's lost."

His daughter heard him, but she had also heard the footfall of the bold soldier; and suddenly her door was flung back and she stood revealed in the lamplight.

"Tomás!" she cried.

"Toñita! Toñita!"

The lovers rushed into each other's arms. They embraced, shedding tears of joy. By goodness, was it not beautiful, sir?

"But how—did you—get here?" panted the lovely girl when she could catch her breath because of the so terrible force with which this Dozal hugged her.

"I have captured the city," explained Tomás proudly.

"What? You? Alone? Or are you in command of this army whose shouts I hear?"

"Well, not exactly that," Dozal answered, very slow to admit it. "A man named Urbina is the general just now. But I am a sergeant and the best fighter in the whole bunch."

Well, sir, the old man was quite as glad to see Tomás as his daughter could be. It meant protection and safety for his home. He wept as he patted the honest fellow's back, the while Toñita caressed him with her nice violet eyes.

"And you will never run away from me again?" she asked with passion.

"Never! We will never part, I and you. I swear it."

Neither she nor her father dreamed of what was in his mind when he uttered these fateful words. However, they learned before the day was out, for at noon Pablo Urbina sent for me and said—"Get together all we can carry with us, Don Darío. The rascally Murguia is coming up from the south with four thousand seasoned troops, and we must beat it quick. This place is easy to take, but hard to hold."

Accordingly I took a bunch of picked men and made the rounds of all the shops and residences named in the list my general gave to me. We collected a huge amount of booty, consisting of grain and food and merchandise of the better sort; also jewelry and household things that could be converted into money.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we were all set to go, and Tomás presented himself at the house of the Señor Jimínez leading a sleek gray mule he had appropriated from the stable of the father of Miguel Gonzales. He had been drinking beer and he gazed about him like a *jefe*.

"Where are you bound?" asked Señora Jimínez.

"We leave for the north in an hour."

"But what is to become of me?" Antonia wailed. "You promised we would never be separated again."

This Dozal looked at her and answered very importantly—"And I intend to keep my promise. Get ready to go with me. This mule is for you. See how gentle he is and how easy is his gait."

The doting parents were now almost beside themselves. "What! Take her from us? And with the army? You are mad, Dozal! She is only a child. Think what you are doing. Think what danger ——" They raised more noise than a bunch of parrots, sir. So Tomás bent his brows on them, thereby acquiring a more fiery countenance.

"Peace, old crow," he cried to the father. "She belongs to me. When I was poor and in distress you repulsed me from this house with beatings and harsh words. And now I come as a conqueror to claim my own. You see before you a man of humble birth and no education, but a man of heart and indomitable will. I will not tolerate to be given orders by no one on earth. What do I care about the dreaded future? Not any! Power! Power shall be mine! Hustle and get your clothes, girl."

This Dozal had certainly drunk too much beer, in my opinion. What do you think, sir?

"Yes. I will be the factotum of this entire state some day—perhaps of the world some other time. So hear me: Listen to the words of one who is going far from here and may never return, but who bears in his soul truth and honesty. I will take good care of your fair Antonia. She shall be a fine lady when we have swept this scum off the earth. That's the kind of a guy I am."

By goodness, what do you know about that! The weeping mother standing there before him, wringing her hands as she saw her beloved child about to be torn from her arms—the distressed father, divided between his love and his fears. The spectacle moved Tomás Dozal not at all. He sat at ease on his horse, watching them and perspiring comfortably.

"Go get your things, Toñita," he commanded. "I have got to beat it. We leave in a few minutes and this guy Urbina does not wait for nobody."

And little Antonia, sir, never hesitated. She ran swiftly into her bedroom and rolled some clothes into a bundle. Then out she came, carrying it and a broken doll in her slim arms, and Tomás helped her to get up on the mule.

"What's this?" pointing to the doll.

"Mine." She turned all red, Toñita did. "Let me keep her. I can never give her up."

The sergeant made no reply, but motioned to the distressed father to let go of the mule's bridle and get out of the way.

"My child! My child! Give me back my child!" shrieked Señora Jimínez.

But this Dozal, sir, paid no attention. He started dragging the mule along by the reins before the fond parents had half finished caressing their lost lamb. Antonia did not cry out, nor forbid it. No; she settled herself in the saddle, tucked the doll in the hollow of one arm, and wiped away the tears that were streaking her face.

"Now you are *mi jefe*, Tomás," she said gayly, yet with a sort of a sob in her voice.

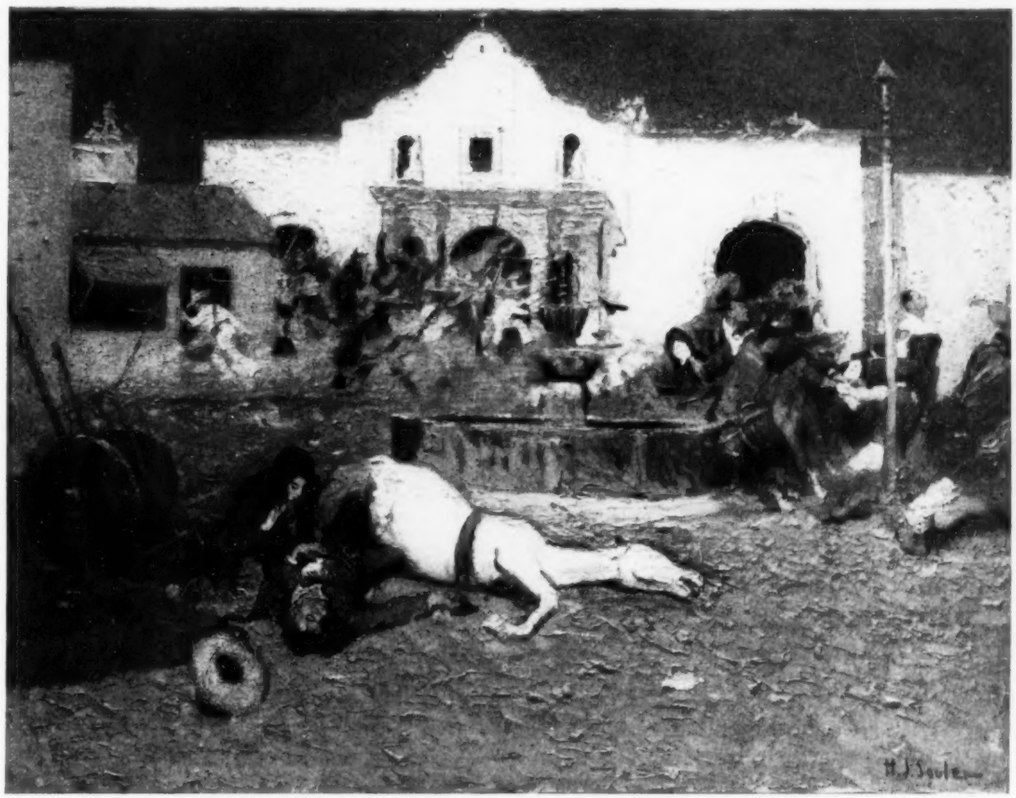
"Sure," replied the sergeant, swelling up like a rooster; "I'm the boss."

So Antonia went with Tomás and the army, and became a camp follower. How is that for devotion, sir? She cooked for Dozal, and washed his clothes now and again when they really needed it, and mended them also. And on the march Toñita trudged along with the other women when we were in adversity and did not have railroad trains. She carried all her own belongings and most of this Dozal's, too, for Tomás was only a sergeant and no sooner did Pablo Urbina clap eyes on the mule she rode than he formed the opinion that the beast would make an excellent pack animal for ammunition. Therefore, Antonia had to walk.

The girl did not complain. She soon lost a good deal of her prettiness, what with the hard work, sir, and carrying very heavy loads for miles and miles; but the other women were doing it, so why not she?

We had about nine hundred women with our column, for women play an important part in every campaign in Mexico. They form one of the most valuable branches of any force. Why, sir, if thrown on his own resources I doubt if the Mexican soldier could get along. Our system is this: Each soldier is supposed to cook for himself, do his own washing, and feed himself when in the towns. We have no commissary, as you understand it. If the army is in luck the soldiers receive flour and grain. However, frijoles are his mainstay and he eats them with *tortillas*. The women attend to all this work in order that their men may be of tranquil mind and free for the fighting.

Yes; the women are the slum carts, and they are often also the chief means of transport for supplies. On the march they can shame most men. When an army is about



And, by Goodness, We Did It! We Fell Upon Those Devils and Scattered Them Like Chaff



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to start for a new camp the women hit straight across country, walking day and night and carrying bedding, pots, food, children and all their worldly possessions. Often it means a march of thirty miles, but by the time the tired soldiers get there the fires are going and the beans are at the boil.

Sir, our women are always beside us to help. Afoot, over the highest mountains, taking routes where no water can be found—earthen pots on their backs or in their hands, a pan for baking *tortillas*, a tin of water, bedding, and clothes on their heads, children toddling at their heels or clinging at their skirts—they toil along to keep up with and aid the soldiers. Often have I seen one give birth on the march, when no medical assistance was possible; and several times, during disastrous retreats, we have left a trail of dead women and horses. They are ignorant and dirty—yes—and they quarrel over their men and pull hair, but, by goodness, sir, I salute them!

Now, little Antonia was a dandy cook, having been carefully raised by her mother, and Tomás received so many compliments on his wife that he grew surly at last and several fights took place, for he was of a mean and selfish nature. But Toñita never gave him cause for jealousy any more. Perhaps the affair with Miguel Gonzales had taught her a lesson. What is your opinion?

It was a brave sight to see Antonia and the other women when General Urbina captured some trains and the camp followers were able to travel like grand ladies. We loaded as many as fifty into one freight car, but they did not appear to mind a little crowding. When there was not room enough inside they rode on top. Antonia grew very expert at this. She could sleep peacefully over the roughest roadbed, and rolled off only once. That happened when the train came to a sudden stop at a burned-out bridge, so she was not left behind; yet Dozal reproached her.

"You must be more careful," he said crossly. "For if you should fall off and be killed I would have nobody to cook for me." And Antonia promised that she would be on her guard in the future.

They cooked the meals right on the floor of the car, over a fire of charcoal or chips. By spreading sand they prevented the flames eating through the boards, but often the air grew so blue with smoke that Antonia could not see her hand in front of her nose and everybody coughed a great deal. Which was quite different to the comfort of her home in Mezquital, sir; but Antonia was happy and sang as they bumped along or as she washed the shirt of Tomás Dozal on the rocks in the river. For was she not with the man she loved?

She was proud of Tomás too. He was very plucky; yes. Whenever Pablo Urbina asked for volunteers to scout out a dangerous position or blow up a house with dynamite under enemy fire or throw some bombs into the midst of the Federals, up stepped Dozal.

"I'm the bravest one in the whole bunch, *mi general*," he would bellow, "let me go."

By reason of this fearless spirit and because he worked very hard also, the general promoted him to be a lieutenant. Antonia was the proudest woman in Mexico that day. She had a fight with the wife of Rafael Fraustro, because the wife of Rafael Fraustro laughed a nasty laugh when she went by with some new clothes Tomás had looted at the capture of a passenger train.

His specialty was roping machine guns. That was what this Tomás liked best of all to do, sir. You think it cannot be done? Well, Tomás Dozal did it, not once but a dozen times.

However, he tried it once too often for his own good. That was in the battle we had with Murguia's forces at the beautiful plantation known as La Loma. The enemy held the church and had sharpshooters on the roofs of all the houses, but what caused the most havoc in our attacking column was a machine gun placed in front of the church, which commanded the street up which we had to advance.

They raked us cruelly with this weapon so that we were driven back to take shelter. Every attack we attempted was broken up, until Pablo Urbina fell into a rage and shouted: "What? Do I have to lead you myself? Come on, then! Follow me!"

At this moment Tomás Dozal spurred forward and saluted.

"I will put that gun out of business, *mi general*," he cried at the top of his lungs.

"Good! Here's a man of my own kidney. How many will you need for the job?"

This Tomás laughed. Yes; he laughed out loud right in the face of Pablo Urbina.

"Keep your toy soldiers, general," he said; "I can do this little job myself."

"Is the man crazy?" retorted Urbina. "Now I am more than ever convinced this *hombre* uses *marihuana*."

"See for yourself." And Tomás Dozal dashed off, sir, coiling his fifty-foot rawhide. We lost sight of him for a few minutes and some of the officers began to laugh, thinking it was all a big bluff, but they soon had to laugh on the other side of their mouths. By goodness, yes! For Tomás darted suddenly out of the lane that ran beside the church, and into the square where the machine gun was.

"*Viva Urbina!*" he yelled, his rope circling his head in wide loops. Whish! The noose sped toward the machine gun, sir, and fell fairly over it. Then this Dozal dug the spurs into his horse and dragged that weapon clean away from the rascals who were operating it. A rain of rifle bullets greeted him; and next thing we knew, Dozal was down. He was down on the ground with his horse heaving and lashing out with its heels in the death agony.

I looked toward Pablo Urbina, who seemed to be measuring the distance between our forces and the church; but as he hesitated a woman ran out of the very lane from which Dozal had himself emerged and sped to where he lay. Her hair was down and streamed in the breeze. It was Antonia, sir. How she got there I cannot say; but there she was racing against death toward her lover.

Not a glance did she give to the enemy soldiers sweatily reloading their rifles at the church door and fumbling in their haste; not a thought for the sharpshooters on the roofs, whose weapons were crackling from every side. I do not think Antonia even saw the spurts of dust that flew up all around her as she ran. The only object her eyes beheld was the still form of her man there under his horse. She reached the spot at last and threw herself on top of him, offering her young body against the falling bullets. And the dear God reached out his hand, sir, to turn them aside. Yes; how else could it have been? For Antonia escaped without a scratch.

Now mark what happened. The instant Pablo Urbina espied the girl his face lighted up and he gripped the mane of his horse. The moment to strike had come and, born leader that he was, Urbina knew it. He stood up in the stirrups.

"Charge! Conquer or die, boys! Let's make a whirlpool of brothers and enemies."

And, by goodness, we did it! We fell upon those devils and scattered them like chaff. We killed over one hundred of same very dead. Then Pablo Urbina came riding back to where Antonia knelt beside her lover.

"Are you hurt?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Excellency. But Tomás is dead. Oh, he is dead!"

"Nonsense! Do not talk foolishness, child. They could not kill Dozal. The beloved Ruler of the Universe takes care of fools. Besides, a pretty girl like you should not spoil your eyes by weeping. There's just as good men left alive."

He spoke no more than the truth, sir, but I think that Urbina erred in mentioning the fact, do you not? For it could not be denied that Tomás Dozal had served him well that day. Perhaps, only for him, we would have suffered a defeat.

However, Antonia did not resent his words. She paid no further attention to General Urbina, but continued to stanch Dozal's wounds with a piece of cloth torn from her waist.

And this Tomás was not killed at all. He had been hit in five places, but none of them was fatal and his strength was such that he was on the road to recovery within a month.

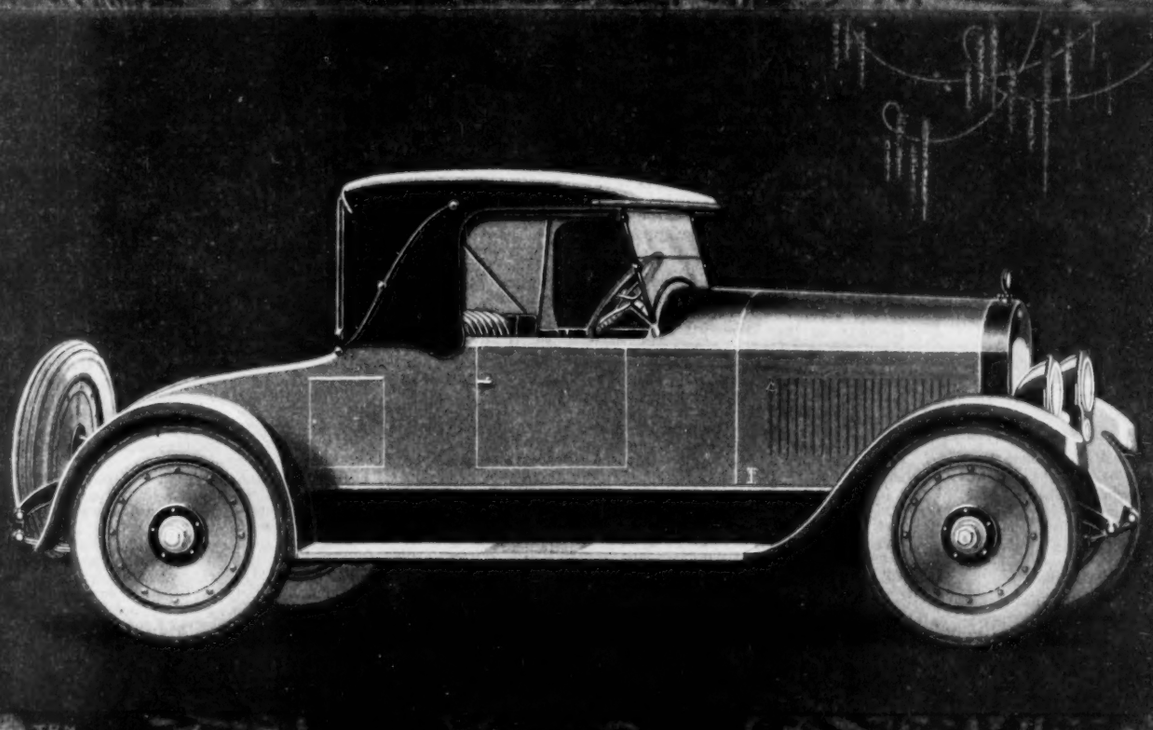
For this feat Pablo Urbina promoted him to be a colonel and gave him a separate command of six hundred men and the town of Saucito and all the surrounding region. Then he moved on with his army to more important things. And Dozal became a *jefe* and lorded it over miles of country.

However, the change in his circumstances wrought only evil, sir, which is frequently the case. The majority of men can behave respectably while poor and humble, since they cannot well do otherwise; but the mettle of a man is tested when prosperity and power are given unto him.

Control of a district and its population seemed to turn the head of Tomás Dozal.

(Continued on Page 76)

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PLAYERPHONE TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 74)

Surely it must have been that, for common gratitude would have bound him to Pablo Urbina, who had raised him from the dust to power. Whatever the matter was, it is a fact that he was no sooner up on his feet and able to bully his officers than he began to act as though he was the factotum of the whole state, and to conspire secretly against the leadership of General Urbina.

However, Dozal was very popular with the soldiers under him. The ignorant *pelados* looked up to him almost as a god because of the contempt for danger he showed. Yes; Tomás was a very lion of the mountains. Also, he had taken a leaf from the book of Pablo Urbina and always saw to it that his men were well fed and got their pay as regularly as Dozal could raise the money. He was not like those chieftains—and a lot of Federal generals, sir—who turn over pay for the soldiery to officers under them and never bother to find out where it goes. There are many scoundrels in the world; by goodness, yes; and I grieve to say that in every Mexican army it is customary for the officers who handle the money to appropriate a considerable portion of it to their own use, putting off with fine promises the poor wretches who do the fighting. The result is disaffection and disloyalty. Often, right in the midst of a battle, I have seen a whole command desert the Federal flag to ally themselves with us.

This Dozal understood very well indeed the nature of his roughnecks. He knew the way to their hearts and how to keep them loyal to him. Many a time has he entered country taverns where they were celebrating a victory to scatter money to his followers.

"Merry days, boys! What do you all need? Let it be known for once and always that for the striving bunch there will ever be plenty of dough. Never forget to observe the everlasting practice of the wise—namely, to provide for oneself with your neighbors' belongings. Now, let the music hit up La Cucaracha and, dear *muchachitos*, shake your hooves, cough your lungs out, and keep along with the tune."

"Bravo! Bravo!"

By goodness, what do you know about that! It is a sad admission to make, but it is a fact, that his ideas are popular among most of the revolutionaries in my distressed country.

With the growth of his power, relations between Tomás and Antonia soon became strained. The colonel was very ambitious to have a son to whom he might pass along the possessions he was rapidly accumulating, but Antonia presented him with no children whatsoever, sir, neither son nor daughter. Being of an outspoken and surly temperament, Dozal did not hesitate to reproach her on this point, and many unpleasant scenes took place.

Also, Toñita was very jealous. Her own beauty faded fast, which is a misfortune that overtakes women of her class at an early age in my country, and it was inevitable that Dozal should find temptation in his way now that he was undisputed lord of that region. There are always women who set their caps for greatness, and this stupid fellow fell easy victim to their wiles.

Barely a year had elapsed since his promotion to a separate command when he gave a great ball in the big white house which served as his headquarters, to which were invited all the people of consequence for miles around. And guess who this affair was in honor of! Not Antonia, but the Señora Rosa Ruiz.

This Señora Rosa was the widow of a rich plantation owner, who had bequeathed her vast estates in those parts, stocked with cattle and fruit orchards and fine big barns. It so happened that she was extremely beautiful and ambitious beyond telling. Having heard so much about the bravery of Colonel Dozal and how highly his general thought of him, she set about ensnaring his affections, hoping thereby to place herself on a pinnacle of greatness by advancing the fortunes of so promising a soldier.

The presence of Antonia did not deter her in the least. You see, sir, owing to the wild and precarious life Tomás had lived, as an outlaw and with the forces of Urbina, no ceremony had ever been performed between himself and little Antonia. Under the circumstances in which they found themselves this was apt to happen, yet everybody regarded the unions as marriages. However, now that he was climbing the ladder of fame, Tomás chose to ignore her rightful status, so it is probable that if Señora Ruiz knew of Toñita's existence she shut her eyes and regarded her presence in the colonel's house with the tolerance a woman of the world would feel toward the escapades of a dashing soldier.

However, Antonia attended the ball, sir, and in a dandy dress like a fine lady. She had taken care to bathe and make herself nice and clean. Also, she had rubbed glycerin on her face and then rice powder, so that Toñita was far sweeter in her simple costume than the Señora Rosa in her finery. Moreover, Antonia wore a beautiful green flowered shawl her mother had once given to her.

Alas, all her coquettish arts accomplished nothing. The infatuated Tomás had no eyes for anybody but the wealthy widow. He danced with her half a dozen times, to the neglect of Toñita, and after the ball was over a dreadful scene took place. There were flashing tears and shrieks, and a little harmless knife play which Dozal easily frustrated. It ended in a furious break between them.

So violent did Antonia become that the colonel ordered her from his house, and when she would not budge an inch he got on his dignity and said: "Very well. I will go then."

With that, sir, he departed from the town and took up his headquarters at a plantation fully forty miles distant. Antonia raised a great outery after he had gone, but it did not bring Tomás back to her, and shortly thereafter she betook her grief to the capital city and dropped out of sight.

It wasn't long before this Tomás Dozal repented of his harshness, being prompted thereto in part by the action of the Señora Ruiz in preferring a handsomer man. He tried to find his little Antonia, but the capital city was in the hands of the Federals, and none of the men with whom Colonel Dozal corresponded there could obtain any news of her.

"Keep a close watch and let me know the instant she is located," he gave orders.

I do not think, sir, that this solicitude was altogether due to repentance and the wish to make amends; by no means. Tomás knew well the temper of his sweet Toñita and felt uneasy; he wished to keep informed of her actions that he might be on guard against her revenge. What is your opinion?

However, nobody could get any trace of her. Neither did her parents know what had become of their daughter. When Colonel Dozal inquired they truthfully replied that they assumed she was in her proper place, at his side. If not, what had happened and where was their lost angel?

To this Tomás answered that Antonia had deserted him and he was as much in the dark concerning her whereabouts as they were themselves. By goodness, what a lie!

There the matter rested. Tomás Dozal proceeded to administer the country under his control to the satisfaction of Pablo Urbina, and continued to grow in influence and power. Victory seemed always to perch on his banner, so that when General Urbina fell victim to the foul treachery of assassins hired by the treacherous Federals, Colonel Dozal stepped into his shoes. He was now the most powerful chief in revolt against the central government, and to celebrate his elevation to the command of the rebels he planned a campaign on a more ambitious scale than had ever occurred to Pablo Urbina in his wildest dreams.

Meanwhile Toñita was washing dishes and doing laundry work for the wife of a telegraph operator in the capital city, who had given her a job on sight. To this excellent woman she confided her story, and often the two would sit together of nights, scheming how they might bring the terrible Dozal to his knees and accomplish the downfall and humiliation of the wicked Señora Rosa. For, all unknowing of the señora's marriage to another man, little Antonia nursed thoughts of revenge against her. Once or twice the telegrapher's wife unfolded their plans to her husband after the pair had gone to bed, but he showed uneasiness and scoffed at them.

"You keep out of this mess," he warned her; "they are tough guys, these rebels, and if this Dozal should catch me mixing up in his business he'd come in here some dark night and maybe cut off my ears as a warning not to listen to gossip. Now let me sleep."

However, his wife was not so easily daunted, and night after night when the day's work was done she and Antonia sat at the window, going over the story again and again and mapping out what her action should be when the great moment came. Women are like that.

Well, two years passed, sir. And this fellow Tomás Dozal won so great a victory near Canatlan that the rascally enemy was completely demoralized and resolved to evacuate the capital city itself. When the people heard of it some rejoiced and others were in a frenzy of fear. The telegrapher, being in the employ of the established government, naturally expected no mercy and was for fleeing with his family and possessions immediately, it did not matter where.

"They will shoot me, or put me in prison at the very least. So hurry," he told his wife.

Then Antonia spoke up: "No, you must stay. They will not harm you. Remain here and I will answer for your safety. I swear it."

You may well believe, sir, that the telegrapher placed small faith in this assurance, but his wife trusted Antonia implicitly and announced her intention of remaining. So they stayed, although the husband grumbled.

The next day the army of General Dozal entered the city amid tumult and rejoicing. A proud man that day was Tomás, full of importance and gin. I rode close to him as a member of his staff, having served in that capacity since the death of Pablo Urbina.

Well, we took peaceful possession and organized the city. Then Dozal ordered me to admit those who wished an audience to present their petitions, for it was his policy to listen to all, no matter how humble.

Guess who the first petitioner was, sir! Guess who headed the line of applicants for his favors!—none but Antonia herself! By goodness, but I was glad to see her again.

Yet I considered it unwise for her to approach the general without a little preparation. Often the most desirable projects fail through clumsy handling, and when I saw the poor appearance Toñita made it occurred to me that possibly Tomás Dozal's feelings would have to be worked upon through another channel than affection or tender memories.

For I regret to say, sir, that Antonia had taken on bushels of fat and was no longer the ravishing creature whose freshness and vivacity had charmed all who frequented Dozal's house. Most of our women bloom early and fade early, and Toñita had broken earlier than most, what with hard work and despair born of neglect. No amount of glycerin and powder could conceal the ravages of the recent years. Moreover, her attire was not calculated to improve her appearance, poverty compelling her to wear a loose, sacklike cotton dress devoid of waistline, and a large, cheap black shawl. Consequently I determined to use diplomacy in advancing her cause.

Fortunately for our conspiracy an excellent medium was presented. Among the applicants for an interview with the general was a young woman who had a complaint to lodge against a member of the staff. She claimed to be the abandoned wife of Captain Dato, and came to the general to obtain redress and provision for herself and child.

"What?" roared Tomás when he heard her story, and the veins stood out on his neck. "He would treat a woman in this fashion, eh? Send for the captain at once, Don Darío, and if what the poor creature says be true I will give that *hombre* a pill of my making."

I ran like an antelope to execute the general's orders. Thinking that Dozal wished to reward him publicly for his part in the recent fighting, the captain smoothed his long black hair, saw to the set of his coat and came very jauntily.

"Captain Dato," said the general sternly, "have you ever seen this lady before?"

The captain looked, and he turned a peculiar greenish tinge, sir. "She is nothing to me, Excellency. I swear it. And when I was sick she deserted me."

Dozal smiled contemptuously, transfixing him with a dreadful glance. "Will you answer me this, *hombre?* Have you ever seen any animal deny his own blood? Will you answer me that?"

"Why—that's a surprising question—I don't know why you ask it, *mi general.*"

"Answer without evasion!" roared Tomás. "Have you ever seen an animal deny its blood?"

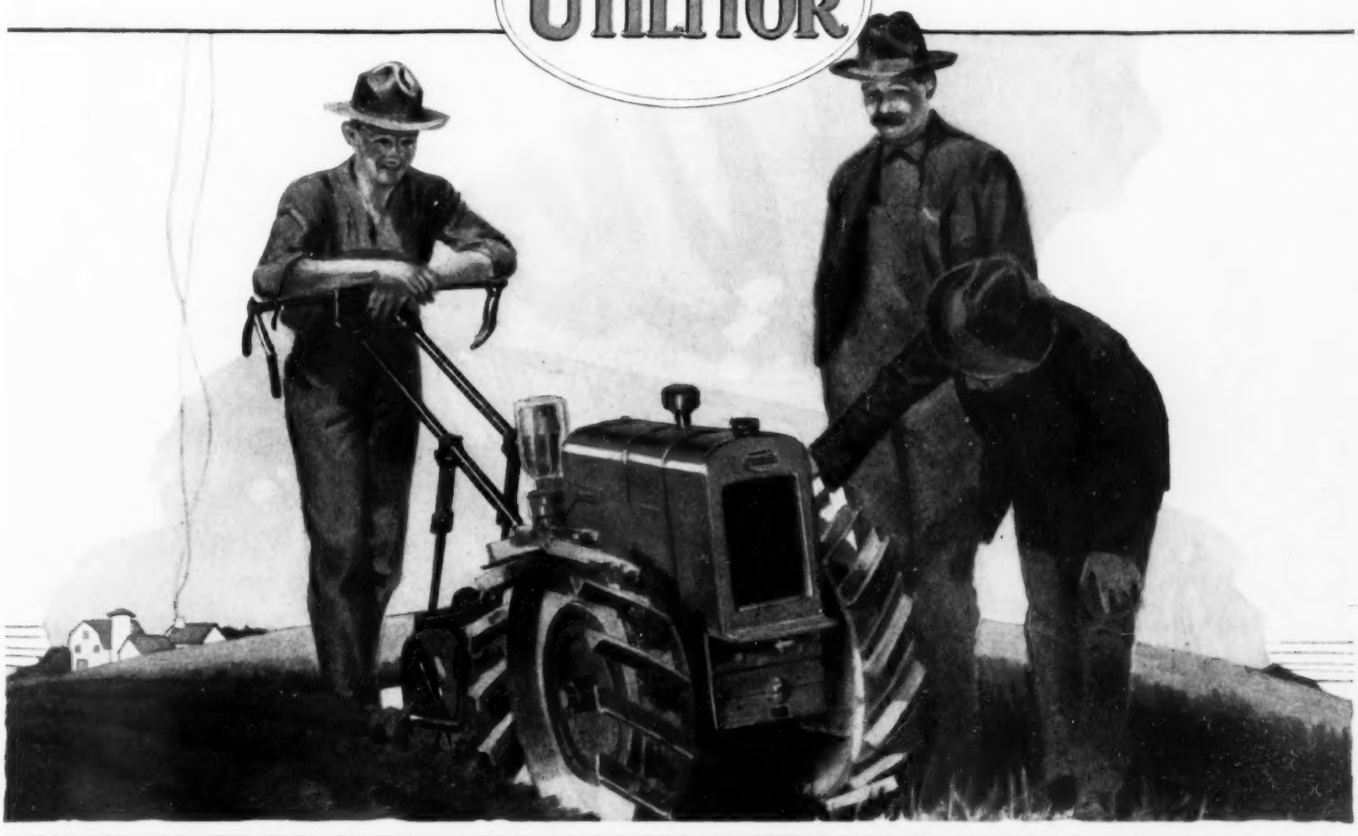
"Well, Excellency—but ——"

"There is no 'but.' Isn't that your child?" And in obedience to a sign from

(Concluded on Page 79)

MIDWEST

UTILITOR



Plowing is The Real Proof of The Utilitor's Ability

Plowing proves the real value of automotive equipment on the farm. It is plowing, above all else, that pulls the very "heart" out of machinery—and leaves you with either a good or a bad investment.

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In order to give you full information on the Utilitor we have prepared a valuable book, entitled "Beating the Game"—it comes FREE. There is not the slightest obligation on your part. Keep up with the times. This book will make you money.

DEPENDABLE POWER

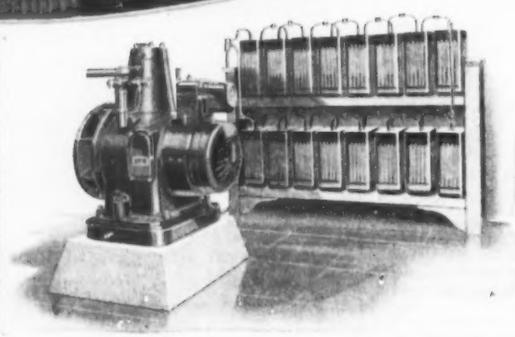
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The Willys-Knight Sleeve-Valve Engine

(Concluded from Page 76)

him the unfortunate mother drew back her shawl, revealing a tiny baby. By goodness, it surprised this Dato!

"*Mi general*, I have been calumniated!" he cried. "Hear me, I beg."

"Silence, you big rascal, you!—who have the appearance of a civilized man, yet are lower than any animal! You have denied your own blood. Wretch, I am going to have you shot!"

"But, Excellency, I will make amends."

"Don't waste your breath. But first tell me, viper, are you not the father of the child? Why do you try to deny it?" thundered Dozal. "Look at his ears."

We all did so. Sure enough, the boy's ears stuck out exactly like the captain's. Nobody could fail to see the resemblance.

This Dato turned ghastly pale. He was plucky, but he saw ruin and possible death staring him in the face.

"Don Darío," continued the general in a stifled voice, "make the necessary arrangements. Captain Dato is about to go on a long journey."

On hearing this sentence the captain took a step forward, knowing well it meant a firing squad.

"Excellency, hear me, I beg. It is all a mistake. I will make amends."

"Silence!" shouted the general. What he would have said further I do not know, sir, for at that moment I judged it opportune to intervene, and I whispered discreetly in his ear. He listened reluctantly, being a very obstinate fellow.

"All right. All right," he grumbled at last. "Have it your own way, Don Darío. Go fetch a priest and let all the bells be rung. We will have a wedding instead of an execution. Now get out of my sight, you!"

You may be sure the captain needed no further urging; no. He beat it from there as fast as his legs would carry him, with his new-found wife at his heels.

"And now," said Tomás Dozal with the complacence of a man who has performed a meritorious act, "show the next one in, Don Darío."

Well, sir, never shall I forget the general's face when he recognized that next one. A dozen different emotions conflicted for supremacy, but mostly he looked very foolish, for he discerned the trap.

"Aha, so it is you, Antonia," he said at last with an attempt at lightness. "And where have you been all this while? I have hunted for you everywhere. It seems to me that you have treated me very badly, woman."

Antonia tried to say something, but the words would not come. Yes; at sight of her old lover she forgot the carefully prepared speech she had rehearsed so often with the telegrapher's wife, and could do nothing but stare at the magnificent general.

The contrast between them was painfully marked, sir. Prosperity was reflected in every inch of Tomás Dozal; he was attired in a smart uniform, with all the insignia of his rank, and the habit of authority had grown so natural to him that it was obvious to the most unobservant that an impassable gulf separated the triumphant rebel chief and the poor peon woman who stood dumbly in front of him. Indeed, there was nothing to distinguish Antonia from any one of the scores of slatterns who waited outside for a word with the new ruler of the state.

I now judged that the time had arrived for me to smooth the way for Antonia.

"Excellency," I ventured to murmur, "knowing your sense of justice and how strongly you feel for all helpless women, the Señora Antonia has dared to appear before you to request that some provision should be made for her out of your munificence, in order that she may live in comfort."

It was a bold step to take, sir, in view of Dozal's fiery temper and well-known resentment against the least interference in his affairs; but I calculated that he could not reverse his attitude right on top of his treatment of Captain Dato. Moreover, I wished to provide him an opening to escape the importunate plea of Antonia, for our short conversation had revealed to me that she entertained a no less ambition than to assume her former status with the general. By goodness, what do you know about that!

You see, Toñita could not forget their earlier years together, and seemed blind to the barrier which circumstances had erected between herself and the conqueror, who was now at the height of his power. But it was impossible that the great General Dozal, the dictator of three states, should stoop to reward with his name an old sweetheart who had sunk to the level of bathing dishes for her living, more especially as Antonia was not the beauty she had been of old, but merely a stout, untidy woman of a disagreeable square figure, not at all calculated to excite admiration. Nobody except Antonia would have dreamed of such a thing. What is your opinion, sir?

"So that is it?" exclaimed Tomás Dozal, and he took a deep breath of relief. "So that is the situation, is it? And what are the poor child's circumstances, Don Darío?"

"She is without means of livelihood, *mi general*," I told him, "and is dependent upon the charity of an excellent woman who is wife to the telegrapher at the railroad station."

"Hem!" grunted Dozal displeasingly. "But her parents in Mezquital are comfortably situated? Surely they can provide for their only child, Don Darío?"

"They are both dead, Excellency," I hastened to inform him. "The plague carried them off last winter and every bit of property belonging to the Señor Jiménez was seized by the rascally Federals."

All this time Antonia had not uttered a word. She stood with her gaze fixed on Tomás Dozal, more like a faithful dog waiting on its master than a former sweetheart at a reunion. The general drummed on the table with his fingers a moment, surveying her. Then he rose and, advancing to Antonia, took her by the hand and said very tenderly: "My poor Toñita, you have judged me right. You will see that the heart of Tomás Dozal is loyal to those who have loved him. I cannot forget the years when we were all the world to each other, and I am going to reward you and make provision for your future."

Antonia clung to his fingers, sir, and started to say something, but before she could formulate the words the general turned hastily toward me and continued: "Don Darío, you will escort this lady to a suitable place of residence and then report to me for further orders."

And with that, sir, he turned back to the table and I hastened to usher Antonia outside. She wished to remain and continue the audience, but I was fearful that the triumph I had achieved might be spoiled by some indiscretion on her part, and I almost dragged her from the house.

Yes, Tomás Dozal did not forget in the days of his prosperity the woman who had sacrificed so much for love of him. By his command she received a responsible post under the city administration, which removed her from the fear of want and offered steady employment. Antonia secured a fine job with the street-cleaning department as a whitewing at one of the busiest corners in the capital, sir.



Jim Henry's Column

I've been good natured about it all these years—perhaps if I was a regular advertising man I wouldn't mind—but I cannot get reconciled to the idea that a lot of men don't seem to believe what I tell them about Mennen Shaving Cream.

Out of the twenty or thirty million men who would use Mennen's if they would only try it once, not more than two million have become confirmed addicts.

Just think of the men who torture themselves every morning just because they can't seem to grasp the idea that I am actually telling less than the truth, even in my more exalted outbursts about the marvelous virtue of Mennen lather.

Perhaps it is because I have been too restrained. I have felt that some men would think I was exaggerating if I took the wraps off and really told them all about Mennen's. Also, it is hard for an ordinary citizen like me to find the words to picture the emotional wonder of a man—the bewildered amazement—after he has whipped up a three minute lather with the brush only—no rubbing with fingers—and then after gritting his teeth, stiffening the muscles of his east jaw and assuming a sort of dentist chair, cringing, I'm-game-but-terrified expression, the razor slips down through the stubble with no more opposition than a cop meets from a gang of small boys who are trying to do business with a fruit peddler on a credit basis.

Slicing through Mennen's lather is like cutting thistle down with sharp scissors. That tough, wiry beard your barber compliments you on has no more pugnacity than a strap hanger. It quits.

And then the feel of your face afterwards—smooth, soft, benevolent.

But there—if everyone believed me and tried Mennen's it would cause a lot of suffering—among soap manufacturers.

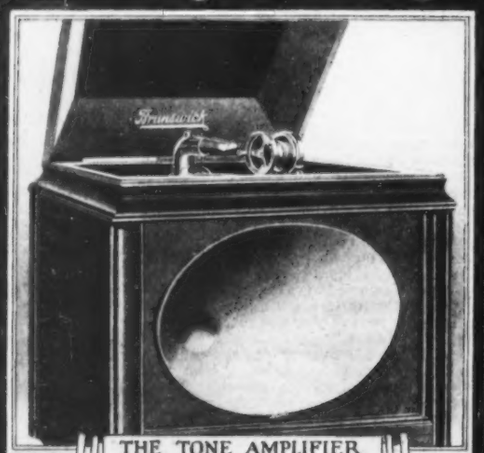
Anyway my demonstrator tube still costs 15 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



THE TONE AMPLIFIER
With Grill Removed



THE ULTONA
Playing a Brunswick Record

The *only* right way to judge Phonographs

not so much by name as by tone

We advise thus frankly how to choose *your* phonograph because we feel that it is one of the obligations of a leader.

After all is said and done in choosing your phonograph, after you have it in your home, its final favor is won by its tone. All else is secondary.

But do not take this too broadly. *Any* phonograph won't do. Reputation identifies the several leaders. Choose from them.

Judge these leaders by tone. While Brunswick is one of the most famous names in American industry and in itself a guarantee of satisfaction—still it is not a name you buy, but tone.

Tone differs as names differ. So don't let your choice be a foregone conclusion. Hear the several leaders.

New ways

In the Brunswick Method of Reproduction we introduced new tone standards. We brought innovations and improvements. So that today music critics everywhere accord The Brunswick a high place. That accounts for its tremendous favor.

One striking improvement was the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. This brought an exclusive feature. At a turn of the hand, the Ultona presents to each make of record the exact needle and the proper diaphragm. Therefore each type of record is played exactly as it should be played. It is heard at its best. The Ultona does away with attachments and makeshifts.

All for tone

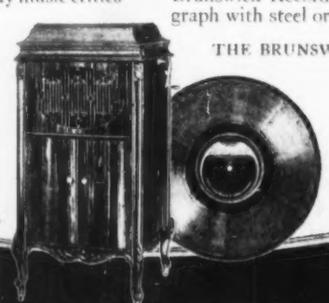
Another feature is the all-wood, moulded, oval Tone Amplifier. It is connected directly with the tone arm. There is *no* cast-metal throat.

This perfected amplifier brings truer, more natural tones. It does away with metallic sounds. It is one of the greatest betterments in phonographic progress.

We wish to stand or fall on your judgment of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction. Let your ear decide. Make *tone* your first consideration.

Hear The Brunswick before you buy. A Brunswick Dealer will be glad to play your favorite selections, so that you can make comparisons.

Ask also to hear Brunswick Records. Remember Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.



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Brunswick

The Poets' Corner



The Philosopher

I HAD great hopes in my tender youth
Of winning a certain maiden,
And all of my thoughts and dreams in truth
With lore of that lass were laden;
All I could do and think and plan
Was centered and fixed about her;
But when she married another man
I worried along without her.

And then I figured on wealth and fame
As things that were worth the getting,
And spent long years as I sought acclaim
With plenty of toil and fretting;
But wealth and honor were not for me,
And though I would never flout them
I bow to Destiny's harsh decree
And worry along without them.

It isn't fun when you fail to win
The things that you think essential,
But in time you learn to lose—and grin,
A fact that is providential;
The dreams that I set my heart upon
Are lost—and it's tough, don't doubt it;
Life's left—and I guess when that is gone
I'll worry along without it!

—Berton Braley.

Prosaic

I KNEW some day you'd kiss me. I had thought
How I should act, what I would feel and say—
How I'd resist a bit for keener joy
When I would finally let you have your way.
Perhaps 'twould come some night with our good-by,
Or in the country where we went to walk;
Or it could happen by the fireplace
Some evening, as we sat to dream and talk.
Such plans! One Sunday night you would insist
On helping with the supper work, for fun,
So we were left together, with a pan
Of water, sudsy hot. I'd just begun,
When you flung down the towel in your hand,
And caught and kissed me in one vibrant shock,
And all I'd dreamed about for days and months
Was over in three seconds, by the clock!

—J. Lilian Vandevere.

Evening: A Woman at a Piano

I SEEM to see your subtle fingers straying
Over a magic keyboard, black and white;
I seem to hear you very softly playing
Enchanted fragments to the perfumed night.

An oriental scent, the music rises
In unexpected chords, in sobbing calls;
Full of strange sighs and amorous surprises
The music falls.

I see your vibrant body softly swaying;
Through your veiled eyes I see blue lightnings dart;
I know not what it is that you are playing;
I only know the keyboard is my heart.

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Lines on Reading the Telephone Company's Advertisement Requesting Subscribers to Make None But Essential Calls

LADY, when upon my vision
That advertisement appeared
I, a literal precisian,
Wondered, hesitated, feared.
Wondered weakly as to whether
I might call you up to say
That the celebrated weather
Was unusually nice to-day.

Lady, when I read that warning,
Indecisiveness was mine.
Ought I ring you every morning
Just to hear you're feeling fine?
And I hesitated also
As I read that warning o'er
As to whether I should call so
Frequently as heretofore.

Lady, let them raise objection
If I feel I have to say
What the state of my affection
Is a dozen times a day!
Let them deem inconsequential
Any messages of mine!
I'm the judge of what's essential.

* * * *

"Give me River, Two Two Nine."

—Franklin P. Adams.

Daily Grace—in June

FOR being poor I always raise
A prayer of thanks, on summer days—
That while my richer brothers mutter
And curse the garlic in the butter,
On meadows green I gaze serene,
And gayly munch my margarine!

—Margaret Matlack.







Capital and Labor Agree

that good eyesight is essential for good work. Possibly *you* feel you are not up to *your* best. Have your favorite optical specialist

examine your eyes

and, if glasses are needed, suggest that he supply you with the carefully made, good-looking, highly efficient

Shelltex **Shur-on** Spectacles

Quality Beyond Question for More than Fifty Years

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Est. 1864 Rochester, N. Y.



THE LOGANSPORT BREEZE

(Continued from Page 35)

called attention to Davy. He read the home paper regularly, but his wife could never tell from his funny little smile whether it was amusement or chagrin.

"You seem to be going pretty good in making us famous, Counselor," he once remarked to her, "but I still don't see any bats named after me; or any kids playing like they were Davy Carter."

This worried Nimmo. She was almost panicky when he pointed out where a kid pitcher in Logansport, after striking out six batters, was calling himself the Logansport Breeze.

In her big sense of fairness Mrs. Carter felt a realization that Davy, her pride, was playing second fiddle. And she had intended everything for him!

"Oh, Mr. Dryden," she called to Sam as he was passing through the hotel lobby that evening, "had you noticed that Davy has stolen fifteen bases already and that he is hitting well upward of .300? Isn't that encouraging?"

"Indeed it is," agreed old Sam. "He is faster than he ever was in his life. He'll earn those bonuses sure."

"It would please him immensely to know that you thought that."

She did not add that it would also delight her immensely to have it mentioned in the paper, but Sam, an old-timer at the game, understood.

When we received the papers there appeared a special article by Dryden headed by the statement: "The efforts of the Logansport Breeze have turned Davy Carter into a marvel."

Davy Carter saw it and smiled at Nimmo's dismay.

The Grays arrived in St. Louis the first of July, leading the race by six games, their standing largely due to the brilliant playing of Davy Carter. Manager Gilks had readily consented for Nimmo to travel with the team throughout the season. Not only was she personally conducting Davy to the Hall of Fame but her buoyant presence he believed an inspiration to the whole club. She still winced under the thought, though, that due to her misdirected efforts the husband was playing second fiddle as a personality.

On the morning following the team's arrival in St. Louis Manager Gilks was surprised, entering the breakfast room, by a request that neither he nor his players order any fruit.

"We have a surprise for you," the head waiter told him.

Each player found on his table a heaping bowl of the largest strawberries he had ever seen in his life. Beside the bowl lay a card bearing the legend: "Logansport strawberries. Compliments of David Carter."

By cautious inquiry we learned that the Commercial Club of Logansport had expressed the berries, as well as a five-gallon can of pure cream, direct to the hotel. It was not difficult for us to understand who had conceived the idea.

The newspaper men never learned exactly how it affected the Carter family but in an attempt at humor we sent out a story to the effect that Logansport berries, largest in the world, had put the Grays on their feet for a final dash. No mention was made of Davy Carter.

The Weekly Democrat filled in any possible gaps in our comments with an editorial urging the necessity of a shipping board among the merchants of the town.

Despite the apparent failure of Nimmo to make Davy Carter conspicuous as a personality as well as a player, he was playing the greatest baseball of his career. The daily box scores showed that his work on the bases and his hitting were keeping the Grays on top. Before the middle of August it was practically certain that he would collect all the bonuses in his contract. Already he had stolen fifty-odd bases. It seemed impossible that he could fail to hit over .300.

The Grays won the pennant in a canter. In the World's Series they were favorites over the Browns at odds of 8 to 5. This price jumped to prohibitive odds when, with a slam-bang start, Gilks' team won the first two games and were in a commanding position. They had to win but four games to be declared world's champions.

Influenced by the bad business of the war period the National Commission of Baseball had prepared for a financial failure. To prevent dissatisfaction on the part of the players the members had announced a guaranty of $88,000, or an average of $2000 to each of the forty-four players engaged. Of course it was understood that this money would be divided sixty per cent to the winners and forty per cent to the losers.

At the start, though, it was seen that the war influence had gone; that the series would be a remarkable financial success. Every seat was sold in advance and thousands of fans came from all over the United States to witness the annual struggle. The receipts of the first two games alone would more than make good the guaranty to the athletes. Under the old National Agreement they were entitled to seventy-five per cent of the gross receipts for the first four games. Immediately there went up a roar.

"Nim, did you hear what the National Commission has decided to do?" Davy inquired of his wife, returning to his room after the second game, unusually agitated. "Why, they now claim that the $2000 guaranty is all that we get, and all the balance will go to the club owners, excepting the ten per cent that goes to the commission!"

"Exactly what does that mean?" she asked.

"Why, it means they'll gyp the players out of more than $1000 each if they get away with it. But they won't. I'm on the committee representing the players, and if the commission doesn't back up on its stand we won't play to-morrow's game. That's all."

"You mean you'll strike?"

"Sure I do. And you can bet the public will be with us too."

The commission did refuse to recede from its position, but made the tactical mistake of failing to notify the public.

Thirty thousand people gathered next day for the third game of the world's championship fight. Toward two o'clock the great throng, many of whom had been there since ten o'clock, began to wonder at the absence of players from the field. An uneasy feeling grew into downright apprehension as game time arrived and still the teams did not appear. Something was wrong.

The crowd grew restive as rumor gradually spread that the Grays and Browns had gone on strike. Fans began to yell "Play ball!" and otherwise voice their displeasure. Mrs. Davy Carter sat in a box immediately behind the Grays' bench and watched the situation with growing interest. The attitude of the crowd grew ominous.

After some parley the commission agreed to meet the representatives of the players in the clubhouse offices.

Counter arguments led to nothing. Both sides were obstinate, and sounds from outside indicated that the crowd, the goose that laid the golden eggs, was getting disgusted.

Davy Carter was delegated to go to the Grays' bench and get a copy of the National Agreement that Manager Gilks had in his little grip with the bandages and first-aid appliances.

Seeing Nimmo leaning over the rail Davy went to her and explained the situation.

"Davy," she said, "I think you can arrange a compromise. You've got to. The public is due something. Listen, dear. You go back and explain to the commission that if a guaranty is fixed for the players a guaranty should also be fixed for the commission and the club owners. Their mere announcement of arrangements is not a real contract, you know."

Davy returned to the conference. In his natural timidity he rose to present this idea, and, as usual, got it all mixed up. A member of the commission, a lawyer, caught a drift of the argument, though. Right now the commission was eager for anything that would let them out without the appearance of absolute surrender. Sooner or later they knew they would have to give in, as the ball players, so far as the public was concerned, were the main show.

"Carter," said this member, "you've got this balled up some way, but there is a real suggestion behind what you are trying to tell us. Send one of the ushers and ask Mrs. Carter if she will come here in person and explain the proposition. She will not object. She is an attorney, is she not?"

(Concluded on Page 85)



If— I had only put on— WEED TIRE CHAINS

Regrets avail nothing when the harm is done.

Many an accident might have been avoided and many a life saved if drivers of automobiles had only exercised ordinary, everyday precaution and had listened to the warnings which for years have been sounded through the magazines and daily newspapers, viz.—"Always put on Weed Tire Chains when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery."

It's all very well to say, "I'm sorry—I didn't mean to do it."

Regrets don't mend broken limbs or bring back the lives that have been taken. The innocent victims have suffered through no fault of their own, while the careless motorist escapes with a reprimand, the payment of Doctor's bills and the expense of having his car repaired. Is there no way to make such fellows realize their responsibility and have ***more regard for the rights of others?***

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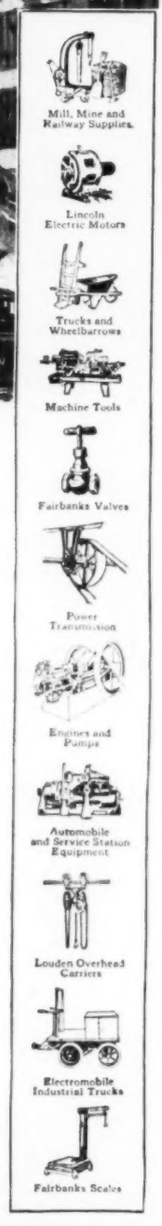
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FAIRBANKS O.K.

(Concluded from Page 82)

"You bet she is," replied one of the ball players, "and a darn good one, too. She can speak for the Grays." This player spoke hurriedly and in a low voice to the captain of the Browns.

"And for us, too," announced the captain.

A few of the fans in the front rows, impatient for news, were mildly curious when they saw the pretty young woman get up and accompany a uniformed usher to the club offices.

From where we perched in the press box Sam Dryden also saw the move.

"Nimmo's on the job," he whispered to me. "We better get down there. Might be a good story."

"Gentlemen," said Nimmo, when introduced, "I assume that I represent the players—my husband at any rate. It is very necessary that a compromise be reached immediately. It strikes me as being perfectly simple. The difficulty is that you are trying to treat this matter as if it were a contract. This is no contract, and if it were it would not be equitable."

"It is certainly not a contract," agreed the chairman, rather surprised at her directness of thought.

"You have fixed the amount that is to go to the players, while the amount going to club owners and commission is on a percentage basis. In other words, one is stationary and the other is on a sliding scale. On that basis nothing could ever be adjusted."

"Got to hand it to her," whispered one of the players, noticing the effect of this statement on the commission. "She's there four ways from the ace."

"Now I suggested to my husband, as a basis of compromise," the young woman continued—"at least, that is what I intimated—that you compute on the old percentage basis the amount of money that would go to the commission and owners if the forty-four players received $88,000. In other words, guarantee all hands a fixed sum up to that point. If it goes over, divide the balance on a percentage basis also.

"After the first four games the club owners and commission will get all the receipts anyway. Am I right?"

"Your figures are correct, madam," agreed the chairman.

"In making these arrangements," she continued, "I dare say the commission calculated that there would not be more than $2000 coming to each ball player, in any event. In your generosity and for the good of the game you decided to guarantee them that much whether you received anything or not."

Members of the commission beamed at this delicate touch of flattery, but for a moment the players looked sour.

"But," she went on, "now that the receipts are known to be far in excess of what anybody expected, all should share in the surplus. Your generosity, I am sure, will see that."

"And you will have a statement to that effect prepared and given to the press?" inquired the chairman.

She nodded an affirmative, knowing that Sam Dryden and I were waiting outside.

"We'll accept that," announced the players.

"All right, go ahead and play," directed the commission. Their faces were saved and the statement would make them popular with the public.

"Any ordinary office lawyer could have done that," a member of the commission confided to me some time later, "but it took a woman to make them listen."

Davy Carter mopped up with a three-base hit in the eighth inning and won the game. Every newspaper in the big town next morning carried a headline similar to this one taken from the News.

"Logansport Brains Settle Strike; Logansport Brawn Wins for the Grays."

If Davy was hurt by that he said nothing. Nimmo wept.

And it was the same brilliant playing of Davy that eventually settled the series, giving each member of the winning team $3500.

All Logansport seemed to be at the station when the Carters arrived home. There was a band and cheers, and a committee, headed by old Mr. Asa Farnsworth.

The Hon. Warren Davis walked beside Mr. Farnsworth to the waiting automobile and indorsed the arrangement by which Mr. and Mrs. Carter were to be taken to the Commercial Club immediately for a public reception.

"Davy has done wonderful things, Mr. Farnsworth," Nimmo told him; "and I do hope the town at last realizes his worth to the community."

"Mrs. Carter," he replied, "I can assure you that your husband is going to have the most pleasant surprise of his life. To-night Davy Carter will be the proudest man in Logansport."

A thrill went over Nimmo. She did not make further inquiry, for fear of spoiling the surprise.

Arriving at the hall, profusely decorated, Davy and his wife were escorted to seats of honor. They were greeted by the chairman of the Democratic County Committee—Logansport was overwhelmingly Democratic.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the chairman, opening the proceedings, "it is not often that a woman—a young woman—succeeds, where men have failed, in putting her town on the map. It is unusual that a woman can see far enough ahead to improve the business interests of her town and even make farmers prosperous. I refer to our strawberry growers. It isn't often that such a woman also has a husband who has emblazoned his name in the baseball Hall of Fame."

"Now"—and Nimmo smiled in anticipation—"it is coming."

It was.

"I want to announce, therefore, that while this couple was absent from our city a canvass was made of the county, and I can assure you all that there are enough votes pledged to make certain the nomination of a citizen of Logansport for the state legislature. There will be no real opposition. Permit me to read the opening sentence of an article that has been prepared and will appear in the next issue of the Weekly Democrat:

"'At the coming session the deliberations of our state legislature will be refreshed by the Logansport Breeze.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, I present Mrs. Nimmo Carter!"

But Mrs. David Carter did not respond. She voiced a weak "I thank you," and burst out crying. Davy had to take her home.

"Now, now, Nimmie," Davy said to her at home, "you'll have to brace up. No legislator ever acted that way. I'm the proudest man in the world."

"But, you, Davy. I meant everything for ——"

"Listen, Nim," he interrupted softly, "you fix yourself up right away. I want you to go over to the old home and ask the Hon. Warren Davis if he still thinks marrying a ball player has interfered with your career. Understand?"

When she had gone Davy sat down, and with a quiet chuckle indited the following telegram to his old friends among the baseball writers:

"Thanks to you and my pal on the Weekly Democrat, we put it over. Nimmo certain of nomination."



The OWL Brand
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What Arkansas said

"WE all smile down my way 'cause we got three mighty good things that always keep us mighty happy—our fields of cotton, our fruit trees and the Owl Cigar."

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BABEL

(Continued from Page 7)

infinitude of detail, freeing him for broader work, and yet when circumstance brought her management of trivialities before him in review he saw invariably that she had acted as he would have acted. Driven and harassed, he found an abiding comfort in the sense of her permanence. And this permanence, when he considered it, was a corollary of her appearance. She wasn't the marrying sort. She'd stay where she was till she died. Now quite suddenly a disturbing doubt woke in him. He surveyed her, conscious of her gray, unwavering eyes, troubled to discover in her thus tardily something like an appeal almost amounting to charm. Below the inconsequent speculation his major thought pursued its course. He laughed shortly.

"Oh, I know my position pretty well, Margaret."

She did not answer except for a slight change of her expression. He felt a reservation on her part and yielded to a rare impulse of self-justification.

"You don't think so, eh? I'll show you. What I missed last night was the outside interests. They looked like just so many additional liabilities at first, but I've got the right line on them now. The mills won't make any money for a long time, but I can afford that so long as I own the gas works and the power plant and the rest. They'll bring in plenty of money—in cash too. People have got to use gas and electricity, no matter how much they hate me. They've got to buy ice and ride on the trolleys."

She did not answer this either. He chuckled.

"Funny thing, Margaret. I didn't go into those outside investments for profit. I—I thought they'd all show me losses. I ——"

"You meant them as a gift to the town." She spoke quietly. "I understood that of course."

He opened his eyes.

"You understood? I don't, Margaret. What do you mean by all that?"

"It's all quite evident, isn't it? You didn't start the mills in Trafford to make money. You had a better reason even then. And these other things—the water supply and the electric lights and all—are just part of the same plan. You meant to build a city."

He felt himself flushing like a boy detected in some stealthy benefaction. An impulse to deny the charge stirred and subsided. After all it needed sharing, that secret of his. It would be a relief to discuss it with somebody after all these years. He had put it into words often enough in his own thoughts—to build a city. He had meant to do just that with the quiet old village which shared the name of Trafford. And he had done it—done it better than even his dreams had hoped.

"I didn't know you'd guessed that." He spoke almost shyly. "How did you? I thought ——"

"I knew." She shrugged. "You aren't a money grabber like the rest. I've seen enough here in the mills to understand that. It wasn't difficult to put one and one together."

He felt an expansion of spirit.

"Well, I've done it, haven't I? When I came back from Cuba in '98 there were four thousand people in Trafford. There must be nearly forty thousand now." A touch of pride warmed his voice. "You can remember what it was like, can't you? The hitching posts along Main Street, where the farmers used to tie their teams on Saturdays, the mud and the dust and the deadness, two trains a day, and a crowd in the post office after each of 'em. Different now."

"Yes," she nodded.

He caught a light in the gray eyes, a softening glow which puzzled him.

"Yes, it is different. You've built your city."

"You've helped, Margaret. I couldn't have done it without you."

He rose, moved by a reproaching realization of her share in the accomplishment. She drew back a step.

"Yes," she said tonelessly, "I suppose I deserve that. I've helped." Her voice changed abruptly. "I'll send Mr. Matsen over to see about the coal for the power plant. He'll be glad to have something to do."

"Good idea. Keep him busy all you can or he'll bother us both."

He nodded in dismissal and she moved away. Alone, he went back to the window and looked out across the mill roofs to the city sprawling on the slant of the low hill.



The Mayor Departed, Treading Carefully on the Toes of His Shining Boots. Trafford Was Honestly Sorry for Him

It was his, he thought. He straightened his shoulders. Matt Trafford could hold what he had built.

"I'll show them," he said aloud. "The rats!"

II

"LET'S get this perfectly clear. I don't like the way you talk, Pryzak. I want to know whether you're with me or against me, once for all."

The mayor spread his hands. Matthew Trafford remembered that gesture. It had given him the key to Pryzak's character at their first interview eight years before, when the lawyer had come to him with a trumped-up accident claim against the mills. They had dealt with each other rather often since then, and Trafford's contempt for politics had deepened as he watched Pryzak's rising influence. A trade of lies and liars. It suited his convenience to lend a hand to the liar with whom he could be sure of dealing effectually. When Pryzak ran for mayor against old Paul Doniphan, Trafford had taken a sort of pride in throwing his aid toward the pettifogging shyster who knew which side of his bread was buttered and by whom. He hadn't had any trouble with Pryzak; old Doniphan would have bothered him to the point of frenzy with his academic theories of municipal government. Pryzak had always come obediently to heel without even a whistle. But to-day there was a visible difference in the fellow's attitude that was disquieting.

"I'm with you of course." Pryzak's sallow face twisted uneasily. "But I've got to consider the town too."

"The town?" Trafford laughed. "That's me—you know it better than most."

"You don't get me." The mayor wagged his head. "I meant the people—the community at large. Your interests ——"

"My interests are all that matters—to Trafford. I'm responsible for its existence and you know it. The mills support it. Every man and woman and child in it is living on my pay rolls. If it hadn't been for me you wouldn't be here—you and all the rest of them. If I go under the town goes with me. There's no two ways to that. If you want to consider the community, consider Matthew Trafford. I'm the community—in all that matters."

"There's a lot in that, of course." Pryzak was obviously eager to agree. "It's really your interest I'm thinking about, for that matter. It's true in a sense that you're the community. That's why I'm trying to protect you."

"Protect me? You? That's funny, Pryzak." Trafford laughed. "Do you think your little police force would be any good in a pinch like this? Why, a mob would eat them up. I'm protecting myself, thanks. I've got a squad of McKenna's men on their way right now. They'll do all the protecting that's needed, thanks."

"I know. Donaldson phoned me. That's why I came right over. I'm afraid to have those men here, Mr. Trafford. They'll mean trouble—bad trouble."

"That's what I'm paying them for—to mean as much trouble as they can to anybody who meddles with my property. They're better than police. They haven't got any brothers-in-law or second cousins in the mob. They won't be afraid to shoot."

"That's it. They're outsiders, and the men are always ugly when ——"

"Outsiders! That's good! What are the strikers themselves? Riffraff swept out of half the ash heaps in Europe's back alleys. I ought to know. I've spent the best part of a hundred thousand in the last four years just for bringing them in here. Outsiders!"

"Strangers, then." Pryzak shook his head again. "There's a difference anyway. The police live here. The men know them. As you said yourself, there will be relatives of theirs in the other crowd. That helps to avoid trouble—both ways. I wish you'd keep your gunmen out of town, Mr. Trafford—for your own sake."

Trafford laughed.

"Sorry, but I can't take any risks. I've got too much at stake to count on your home-breds."

"We'll have trouble then. It's playing right into the hands of the agitators. By to-night they'll be ranting about your hired butchers in every strike meeting. So far the men aren't ugly. This will stir them up better than anything else you can do."

"I'm willing. We've come to a showdown, Pryzak. If we can't settle this question without burning some gunpowder, we'll settle it that way. I can stand it if they can."

The mayor rose, unconvinced and plainly worried. Trafford had a careless touch of compassion for him—a rat facing a bulldog's job. Even old Doniphan would have met this crisis better than this fellow, with his talent for hidden wires and sly cowardice. He saw Pryzak to the door. In the very pose of his back he could read a confession. Pryzak would stand by him only as long as he was more afraid of Matthew Trafford than of a mob of fools. It didn't matter. With him or against him, Pryzak was negligible in such a time as this.

He came back to the window and stood looking out over his town, his hands crossed behind him. The clean sky and the lazy, shining clouds no longer offended him. Somehow they were friendly now, nudging forgotten memories into life. They made him think of summer afternoons with his fishing rod and the old, stiff-kneed setter, when the brook had whimpered between arched willows and there had been open fields where the mills stood now. He thought inconsequently of the blurred sky line of those days—a nestling congregation of elms and maples, with a spire or two showing above them, and here and there a glimpse of friendly chimneys or a roof.

He grinned feebly as the Trafford of his boyhood came again before his mind's eye: the sleepy stretch of Main Street flanked by the brick blocks and the hitching posts, the loungers in the post office nodding to his father as he unlocked the family box, the picket fences and the lawns behind them and the painted wooden houses set in their gardens.

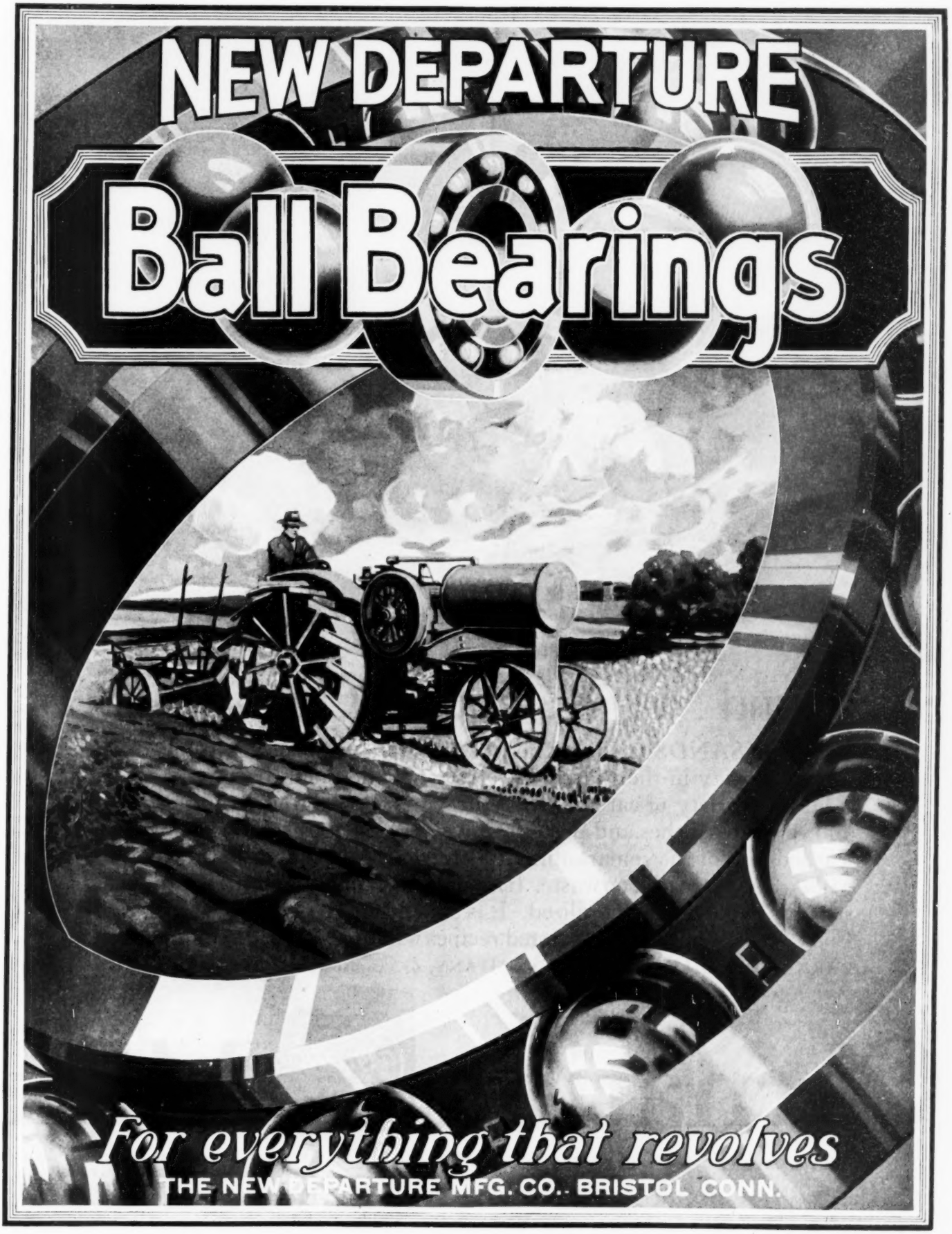
He had changed all that. Trafford was alive now—alive and big and busy, thanks to him.

He slipped into an unwonted self-pity. Small thanks he got for it all, for the dream out of which he had wrought reality, for the vision which had seen into the future, glimpsed the possibilities of rubber and cotton fiber molded and woven into magic carpets for the traffic of the world, for the twenty years of labor which had built the mills and kept them running. They hated him for it—even the remnant of the old stock, whose homesteads had multiplied in value through his industry and wits—the Doniphans and Tylers and Cookes, whose roots struck as deeply into the red soil as his own. He had built them a city in place of the drowsing village he had found—paved their streets and laid trolley tracks in them, dammed Clear Creek back in the hills and piped its waters into their stiff, creaking houses, given them electricity and gas, while they watched and criticized and grumbled. They might have thanked him, he thought, with a sense of grievance. He'd earned that much. Instead they hated him. He had always been conscious of this, but to-day as he confronted a new enmity more menacing and positive than their dislike he envisioned his unpopularity in a new light.

It was natural enough for the alien rabble to hate him. There would always be antagonism and distrust between those who labored with their hands and those who hired their toil. And these outlanders, with their background of oppression, learned hate at the breast. He bore them no keen malice. They were fools of course—blind to their own advantage, the dupes and tools of slack-jawed, mud-headed zealots who screamed at them from soap boxes and cart tails, but he would as readily have blamed a pig for setting its feet in its trough as to blame these simpletons for snatching at the chance of a greater wage for a lesser tribute of work. He would starve them back to something like sense in due time. That was simple enough. But the others—the old stock, men and women of his own race and blood and traditions—these suddenly presented a problem of which he had not been more than dimly aware.

He was forty-three. It came home to him with a shock that his best years had been given to his work. In a few more he would be old, on the downward slope of life. And in the city he had built, the community he called home, there was no man or woman he might name as friend.

(Continued on Page 89)


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(Continued from Page 86)

He had never taken time to contemplate this truth. Always the hours had been too few and full for the things which must be done. Now, as he caught the infection of peace and leisure from the open sky and the silent, empty mill yard, he realized his solitude with a sense of catastrophe. He had built a city, yes. And he dwelt in it now more alone than in a desert.

An instinct of self-justification imposed itself on his thought. It wasn't his fault. They hadn't caught the spirit of the age, those deliberate, slow-thinking townsmen. He'd had to lean on outsiders—men who could think fast and straight and work on their nerve. And between these newcomers and the old village, inevitably in conflict, he had been constrained to choose as allies those who served his need. He would have preferred to work with his neighbors, to lift them as he climbed, instead of enriching strangers, but he had been given no choice. The fault was theirs, not his.

He shook off the mood with an effort almost physical. Matthew Trafford wasting time in being sorry for himself! He turned away from the window and went back to his desk carrying a picture of the Trafford he had created—the treeless stretch of walls and roofs and pavement, the swaying progress of a trolley car coasting down the slant toward the mills, the rows of wooden shanties on the low flats along the stream. It quickened his reviving pride of creation. In spite of the vacant mill yards and the smokeless stacks, Trafford was a city—his city.

"Yes, and I'll live to build it twice as big," he told himself as he plunged into his work. "This is just the beginning."

The old compelling dream repossessed him. He brushed the strike out of the path of his thought as a negligible and trifling incident. The afternoon fled. He was startled when Margaret Patton brought him his letters at five. She waited while he signed them.

"Your car's waiting," she told him as he thrust the pile back across the desk. He shook his head.

"I'm going to stay here to-night. Tell Joe to take the car home and have Gabe pack a bag for me. Wait a minute, Margaret—while this thing's on you'd better use the car yourself. Joe will call for you in the morning."

"Thank you." She took the offer calmly. "There are some pickets at the office gates, you know. Some of the girls are worried."

He frowned, his fists closing. That was their measure—hanging about to frighten women! He considered briefly.

"We'll settle that easily enough. Tell the office that while the strike lasts the company will provide busses. Telephone to Gonfarone's and have him send down as many cars as you'll need. They can drive in through Number Four gate. Hold the girls till they get here."

She nodded. He watched her go, his earlier curiosity reviving. Something in her face baffled him utterly. It made her almost—almost attractive. And yet he was queerly certain that she was against him like all the rest. She would not help his enemies, but she wanted them to win. He tried to persuade himself that this abiding conviction was pure fancy, but an intuition more compelling than logic overbore his arguments. A gray depression settled upon him. Not even Margaret Patton stood behind him in this quarrel—a quarrel in which he fought for the life of the city which had turned on its creator.

He carried the thought with him through what remained of the day. It harassed him as he superintended the measures of defense, posting a handful of loyal foremen at the vulnerable points, connecting fire hose to the high-pressure hydrants. It troubled him while he presided at a conference of his lieutenants—Searing, who ran the electric plant; McCall, manager of the gas works; Lanning and Mitchell, of the street railway; and Gerrish, of the water system. He knew that he could count on their loyalty, but he sensed below this assurance their pessimistic view of the situation. None of them was more than a dependable subordinate. He had chosen them for their ability to take orders.

"We'll keep things going as long as we can," said Lanning, speaking for them all. "But they'll hit at us before long. They know we're all working for you. I hope you'll get it straightened out before they tie us all up, sir."

Trafford made light of his fears. But the suggestion deepened his depression. If the strike extended to his lesser interests he would go down. He had no reserve to meet the strain of a long fight. His eagerness to build had always kept him balanced on the edge of financial disaster. Every dollar of profit had been reinvested before it was fairly earned—invested always in Trafford and in enterprises from which conservative capital quite reasonably held back. By diverting current revenue from the trolleys and the power plants he could manage to keep the mills solvent for an interval of idleness. Wanting that income, the major business would infallibly crash. And the men who had fathered the strike were clever enough to see this as clearly as he saw it.

A little before midnight McKenna's men arrived. A string of tourist sleepers carried them into the yards on the mill's own tracks without interference on the part of the straggling pickets. Their presence gave Matthew Trafford a sense of security. They obviously knew their trade—some of them, he fancied, enjoyed it. They had the calm, placid look of man-killers, the direct, opaque eye of their craft. He watched the process of distributing them about the defenses, reassured against the fear of physical destruction. Afterward he slept uneasily on the cot he kept at the office. Trafford was safe for the present.

III

A FEELING of peace came into the room with Margaret Patton. He looked up, aware once more of the challenging change in her. She carried a tray with a bowl of soup and a little pile of sandwiches.

"You'd better have something to eat," she announced. "Going without food can't possibly do any good to anybody."

He checked an impatient refusal. Under her level eyes he suddenly sensed the boyish folly of his self-starvation. The clear broth tempted him. He finished it and the generous bread and meat.

"That's better," she told him. "I sent out for it. 'A hungry man isn't normal. And this job needs sanity, Mr. Trafford."

Her tone soothed him. He felt a restful lessening of the tight pull at his nerves. His hand fumbled for his cigarette case. He had not smoked either during these last twenty-four hours. She nodded approval, lifting the tray from the desk. He checked her with a gesture.

"Don't go, Margaret. Stay and—and talk to me. If I'm alone I think—hard."

She obeyed placidly. A cross light brought her face into profile. Again he found himself seeking to analyze the unfamiliar quality of her. She sat with her hands crossed in her lap, her body effortlessly erect, at ease. A silence fell between them, broken at last by Trafford's explosive speech.

"Margaret, they're going to beat me. I can't see a way out. It's a choice between smashing after I surrender or smashing first. Either way, it's the end of Trafford."

"Do you mind very much?"

Her question amazed him. Did he mind! Twenty-two years—all his best, his dreams, his youth, his strength, all wasted! And she could ask him, as casually as if it were an affair of pennies, whether he minded!

"A little," he said dryly. "You see, Margaret, it isn't just Matthew Trafford who's going under. That wouldn't bother me much. It's—well, you guessed the other day. I haven't been chasing money all these years. I—I've clung to a fool idea that I was building up something that would be—oh, a monument, I suppose. And that hurts."

"I wondered." She surveyed him steadily. "I thought perhaps that you might have seen a new side since this trouble came. You've said some things which sounded as if you'd discovered this city you've built for what it is, instead of the air castles you've been dreaming all these years. A city? What does the word mean—to you? Just—just bigness, people, noise, hustle?"

He frowned.

"That's all part of it, of course. Growth and development mean noise and hurry. That's life. I suppose that's why they don't like me, though—the old-timers. They'd rather have had the place stand still—stagnate. I didn't realize that you felt the same way about it. You've certainly helped me make it what it is. I couldn't have done it without you. I see that more and more clearly these days."

"I've helped you, of course. You paid me for that. But I haven't made you understand what I meant. You've created something. We call it a city. The name doesn't matter. The point is, do you like it? Is it worth fighting for, as you've been fighting for it these last few days? That puzzles me."

He was bewildered.

"Like it? Why not? What's wrong with it? Forty thousand population—ten times as many as we had when I began—everything that any town of twice our size could ask for. Why, there are dozens of bigger places that can't compare with Trafford!"

"I didn't mean the—the material things—water and electricity and the rest. I was thinking more about the people. There were only a few of us when you were building the first shop, but—don't you see the difference between the few you found and the many you've brought? We—we belonged here and we belonged together; we'd taken root. Trafford meant—meant something to us that it doesn't mean to these aliens you've imported. Can you imagine a boy born in one of those shanties on River Alley growing up with a dream like yours? I can't!"

He laughed.

"I see now. I suppose the Indians felt that way when the first settlers came up the river. It's natural enough, but it's wrong. Give these people a generation or two and their roots will go down as deep as ours. Why shouldn't they? It's the same country—a better country than my great-grandfather found when he hewed out his clearing over there on the bank. He didn't have any trolleys; his children didn't ride to high school and study their books by electric lights. And yet he did pretty well, considering. That's all poppycock. We're all aliens when you look the facts in the face. Some of us have been here a bit longer than others, that's all."

She nodded.

"Yes, but those who came first came slowly and paid high for their coming. They left the easy places behind them, and if they weren't strong and stubborn and hard they died young. Nobody met them as they filed off their ships and paid their railroad fare. I wonder if the men you've brought here can leave their children what you and I inherited? I'm not so sure. If I were I'd want you to win this fight."

He started.

"And you don't want me to now? You mean that?"

Her eyes softened, but her lips were firm.

"Yes, if winning means that you're to go on with all this. I'd rather you lost now; I'd rather see all you've done disintegrate; I'd rather see these—these personally conducted immigrants of yours go through something of the same refining process that smelted out the slag in the old stock. I don't see any chance of making them over by charity."

"Oh, come, Margaret! You can't turn back the clock. The pioneer days are gone. This is an age of organization. The same basic law applies, though. The fittest come to the top, the weak go under. You can't repeal Nature."

"We're doing our best, though." She leaned forward, resting her chin on her palm, an elbow on the arm of her chair. "Perhaps you're right. I don't know. I wish I could be sure, because ——"

She stopped, and her eyes for the first time evaded his. He detected something vital in her interrupted speech.

"Why? What would you do?" He got to his feet, crossing toward her.

"I—I'd tell you how to win," she said simply. "It's quite easy. But I'm afraid—sometimes I think it's all part of some big, natural process, all this sudden madness. I'm afraid to interfere. Whom the gods would destroy, you know. Perhaps we're getting back to the old unrelenting law of the survival of the fittest. What is it that all these men are trying to pull down? What do they mean when they rant about a capitalistic system as if it were a personal devil? Isn't it just the system which vetoes the primary principle of life—the system which protects the weakling and his children and lets him govern the strong? They think they're tearing down something oppressive, but aren't they really attacking what lets them live? Suppose you hadn't built your mills—where would your forty thousand be? What would they be doing? Have you ever thought of that?"

"I didn't have to think. They'd be in somebody else's factory. I had to fight hard enough to get them. You're absolutely wrong, Margaret. Coöperation is as much a part of the natural scheme as sunlight. Ants and bees ——"

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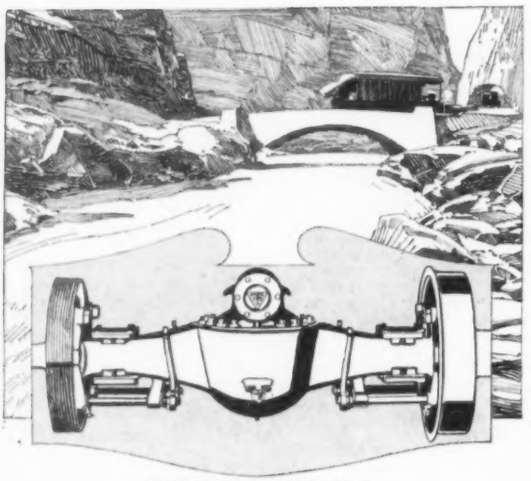


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"I know. But ants and bees haven't changed very much in the years which have brought us up from the ooze. Something better than that produced your great-grandfather—and mine. But I don't know—I don't know. I wish I could be sure one way or the other. And I'm afraid ——"

It maddened him to realize that success or failure of all his life work might conceivably lie in her keeping. He knew her habit of cautious speech too well to take her declaration lightly. If she saw a way out of the closing trap it would be practical and feasible at least.

"Trust my judgment," he urged. "Let me decide. If you see a chance of winning through—why, Margaret, don't you see what it means to me? Whatever happens to Trafford and the people in it, I'll be done. I'm forty-three. I'll never make another start if I fail now. Everything I've done, everything I've slaved and schemed for all my life is gone if I don't break this strike this week. Are you going to let me go down for the sake of a fancy? Tell me what you'd do ——"

He felt her eyes measuring him as if she weighed the risk of putting a weapon into his hands. He was amazed at the breathless tension in which he waited. After all, it would be some fantastic woman's notion. Absurd to behave as if she held the keys of Fate, and yet below his doubts an abiding certainty sustained him. She knew!

"I'll tell you then." Her voice sounded harsh. He saw her lips tighten and draw straight as if speech cost her a price of pain. "The utilities—the gas and water and lights ——"

He flung his hands wide.

"Oh, if that's all—why, you know how they've worked out! There's no surplus revenue in any of them. I had to cut into the reserve to meet the pay rolls this week. They're running at a loss."

"Yes, you're spending money you desperately need to keep them running, so that your strikers can have water for the turning of a tap, cook their food on your gas, hold their meetings under your electric lamps! Why don't you shut down—let them carry water from the river if they want it—walk instead of riding—hold their precious meetings in the dark? Give them a taste of what this country was when our race found it. If they stand fast there's stuff in them that would beat you anyway. But they won't. You know they won't."

He stared at her, stunned. Their own weapon turned against them! A sharp laugh fought its way to his lips. His mind leaped to the consequences. How they would squeal! He tasted the triumph in anticipation. She was right—they were soft, these people; helpless to do for themselves the simplest of the vital daily tasks; dependent on the wits and labor of the men they hated and fought for their drink and food and shelter. One day without their luxurious necessities and they would whine and beg like well-whipped dogs. He felt his lips draw back from his teeth.

"You've won for us," he said in a strained whisper. "I believe you've put your finger on the answer to the whole problem. Cut off their supplies and they're beaten—and the world round capital controls the vital things. Margaret, you've done a bigger thing than you think. We're fighting the last strike—right here in Trafford. And it's almost over. There'll never be another—not with an outside chance of winning." He stopped. Her hands, which somehow he had seized, were cold and passive, and the look in her eyes frightened him. "Don't worry—it's all right. You've done more for them than you have for me. You've kept them from killing the golden goose."

"I know. That's it. I wonder—I wonder if it wouldn't have been better to let them kill it. Better for them, I mean"—her voice changed queerly—"and better for—for the golden goose too."

He scarcely heard her. Already he was at the telephone calling impatiently for Searing at the lighting plant. He held the whip after all. Below a surging joy of victory he warmed with a glow of gratitude toward the woman who had thrust it into his hands.

"I'll owe this to you, Margaret," he said over his shoulder. "I don't forget."

IV

"YOU can't go through with it." Pryzak's voice shook with a kind of terror. "It's all right to bluff, but you can't do it if they call you. You don't realize ——"

"You don't, you mean. You can't get it out of your head that I'm fighting for profits, Pryzak. You're as bad as the simple fools who think I'm getting rich on their labor. It's not Matthew Trafford I'm thinking about; it's the town—these jackasses themselves. If I let them break me they'll suffer before I do. And without the mills—why, Trafford won't last a year! I'm fighting for you and your crowd—for those weak-backed idiots at the chamber of commerce."

"It doesn't matter. Cut off their water and gas and we'll have red hell here in three hours. They've been getting uglier ever since the word went out. There's a meeting called for to-night—Smolenski and Borkmeyer and that she-devil, Hilda Lang, will scream murder at them. They will stampede, Trafford."

"Let them!" Trafford's glance moved to the slouching figures of McKenna's sentries lounging just inside the gates. "We'll give them as good as we get." He laughed harshly. "I tell you, Pryzak, you're watching the dawn—we're through with strikes. Hereafter men will get what they earn, not what they can blackmail out of hamstrung employers. We've been fools—incredible fools—or we'd have found the answer years ago. While one man's hands hold him up and go through his pockets the rest of us have calmly fed 'em and housed 'em and served 'em with all the modern conveniences. That's ended—to-night. After this you're going to see organization on our side. And when some crooked walking delegate calls a strike his dupes will find themselves busy rustling coal and water and milk and ice without any help from the rest of the employing class. It's as simple as winking."

"You're missing a bet if you think that. You're playing straight into Borkmeyer's hands with that stunt. He doesn't want to win this strike. He's aiming for straight communism—no private property anywhere. Everything in the pool. You couldn't suit him better, because you're going to make me pull his chestnuts out of the fire. If you won't furnish water and gas and light I'll have to seize your plants and see that they keep running—for the sake of the town."

"Try it!" Trafford laughed again. "Just try it!"

Pryzak spread his hands in the old expressive gesture.

"Suppose I don't? The governor will have troops here by to-morrow morning—put the place under martial law. And what'll be the first thing the soldiers do? I'll leave it to you if they won't commandeer your plants. They'll have to."

Trafford shook his head.

"Go right ahead and commandeer! I might put some of McKenna's men on guard and keep you out by force; I might get an injunction against you, but I won't. If you can run those plants without me you're welcome." He laughed. "Don't you think I'm sane enough to have foreseen that move, Pryzak? Until I'm ready there won't be gas or current or water in Trafford. There won't be a pound of ice or a turning trolley wheel. You can seize my plants, but you can't make 'em work. I've seen to that. Ever hear of sabotage? Well, I've adopted the principle. We've fixed the dynamos so it'll take a week to get them running unless we choose to replace the missing parts. The pumps in the water plant are out of commission and the reservoir will be empty in another hour. And it'll be a clever mechanic who can reassemble the gate valves in the gas mains. I'm ready for you! Go as far as you like!"

Pryzak shook.

"Is that on the level?"

"Go and see for yourself! They'll let you inspect the plants. It's no use, Pryzak. I hold the cards. Go and tell your people to throw up the sponge. They're licked."

"I'll see what I can do. Maybe you can get by with it. But"—he shook his head—"I can feel trouble."

"Want a bit of good advice?" A pale compassion for the man woke in Matthew Trafford. Pryzak's political talents were pathetically unequal to red crises. "Send out a squad and round up Borkmeyer and Smolenski and the rest of 'em. Run 'em in on any charge you like and have Judge Morganstern give 'em half an hour to get out of town. That'll settle it."

"Maybe. I'll think about it."

The mayor departed, treading carefully on the toes of his shining boots. Trafford was honestly sorry for him. Next fall it

(Concluded on Page 92)



Barrett Specification type of Roof on Warehouse Pier No. 2 of the Norfolk & Western Railroad at Lambert's Point, Va.

No maintenance expense for 23 years—

IN 1892 the Norfolk & Western Railroad erected at Lambert's Point, Va., the warehouse piers shown here. A Barrett Specification type of roof was used to cover these buildings.

This was in the days before The Barrett Company issued Surety Bonds on Barrett Specification Roofs, and before some of the present-day improved roofing methods had been worked out.

Notwithstanding this, *there was no maintenance expense of any kind on these roofs until 1915.* In other words, the owners were absolutely free from roof trouble and roof expense for 23 years.

When the time came to roof their new warehouse piers, there was no question in the minds of officials of the Norfolk & Western Railroad as to what roof they would use. They ordered the new buildings covered with Barrett Specification Roofs as a matter of course.

These roofs, shown in the illustrations below, cover an area of more than 400,000 square feet.

On them we have issued our 20-Year Surety Bond, and while the railroad officials were pleased to get the Surety Bond, they knew from experience that it was not necessary, for the roofs would outlive the guarantee.

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The Surety Bond is offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or more in all cities of 25,000 or over, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.* It is issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore, and exempts the owner from all maintenance expense for the life of the Bond.

Our only stipulations are that the Barrett Specification *revised April 15, 1920,* shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

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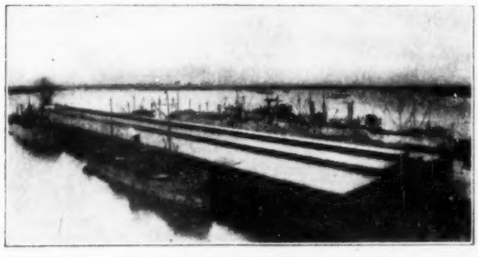
For those who wish a somewhat lighter and lower priced roof covering, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof bonded for 10 years.

Both roofs are built of the same high-grade waterproofing materials, the only difference being the quantity used.

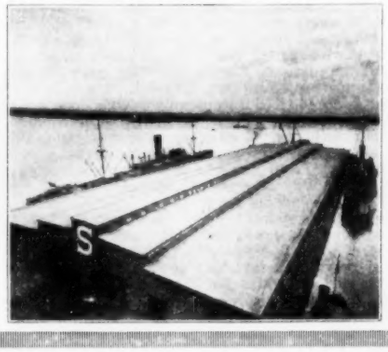
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Barrett Specification Roofs on piers of the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Lambert's Point, Va. The total area of these roofs is more than 400,000 square feet.





Roofing Contractors: Odend'Hal Monks Corporation, Norfolk, Va. Gen'l Contractors: John P. Pettyjohn Co., Lynchburg, Va. Architects: Engineering Dept., Norfolk and Western R. R., Roanoke, Va.

(Concluded from Page 90)

would be a good thing to put a real man in Pryzak's place—Mott Tyler perhaps, or even old Doniphan himself. He made a mental note to see to it when the time came. The strain of the preceding days and nights had lifted now. He relaxed, surrendering to a grateful certainty of success. The situation was saved, thanks to Margaret Patton.

His thought drifted comfortably toward her. Queer that she should have hit on the one device which could have rescued him! She wasn't in the least the ruthless, cold-blooded sort to think of such a method. He promised himself that when this business had settled itself he would study her a little. Perhaps she could be trained to take a larger measure of responsibility from his weighted shoulders. Anyway he'd have to find some method of squaring the account between them. If he pulled through he'd owe it absolutely to her.

Toward evening he made a round of inspection with Leary, McKenna's assistant. The guards had been reduced during the day, the major portion of their number sleeping in the cars on the siding, to be fresh for the night's duty. Leary was at one with Pryzak in scenting action.

"We'll get busy before morning," he said as they turned back toward the office building. "This stunt of yours'll start things moving."

It was plain that he enjoyed the prospect. And Matthew Trafford saw something of the same anticipation in the faces of the guards themselves.

"You act as if you hoped ——" he began. Leary chuckled.

"I guess I do—sort of. It's a slow job, except when the lid blows off."

"Think you can handle 'em?"

Trafford was not concerned. He inquired merely to give the man the relief of speech. Leary grinned.

"Sure! We could always handle 'em if we had the right guy behind us. Trouble is that most owners want us to slap 'em on the wrist and speak real cross to 'em if they don't behave. Give me leave to start the music first and I'll show you results—every time. A shotgun with buckshot makes a beautiful argument—if you shoot it soon enough."

Trafford said nothing. The professional attitude repelled him without weakening his determination. If they wanted blood they should have it. And yet as he glimpsed a vision of sprawled bodies tumbled before his gates he had a moment of doubt. Cattle of course, but human cattle—immortal souls if the preachers had the right of it. A sense of inevitable and undeserved responsibility harassed him. He didn't want any right of high justice over these alien simpletons. All he wanted was to run his mills in peace. It wasn't fair to confront a man with such decisions in such a cause.

"Suppose they were too strong for you?" he heard himself asking. "Suppose they rushed the gates before you could stop them?"

"They won't!" Leary chuckled.

"But if they did, what about your men? They'd wipe you all out if they got to close quarters."

"Yes, but they won't. It's a funny thing about mobs. Any bull'll tell you the same thing. Lay your man out cold with one punch and his gang won't lift a finger. Leave him on his feet and his crowd piles right in on your neck. It's like that in these scraps. Stretch a couple of 'em before they're ready for it and the rest'll run like rabbits. I've been through it half a dozen times."

Trafford listened inattentively.

"But they do come on sometimes," he persisted. "And they'd have your men penned in here like mice in a trap. They'd wipe you out."

"No, we figure on that, o' course. There's the train, and the engine's hooked onto her, with steam up. If we lost out we'd just make a rush of it for the cars and beat it. But don't worry. We'll be here in the morning—all of us."

Trafford left him at the office doorway. He looked in at Margaret Patton's desk as he passed her door. The room was empty. He was vaguely relieved. She must have taken his advice and gone home early. He ought not to let any of them come till the trouble quieted down. Even in the motor cars he had chartered they weren't wholly safe. A picket might fling a stone or take a chance shot. It didn't matter now. By to-morrow the danger would have passed. Pryzak was wrong—Leary too. The men wouldn't fight—not as men fight, anyway. If they'd been like the old stock, to be sure—it wouldn't have been safe to try starving Traffords or Cookes or Tylers into surrendering a cause they thought just. But these people—he shook his head in negation of the idea that they would turn to violence as their last resort.

He watched the night thicken over the town like a slow sediment sinking in a clear fluid. Often and often he had seen the day end from this same window, seen the yellow lights multiply and brighten as the sun faded; taken a builder's thrill of pride in them as so many symbols of success. Now as the twilight died the streets darkened. Here and there in the huddled buildings a spark revealed itself, accentuating the surrounding shadows. He found himself remembering such scattered lights as he had watched them from the hill years before. A kind of wistfulness tightened his throat and brought a stinging moisture to his eyes.

Friendly lights, those lamps and candles—tokens of warmth and comfort against the terrors of the dark. Every one of them had had a message for him in the old days. Now—he shook the mood from him, angry at himself for the descent into sticky sentiment. He tried to smoke, but his tightening nerves rejected the factitious solace. Nine o'clock. They would be listening to Borkmeyer now, shrieking his turgid lunacy in distorted English which their ears must strain to understand. A sudden impulse overpowered him. It would be dark, even with such makeshift illumination as they could manage. No one could recognize him if he kept in the shadows. Why not ——

The sheer adventure of it tempted him. He found an old overcoat in the closet, a felt hat with a limp brim. The guard at the gate flashed an electric torch in his face to verify his answer to the challenge. He went out into a deserted street, black with the almost palpable darkness of a country lane. Presently, guided by a sure instinct for distance and direction, he came within earshot of the meeting. They were holding it in the open—on the sand-lot where the next block of cottages would be built. He saw a group of men in the center of a huddled mass of black and guessed that a crude platform had been put up. Gasoline torches flared and flickered at its corners. A harsh voice carried to him, its key eloquent before he could distinguish words. Borkmeyer! He made out the thick, almost deformed torso, the head set seemingly on the shoulders, the distorted features of the orator, grimacing as he strained his vocal cords, the waving, uplifted fists.

Gradually his ear caught the thread of the man's frenzied clamor. He smiled thinly at the worn absurdities, pointed now because they were centered on himself.

"You wouldn't believe us when we told you you were slaves. Do you believe us now, when your master takes the lights out of the shanties he gives you to live in, lets your children cry for water, denies you the right to live unless you do his bidding? Will you wait till he sets up a whipping post and flogs you as his kind flogged you in the old days?"

He was faintly pleased at this. The blow had struck heavily, it seemed. Borkmeyer could scream himself speechless; the fact remained that Matthew Trafford ruled. They had chosen to appeal to the decision of strength. Let them make the best of it now that they knew he was strongest.

"What can you do? You ask me what you can do?" Borkmeyer flung his arms high. "I'll tell you. If you're men you'll take what's yours—take it and keep it. If you're slaves you'll crawl back on your bellies and kiss Matt Trafford's foot. What can you do? When there are five thousand of you—and only two hundred hired thugs against you! Take the mills! They're yours—you built them with your bloody sweat. Take them and keep them! Run them yourselves for your own profit! They're doing it in Russia. Why can't you do it here? Throw Trafford's paid butchers into the river and take what's yours!"

Trafford sensed the rising response in the crowd. He thought of a great sleeping beast slowly waking, moving its muscles experimentally, finding its strength. An impatient pity for the folly of the men who could be herded by the frothing maniac under the torches gave way to a nascent fear. If they guessed that he stood here they would kill him with their hands, suffocate him as bees kill their drones, by the mere press of their crowding bodies. And suddenly he understood what Margaret Patton had meant.

These men were what he had made them—he and his kind. The law of Nature which would have sifted and sorted them had been suspended long enough to fashion them as he saw them now. Borkmeyer was right. They were slaves—in the sense that a higher intelligence shepherded them; fed and clad and housed them; set them to appointed tasks; gave them, unasked and undesired, the gifts for which free men struggle and sweat and die. And as water seeks eternally its level, so whatever force lay behind this ferment rose against men's artifice. In their own despite these fatted cattle rebelled against the thing which protected them against the basic law.

It seemed to Matthew Trafford as if a mighty hand descended on him; as if some stern and unrelenting power overruled his will. A builder? Yes, like those nameless architects who had lifted their sun-baked brick terraces to scale heaven while their gods laughed. Babel—the parallel fascinated him, while Borkmeyer's screaming words battered at his ears. That was what he had built—another Babel; not a city, not a commonwealth, but this futile counterfeit—a crowd, a mob.

Slowly, with the clamor of the agitator's abuse dulling behind him, he walked back to the mills. His mind moved against his will, carrying him remorselessly toward a decision he foresaw and against which all his instincts cried out. The guard at the gate challenged him sharply. He felt the tension in the tone. This man too stood in the path, a straw in the course of a torrent. He stopped as the fellow recognized him.

"Where's Leary?"

The guard wasn't sure. He thought the leader would be down by the train. Trafford turned away, conscious of a dominant force which refused to pause and parley with his marshaled logic. The lighted windows of the cars guided him. He found Leary talking in whispers with a group gathered on the platform of the rearmost sleeper.

"They're due to show up any time now." Leary spoke in a hush of excitement. "I've had a couple of men down there and they say it's a sure thing."

"Get your men on board and pull out," said Trafford. "Hurry up! I want you off the grounds in half an hour."

Leary stared.

"I don't get you. You mean you're going to quit—now?"

"I mean what I say! Get your men and get out! Now!"

"But, Mr. Trafford"—Leary's voice lifted—"they mean business down there. Even if you're ready to quit, it's a safe bet they'll tear hell loose before you can tell 'em ——"

"I'm giving orders here." Trafford moved his head as a man does when a persistent insect troubles him. "Get your men off my grounds in half an hour. That's all!"

He saw the contempt deepen in the lean face. Leary's lips drew clear of his short teeth. He swore in a thin, grating whisper and spat in the cinders of the roadbed.

"All right! Just as you say!"

He turned, spoke to the men behind him. Trafford stayed only to see them scatter on his bidding. Then, walking heavily, he went back to the office. When the mills went down Matthew Trafford would go down with them. There was a curious consolation in the thought. It came to him with an effect of rest after strain. His work was done.

He watched the string of lights move down the track, vanish at the first curve. He sat before the window which overlooked the main gates, strangely at peace with himself. He took no heed of time. It might have been an hour before his ear caught the first sound of the mob—a faint, droning noise, rising and falling a little, like a chant. Lights appeared in the darkness of the street, wavering and dancing sparks, brightening and expanding as he watched them.

He drew in a slow breath. It wouldn't be long now. He knew what would happen in spite of Borkmeyer's fantastic proposals of confiscation. Once that mob streamed through the gates with its gasoline torches there could be only one result. "Fire makes all clean again"—the quotation crept into his thought with an effect of reassurance. He wondered whether the polyglot mob had burned their tower ages ago at Babel. Probably they had tried. Fire makes all clean ——

He sprang up, himself again, as his door opened.

"Margaret!"

He ran toward her, his interval of madness past, his mind keenly awake to the vastness of his folly.

"I had to come," she whispered. "I tried to stay away, but ——"

"Never mind. We'll have to hurry or they'll find us here." He gripped her arm, drawing her toward the stairs. "You must run. They'll be here in a minute or two."

"But the guards ——"

"I've sent them away. You're right. It isn't worth fighting for. Let them smash it. Fire makes all clean."

She ran beside him now, keeping pace with him. He felt a savage pride in this, as if her strength and swiftness were somehow his. They reached the side entrance as the torches swept in at the main gates. He led the way straight up the slope of the bare hill. A hundred yards from the street it flattened to another level. He stopped and turned. A long spout of yellow flame stabbed up into the night. He laughed.

"I thought so. It'll make a pretty fire, Margaret."

She touched his arm.

"I don't understand why ——"

"But you do! It was your idea! I—I guess I lost my head or I'd have fought it out. But somehow I seemed to see it all as you must have seen it yesterday. It's better for them to kill the golden goose—better for me too, maybe. I—it's queer how the thing rests me, Margaret. I'm through ——"

"I know! I feel that too. There was a kind of weight, as if we carried them all on our shoulders."

"Yes—when Nature meant them to walk. Anyway, it's ended. And Trafford's ended too. With the mills gone there won't be even the shell of a city here."

"I wonder."

The flare of the spreading flames lighted her face. Her voice caught his curiosity.

"Don't! The town dies when the mills stop. That's sure!"

"I wonder. You won't go, will you? You're going to stay here?"

"Maybe. I hadn't thought about it. Yes, I suppose I'll stay."

"Yes, and so will the others who belong here. We're rooted deep, Matt—deeper than we know."

His name on her lips startled him. He was silent, studying her in the blaze of the Babel he and she had built.

"They'll go, of course, but they'll leave us here. There was Trafford before there were mills. It won't die. They—our grandfathers built better than we have, Matt."

"Maybe." He was not interested. Something deeper than his compelling dreams of his city absorbed him now. He touched her arm. "Margaret, you helped me do it. You hated it, and yet you worked as hard as I did."

She lifted her shoulders.

"Yes, it was better than—than nothing. I suppose we've all a little of the building instinct in us. We ought to have. Think of the blood in us, the men who chose to fight their way back into the hills and make a nation in a wilderness, and the women who went with them. We can't help trying to do what they did. We'll build badly, if we must, but we'll build something."

"I wonder if they meant it." He pressed his lips straightly. "Do you suppose they went about it deliberately, as I did—planned to found a republic in the woods?" He broke off in a laugh. "Of course they didn't! They never dreamed of anything like this. All they wanted was—was ——"

"It doesn't matter. They built something—and it endures. And what we built—you and I together ——"

She flung a hand out toward the roaring fires at their feet. The light streamed on her face. Quite simply and suddenly Matthew Trafford saw the truth by that illumination.

"I know—now. They weren't trying to build towns or cities or nations—those people began at the beginning. They built—families—homes. They built—men and women. Margaret—I—we ——"

She turned slowly, calmly toward him. And the fire, making all clean where he had built his Babel, gave him light to understand her eyes. He knew that his building had not ended—nor begun. And he knew that it would endure.





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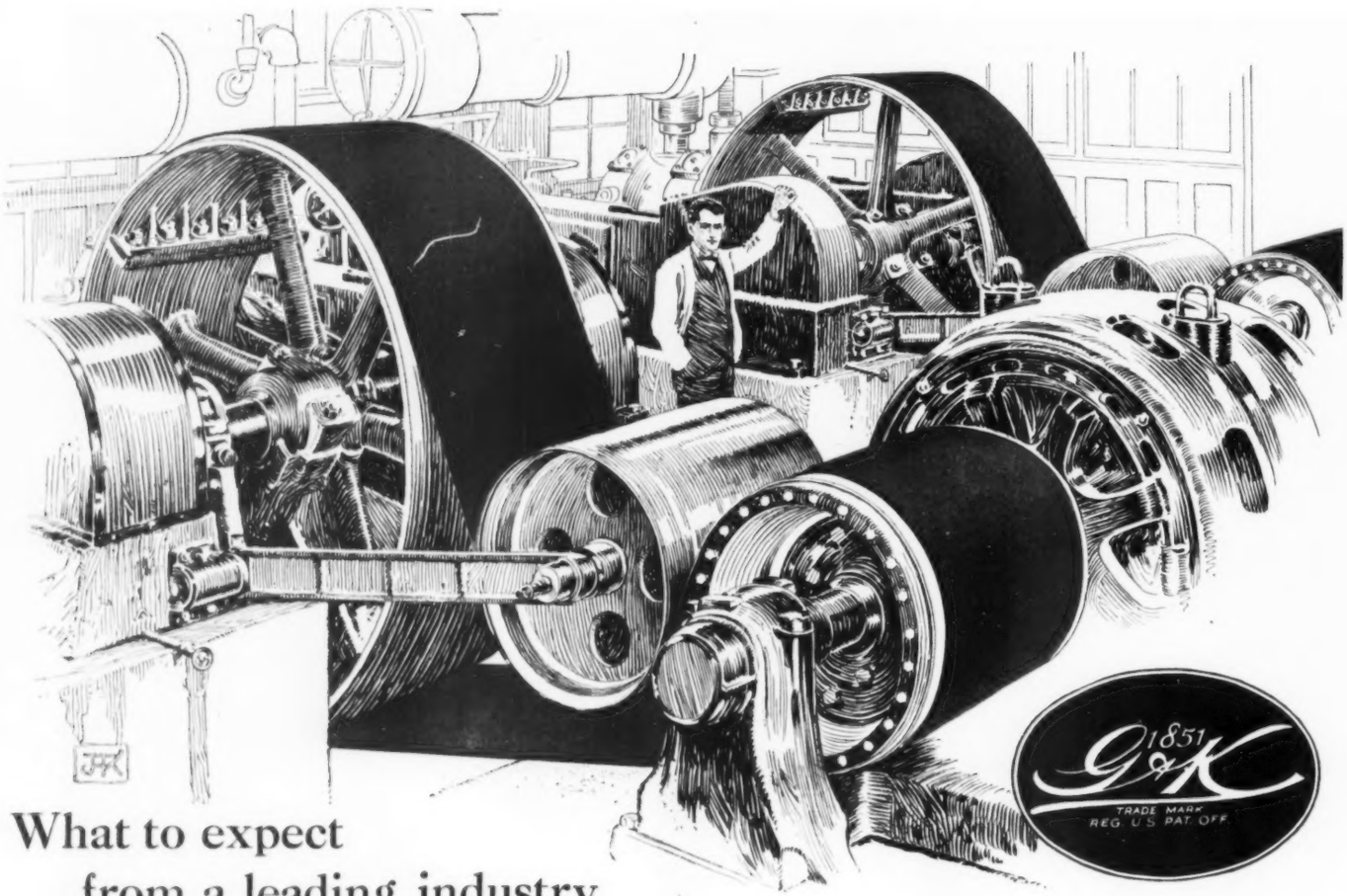
But not *shut in!* For your vision range is always clear.

Children are safe in this Sedan. So are packages and luggage when you leave the car locked.

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HOW A TOWN COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 23)

of $20,000; with this letter before me I told him that he was good with us for $40,000 if he needed it.

"He was in here a few days ago and showed me a statement covering his business operations since the storm; things had come along better than he had expected.

"'You know I told you I thought I would be even with the world in two years,' he said cheerfully. 'I am going to do better than that. If business keeps up my assets will catch up with my debts inside of three months more.'"

The action of the Detroit executive is typical of the way the big concerns of the country treated their debtors in Corpus Christi. I did not hear of an instance where any creditor has pressed a Corpus debtor for money. There were one or two cases where merchants settled with their creditors at a discount and left town to go into business elsewhere, but the business men of Corpus do not like to talk about it. Such cases are a reflection on the hundred-cents-on-the-dollar spirit of the town.

If any man doubts the value of keeping his nerve in discouraging times he ought to hear of another case the banker told me about. This man, it seems, also had a business that was pretty badly damaged, but his loss was not near so great as that of the young manufacturer. He was worth probably $50,000 before the storm, and his net holdings now are possibly $20,000.

"Of course it was a hard blow," the banker told me, "but not a knockout by any means. He owes some money, but not enough to worry over. He is just in the prime of life and should have at least thirty years of good work in front of him. But he seems to have lost his nerve."



PHOTO BY HARVEY PATTESON, SAN ANTONIO

North Beach Residence District

An Island of Gloom

"He is perfectly honest and has no intention of beating anyone out of anything. But since the storm he does not put much punch into his work; he complains a little about his hard luck, and that makes people shy of him. There is a general understanding round town that it is our duty to be cheerful.

"A few days ago there was a meeting of our bank directors at which we were going over the names of our customers, with a view of deciding on credit, should they ask for it. In ordinary times if there is any doubt as to the credit of a man who comes in to ask for a loan we tell him to wait until the board shall pass on it, but now we want to be in position to do business with him at once; he may not be able to wait for a meeting of the board.

"The name of the man who complains about his losses finally came up; I asked the other members of the board what should be done if he should come in and ask for a loan. One of the board members spoke in reply, a man who is himself a merchant and has built a comfortable fortune up from nothing.

"'I don't think we ought to risk the bank's money on a man who has lost his nerve,' he said. 'Blank is a good fellow all right, but he is going to lose what money he has left unless he changes his ways. The other night I was in one of the hotels talking to half a dozen fellows in the lobby and Blank came in and joined the crowd. He was polite enough to everybody, but whenever he spoke there was a little pessimism in what he said. Mostly he sat round in an abstracted sort of way, looking unhappy. It wasn't long before the crowd evaporated, one or two quietly slipping off at a time. The last I saw of Blank he was sitting by himself in one of the big leather-covered chairs where the crowd had been gathered, looking gloomily out the window.

"'It's the same way at other places. You know a lot of the younger business men gather in the Greek restaurant round the corner here at lunch time every day. Well, I went in there yesterday. The gang was all there, lined up on the high stools against the counter. There were just two vacant stools. Blank was there eating, with one of the vacant stools on each side of him. He was a little island of gloom in the midst of a sea of cheerfulness.

"'A man like that isn't going to attract much business to himself. Blank is going to have a poor chance to get back where he was before the storm unless he braces up. I do not think we would be justified in lending him any of the bank's money.'"

As I walked round Corpus Christi's main streets looking for someone to tell me how people get back into business after being thoroughly knocked out I ran across a neat-looking millinery store. Snappy-looking spring hats were in the show window, each one labeled with a price card designed to prove to the public that the hats were not only chic but cheap.

Everywhere in Corpus it is possible to tell how deep the water rose in any particular spot by looking at the side of some building for the stain of black oil which the storm brought in from broken tanks across the bay. On the side of the millinery store the oil stains were probably twelve feet above the sidewalk. Ladies' hats are not built to resist much in the way of black oil, sea water and driftwood, all being propelled by a wind blowing more than a hundred miles an hour. I went in to see how a milliner had managed to make a come-back.

There was no great rush to wait on me as I entered and asked to see the proprietor; men who go into millinery stores are ordinarily salesmen or bill collectors, and can just as well wait. Directly the proprietor came out of the workroom at the rear with an unfinished hat in one hand and some ribbon in the other; there was just a taint of suspicion in her voice as she inquired what she could do for me.

"How's business?" I asked lamely, not being able to think of anything more appropriate.

"Business is all right," answered the milliner abstractedly, "but people interrupt me so much that I can't keep up with my work."

I felt that I might as well plunge right in and confess that I had come in to pry into her private affairs.

"You were in business here at the time of the big storm?" I asked.

"I was," the milliner answered briefly.

"Was your stock damaged much?" I asked foolishly, glancing round at the chic creations in straw, silk and feathers.

"It wasn't a total loss," she replied. "I got twenty-four dollars out of it."

She had realized twenty-four dollars out of a stock that invoiced more than $6000 the day before the big storm. Yet here she was a few months afterward with a store full of new hats, her name in fresh gilt letters on the window, and cheerful as a milliner can reasonably be who is interrupted in her work. She could not understand why anyone should be interested in her affairs, but after a little coaxing she sat down on the store settee and told all about it, meanwhile sewing ribbons and things on the hat that she had brought out of the workroom.

She had been in business about five years. Before that she had been a trimmer, making her headquarters with a St. Louis wholesale millinery house and going out each spring and fall to take charge of the millinery department of some small-town retailer. The women of twenty towns in Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi have been made happier by her workmanship during the past fifteen years. She trimmed one season in Corpus Christi and liked it so well that when she decided to go into business for herself she selected Corpus.

The Milliner's Story

She started in a small way because she did not have much capital, and it is not so easy for a woman to get merchandise on credit as for a man. That is her statement, not mine. When she said it I stopped her and asked why it was. I had always understood that women were more trustworthy than men.

"I guess it is because women are so likely to throw up everything and get married," she answered; "and then the husbands don't want to pay off a lot of old debts their wives contracted before they ever saw each other. If I were a man I don't believe I would do it myself," she added spiritedly.

Anyhow she had been in business four years and had not made any great fortune when the big storm hit Corpus Christi. Business had been affected by severe drought during two seasons, and, of course, it takes time to get established, particularly when one is working on small capital. But there were wonderful crops in south Texas last summer and she prepared to make a clean-up. She had always paid her bills, and so when she went to St. Louis to buy her fall stock there was no question of getting goods on credit. She bought more than $4000 worth of shapes, flowers and ribbons, to be paid for later in the season. I did not ask how much $4000 worth of raw materials in the millinery business would amount to when finished up and sold across the counter; such a question might have seemed prying. It may be assumed, however, that she was due for a nice profit.



PHOTO BY HARVEY PATTESON, SAN ANTONIO

In the Business Section



Include this Regulator With your Heating Plant

The time to install new heating plants for next winter is now. When ordering your installation be sure to buy a furnace which is equipped with

The Little Draft-Man
Furnace Regulator

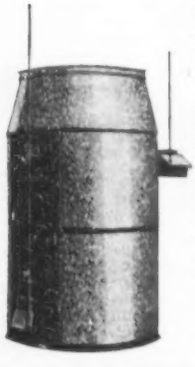
With this equipment a part of your heating plant you can lie in bed every cold morning until the house is warm. Set the regulator at night and in the morning the "Little Draft-Man" opens the damper and closes the check. During the day you regulate the flow of heat by merely turning the regulator in the "off" or "on" direction. The only attention the furnace needs is to supply fuel.

The "Little Draft-Man" is practical, dependable, and works equally well with old or new heating plants of any make—warm air, hot water, steam furnaces or boilers. Installation is easy. The entire mechanism is enclosed in a beautiful bronzed case which is fastened on the wall in the living rooms directly above your furnace chains.

If your furnace dealer does not carry the "Little Draft-Man," write us and we will send you one post paid on receipt of price,

$18.00

East of the Rocky Mountains.



To Heating Equipment Dealers

The public is being educated to appreciate complete home heating comfort. Be prepared to meet this demand. Sell a furnace equipped with the *"Little Draft-Man"* Furnace Regulator. We will be glad to send you complete information, with list of manufacturers who include the *"Little Draft-Man"* as standard equipment.

Sahlin Manufacturing Co.
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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
Canadian Distributors, McClary's, London, Ont.

On the Sunday of the big storm she was spending the day with some friends who lived in the part of town that was first cut off by the rising water. Out of eight persons in the house she was the only one who came through it alive. It was about midnight when the house definitely went to pieces and she was in the water with the wind blowing a hundred miles an hour and heavy driftwood jamming in every direction. She thinks it was a chicken coop that she got hold of and hung on to as long as she remembers anything. Anyhow she was lying beside a battered old chicken coop when she was found late the next evening lying unconscious on the beach five miles across the bay.

She was pretty badly cut on the head and for more than two weeks she was totally blind. They first carried her to a farmhouse temporarily turned hospital, and afterward to a regular hospital in a neighboring town. It was a month before she got back to the boarding house in Corpus Christi where she had lived before the storm. When she got well enough to sit up in bed she let it be known that she would like to have some work to do, and some of her old customers began to bring her materials to be made into fall hats. It was nearly three months after the storm before she was able to go down into the business district where her store had been.

The Red Cross had gathered up the tangled remains of what had once been her stock in trade and had it in storage. She sorted it over and got quite a pile of useful materials; these she sold in a bargain lot for twenty-four dollars. It was her entire salvage out of a stock worth more than $5000.

She had a little money in bank, and that, together with the twenty-four dollars and what she had earned trimming hats in her boarding-house bedroom, amounted to more than $200. With this money in her pocket she bought a ticket to St. Louis and went to see her creditors.

She owed her wholesale house $4000. In the past they had sometimes been a little severe with her when she had not remitted promptly. Once when she had written them that she would like to take an extra sixty days on a bill of goods they wrote back snappishly that they had to pay their own bills promptly and they expected their customers to do the same.

The Good Samaritan in St. Louis

But the head of the wholesale house was surprisingly pleasant when she got to St. Louis and told him that she had nothing at all with which to pay the $4000 she owed him. He didn't seem to want to talk about business at all, but asked her how it felt to be drifting round in the ocean in the middle of the night with a hurricane going on. He was particularly interested in knowing if she was afraid to die when it seemed there was so little chance of coming through. After a while he asked her if she felt well enough to go to work again.

"Why, yes," she answered; "I am feeling very well now. Anyhow I've got to get to work, and I thought perhaps you could find me a job as trimmer somewhere. I must get busy if I ever expect to begin paying off my debts."

The wholesaler didn't seem to be paying much attention to what she was saying. He fumbled with some papers on his desk and even read a couple of letters before he responded.

"Is your old storeroom in Corpus still vacant?" he finally asked.

"It was three days ago when I left," she answered.

"That's good," he said. "You had better send a wire telling the landlord that you want to rent it again. Then after lunch you go down in our showrooms and buy your opening bill. I guess we can give you a little extra time on your purchases until you get going good."

"But I haven't got a cent even to make the first payment with," she objected.

"Have I said anything about a first payment?" he demanded irritably. "You go ahead and buy your goods."

"But there is the $4000 I already owe you," she persisted.

"You don't owe us a cent," he said sort of roughly. He reached down in a drawer of his desk and pulled out a legal-looking paper on which there was an itemized statement of her account. He dipped a pen in red ink and wrote across the face of the statement in big letters the words "Paid in full."

Up to this part of our story she had talked in a pleasant conversational way. Even when she told about hanging on to the chicken coop in the water all night she had laughed about it and made a little joke about not being much of a chicken herself. But when she got to the words "Paid in full" her voice sort of gave out and she got up and went back into the workroom, pretending to look for something. I saw her through the curtains powdering her nose with a piece of chamois in front of a mirror before she came out again.

So instead of getting a job as trimmer she bought a new stock of goods and went back to Corpus. Her name is on the sign above the door in bright gold letters and the show window is full of tempting bargains in the latest St. Louis styles. She said she was sorry she couldn't answer my question about how people get back into business after being knocked out. With her it was just a case of things turning out that way, she said.

"But, of course, I wouldn't think of letting those people cancel that $4000 debt," she concluded. "If I have any luck I can easily pay it off in five or six years. Meanwhile I am protecting them."

She went back to a little safe and brought out an official-looking document to show me. It was a $4000 insurance policy on her life, with the St. Louis wholesale house named as beneficiary.

"I really thought I ought to do it," she said, "on account of their being so nice to me."

It certainly looks as though that wholesale house will get its money one way or another.

Generous Creditors to the Rescue

I learned that it had become quite a fad for Corpus business people to take out insurance policies as a protection to their creditors. Everywhere I heard praise of the attitude assumed by the big concerns of the country toward their debtors in Corpus Christi. A music store had all its talking machines float out through the broken show windows and lose themselves in the waters of the Gulf. The manufacturers wrote the music-store man to send in a list of all the machines lost; when this had been done new machines were sent to take their places free of all cost, even the freight charges being prepaid.

A banker told me that no less than six out-of-town banks, entirely unsolicited, sent him deposits of currency to help him out in case there was a run on his institution by depositors.

A hardware man reported that one of the big stove manufacturers in the Middle West wired him to give to needy poor any stoves he might have in stock that had been rusted by the water, and new stoves would be forwarded at once to take their places in his stock. A wholesale drug house wrote all its customers in Corpus Christi that their accounts would be automatically extended one year.

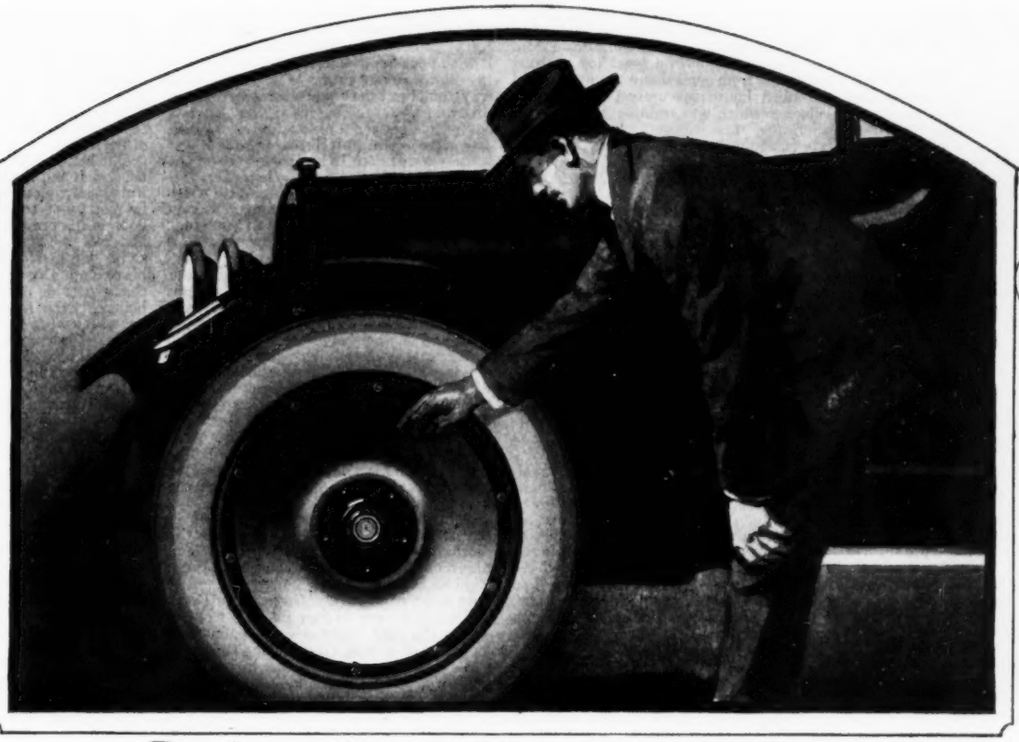
A furniture dealer told me that when telegraph communications had been restored, a couple of days after the storm, he received a wire from one of his creditors asking about his financial condition. This particular firm had always been a close collector; if the furniture man had not paid a bill on the date it fell due there was a sharp letter of inquiry. If the bill ran a week past due the firm would draw on him through his bank. When the furniture man got the telegram asking about his financial condition he presumed the concern was worried about its money and he wired back a curt message stating that there was no cause for alarm as he expected to pay his bills.

In a few hours he received a telegram in reply. The furniture man has the message framed and hanging on the wall in his office to show how a hard soulless corporation will sometimes act. I copied the exact wording:

"You misunderstood our meaning. We want to help. Wire us how much money you need and draw on us for same."

After my talk with the milliner I went out and joined another chamber-of-commerce committee. I noticed on this committee one particularly active worker whom anyone would have known for a professional man. He looked to be about sixty years old, fat, rosy-faced, and wore his clothes sort of loose and careless, the way men do

(Concluded on Page 100)



Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

This Wheel-Talk is the last of a Series of Eight that have appeared at regular intervals in this publication.

If you have read these Wheel-Talks you now have, we trust, a clearer understanding of the functions and essentials of the modern, scientifically designed motor car wheel. Briefly summarized those essentials are:

> A motor car wheel should be so designed and constructed that road-shocks cannot be transmitted to the mechanism of the car; that there can be no concentration of strains at any one point; that the weight in the wheel be scientifically distributed; that tire-changing and wheel-changing be made easy; that the wheel cut cleanly through mud, sand and snow and be easily cleaned; that the wheel stay round and hold the tire firm and true at all times; that there be no rattling spokes or squeaking rims—i.e., the wheel be actually noiseless; that the wheel be very strong, yet very light; that the wheel save tires and gasoline, increase the efficiency and prolong the life of the motor car.

Can you conceive of any wheel, other than a single disc steel wheel, that can accomplish *all* these things, comply with *all* these requirements?

Therefore, the wheels should be made of steel, like the rest of the motor car.

The march of progress is irresistible. The law of evolution is not to be denied. The old horse-drawn carriage, the progenitor of the motor car, was practically *all wood*. So were the early, the primitive motor cars. Gradually steel, lighter, vastly stronger, more pliable, more durable, more beautiful, has become dominant in motor car construction. The wheels, most obstinately clinging to tradition, were the last to yield to steel.

Is it not logical as well as inevitable that the wheels, like the rest of the motor car, should be made of steel?

Not only the greater beauty, but the greater safety, comfort and economy of Disteel Wheels have been achieved by steel.

Steel Wheels mean Disteel Wheels.

Upon request we shall be glad to send you this Series of Wheel-Talks, compiled in book-form.

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Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue

New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue

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DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

(Concluded from Page 98)

who have professional duties on their minds. He was the type of man one instinctively calls Doc.

Professional men do not ordinarily work much at town boosting. They even escape most of the soliciting that goes on every day in the year in every normal American town and city. Unless it is a very well-organized drive the workers just content themselves with going into the stores along the main streets and do not bother the upstairs offices at all. I think I am safe in asserting that the most prosperous lawyer in any community does not have to buy one-tenth so many tickets to amateur entertainments as does the smallest groceryman in that same community.

But the man on my committee was one of the most enthusiastic boosters, though a professional man. He was detailed to call on the hardest prospects. He outargued those who demanded to know what that old chamber of commerce had ever done anyhow, and he patiently reasoned with other conscientious objectors who stated that the chamber of commerce was nothing in the world but a meal ticket for the secretary. Doc's faith in his home town was colossal. I heard him say more than once that New Orleans and Galveston wouldn't be in it if Corpus Christi could just get a couple of steamship lines and another railroad and a few more good factories.

Later I learned that Doc was not one of the local plutocrats inciting his fellow townsmen to boost things so as to increase the value of his own property; he was, on the contrary, one of those who had gone through the big storm and, financially speaking, had come out the small end of the horn. Sitting in his office that evening Doc answered my question about how it feels to go flat broke and start to make a come-back.

Doc is fifty-nine years old. In his young days he was something of a rover and practiced his profession in a dozen different towns and cities throughout the Middle West and South. Fifteen years ago he went to Corpus and decided that would be the spot where he would make his final stand. He confided to me that as a boy he had always wanted to go to sea, and the real reason he located in Corpus was because he could look out on the ocean and imagine what great adventures he might have had if only his youthful ambition had been gratified. He thinks his life has been a kind of tragedy because nothing much has ever happened to him.

Plenty Happens to Doc

Doc did pretty well during his years of practice in Corpus Christi. Before the storm he had accumulated about $40,000, which he had invested in rent cottages along the shore. Rent cottages in Corpus pay well; in the winter they are taken by Northern tourists and in the summer by Texans from the interior towns. Doc himself lived in a nice two-story house with his wife and daughter out on the north beach near his flock of rent cottages. He was mighty well fixed for a man who doesn't especially want to be rich.

The big storm broke on Sunday morning with heavy rain and a hurricane blowing in from the ocean. The north beach is a long point of land with the ocean in front of it and the bay behind it. By nine o'clock in the morning the water began to creep up on the beach and a good many people left their homes and went into town, where the principal residential district is on high ground. Doc didn't feel like leaving home, however. He had some Plymouth Rock chickens that he hated to abandon, and besides he had plenty of confidence in his good two-story house. By twelve o'clock, when things began to look really bad, the street leading up into the higher part of town was too deep in water to take a chance.

Along about the middle of the afternoon Doc, looking out his window, saw his rent cottages begin to go to pieces, one by one. The first to go was one located a little nearer the beach than the others. It slid off its brick foundation and stood for a while tipped at a rakish angle like a wagon with one wheel broken. Then a couple of extra big waves wrenched off the front porch, and the pillars went banging round the side of the house knocking out all the windows. Inside of ten minutes the house was over on its side and the roof slid off after the front porch. What was left of the house just crumbled to pieces and mixed in as driftwood along with chairs, tables, bureaus and wooden bedsteads.

The second rent cottage went down from one mighty wallop of a great log of wood that came from somewhere out at sea, and the third house succumbed to a fishing schooner which was running amuck along the beach. Doc was getting poorer at the rate of about $2000 every fifteen minutes.

The Window-Blind Rafts

By evening the only house in the neighborhood left standing was Doc's two-story home. The lower floor was six feet deep in water, and Doc, his wife and daughter were upstairs wondering how long the storm could keep up. His wife was pretty blue over the loss of all their rent property, but Doc cheered her up by saying that they had their home left anyhow and it was easy enough for an active man to make a good living if he didn't have any rent to pay. He bustled round and lifted heavy pieces of furniture to prove to her how strong he really was, and that he was just as capable of taking care of a family as any young fellow that ever lived.

But by nine o'clock that night Doc realized that he would have to pay house rent in the future along with the other expenses of the family. His two-story house was beginning to give way under the hammering of the storm, which never let up a minute. The foundations were weakened by the water and some heavy driftwood had banged its way into the parlor downstairs, where it was swishing round and breaking up things generally.

From the lee side of the house Doc managed to take off three window blinds, one apiece for his daughter, his wife and himself. He connected the blinds with pieces of clothesline so the family might not get separated on the coming trip. Doc had it all figured out that a person would stand a better chance hanging on to something light like a window blind than trying to ride to safety on a more pretentious raft. During the afternoon he had seen a whole family which was floating on the roof of a house dashed to sudden death when their raft was hit by a catapulting telegraph pole.

By this time Doc's net worth was pretty low from a financial standpoint. All his rent cottages were gone and his two-story home was about to give way under his feet. There was a small mortgage on his holdings which would just about neutralize the value of the land where the buildings had stood. But he had nearly a hundred dollars in currency, the proceeds of a bill he had collected the day before. He showed the money to his wife to cheer her up and remarked that they weren't busted yet by a darn sight. Then he tied the bills in a roll with a piece of string and put the roll in his back trousers pocket, fastening it in with a safety pin.

When all was ready for the start Doc got his three window blinds out on the roof of the back porch and issued final instructions.

"Remember this, mamma, and you too, daughter," he said: "Don't try to climb on top of your window blind. Just hang on to it with your hands and let your body down into the water as much as you can. That way you aren't in so much danger from the driftwood."

He gave one more piece of advice, which was perhaps the most important of all, just as they were about to let themselves off the roof of the back porch into the water.

"The main thing is to hang on to those window blinds," he said. "Hang on as long as you possibly can. And when you can't hang on any longer, remember that it's time to just begin hanging on."

The waves caught them with a rush and carried them clear of the house in a second. It was so dark that they couldn't see one another, but Doc's family obeyed instructions and let themselves deep down in the water; so they tossed along with the floating débris. The pieces of clothesline held the window blinds together for quite a while but eventually they got tangled up with a telephone pole that stuck out of the water and Doc's window blind got torn loose from the others. There was nothing he could do for his folks then except to give them moral support, but he did that the best he knew how.

"I'll look you up over on the beach in San Patricio County first thing in the morning," he yelled cheerfully. "Good night, and don't forget to hang on to those window blinds."

It is about six miles from where Doc's house stood over to San Patricio County across the bay. Doc doesn't know how long he was getting there but he thinks he was in the water about four hours. The bank was rather high and steep where he struck; it was so dark that he didn't even know he was there until a wave threw him head first into the soft clay halfway up the bank. There being nothing to catch hold of he promptly slipped back into the water again.

This was repeated three or four times, and Doc thought perhaps all his trouble had been for nothing, but at last he got hold of a little bush sticking out of the bank, and that time he didn't wash back into the water. There was a bigger bush a few feet farther up, clear of the water altogether, and Doc managed to make it. Then he sort of collapsed.

Assets: One Gunny Sack

Doc lay under that bush the rest of the night in the streaming rain, about the poorest man in the world. His clothes had been torn off in the water. He was naked except for the neckband of his shirt and the cuff of one shirt sleeve on the arm which he had kept on the under side of the window blind.

He had a pain in his side and was a little worried lest he was catching pneumonia, but it turned out to be nothing but a cracked rib.

As soon as daylight came Doc got out from under his bush and climbed to the top of the bank to look round. The rain had pretty well stopped by that time and he saw a little house a couple of hundred yards back from the shore. Going over toward it Doc realized for the first time how he looked. Besides being naked he was of a coal-black color, painted that way by the heavy oil that had covered the surface of the bay.

The little house was occupied by a negro fisherman and his family; there were some women stirring about, and Doc realized that he ought not to go right up to the front door in his present condition even though his color might entitle him to claim kinship. At one side of the house was an old barn, and Doc having crept up behind that stuck his head round the corner and hollered; the fisherman heard and came out to see what he wanted.

Doc's first request was for the loan of a pair of pants. The negro regretfully replied that he would be glad to accommodate him but unfortunately he himself was wearing the only pair of pants that he owned. To show that his heart was in the right place, however, he said he would see what he could do. He invited Doc to step into the tumble-down barn and presently found an old gunny sack that he sometimes used to tote fish in from the beach up to his house. He cut two holes in the lower end of the gunny sack big enough for Doc to stick his legs through, and found a piece of string long enough to tie the open end round Doc's body.

Thus clothed, Doc stepped boldly out in the open to go and look for his family, a fat man, fifty-nine years old, with a cracked rib and assets of one secondhand gunny sack which he had got on credit. A few hundred yards up the beach he met a neighbor of his from Corpus Christi who also had floated across the bay.

Thoughts on Being Cleaned Out

"Hello, Doc," he said. "I just saw your wife and daughter back there about a quarter of a mile. They're looking for you."

That is about all there was to Doc's story. The Red Cross furnished enough clothes for the family to go respectably back to Corpus Christi, where they were able to rent a furnished flat on credit. When Doc went down to his office he found that his desk and other furniture had been pretty well ruined by the water, but the landlord let him have some office furnishings that had been on an upper floor and were undamaged. Within a week after the storm Doc was at work again. He says he has fifteen years of good work in him, and barring accidents will lay up at least thirty dollars to take care of himself and family in old age.

Though Doc had told me what he did during the big storm he had not quite answered the question I most wanted to know about, and so I put it to him straight.

"Please tell me this," I said: "When you were over there on the beach in San Patricio County, without a cent in the world and not even a shirt on your back, how did you feel? Did it seem as if the bottom had dropped out of everything? Did you have any idea that you could make a come-back?"

Before he could answer someone came into his office and Doc bustled round attending to the business in hand for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he came back and sat opposite me again, his fat body very straight in his office chair.

"Why, yes," he said, "I can tell exactly how I felt. After my neighbor had told me that my wife and daughter were safe and looking for me I started in their direction, running as fast as I could. But after a little my cracked rib began to hurt and I had to sit down and rest.

"As I sat there I thought how hard I had always worked and now I hadn't a cent in the world. Andrew Carnegie had recently died and I reflected a little bitterly that he had given away millions and yet had died a rich man. He hadn't worked any harder than I had, and yet here I was out on the beach, naked except for a gunny sack.

"Then I shook off these gloomy thoughts and got up to go to my wife and daughter. As I went along I looked down at my husky old body, which was still in good working condition.

"'Yes, Andrew Carnegie had a hundred million dollars,' I said to myself, 'and I haven't a cent. But there is just one thing in which I have got the best of it: Andrew Carnegie is dead. But I'm alive!'"



PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RY.

WESTCOTT

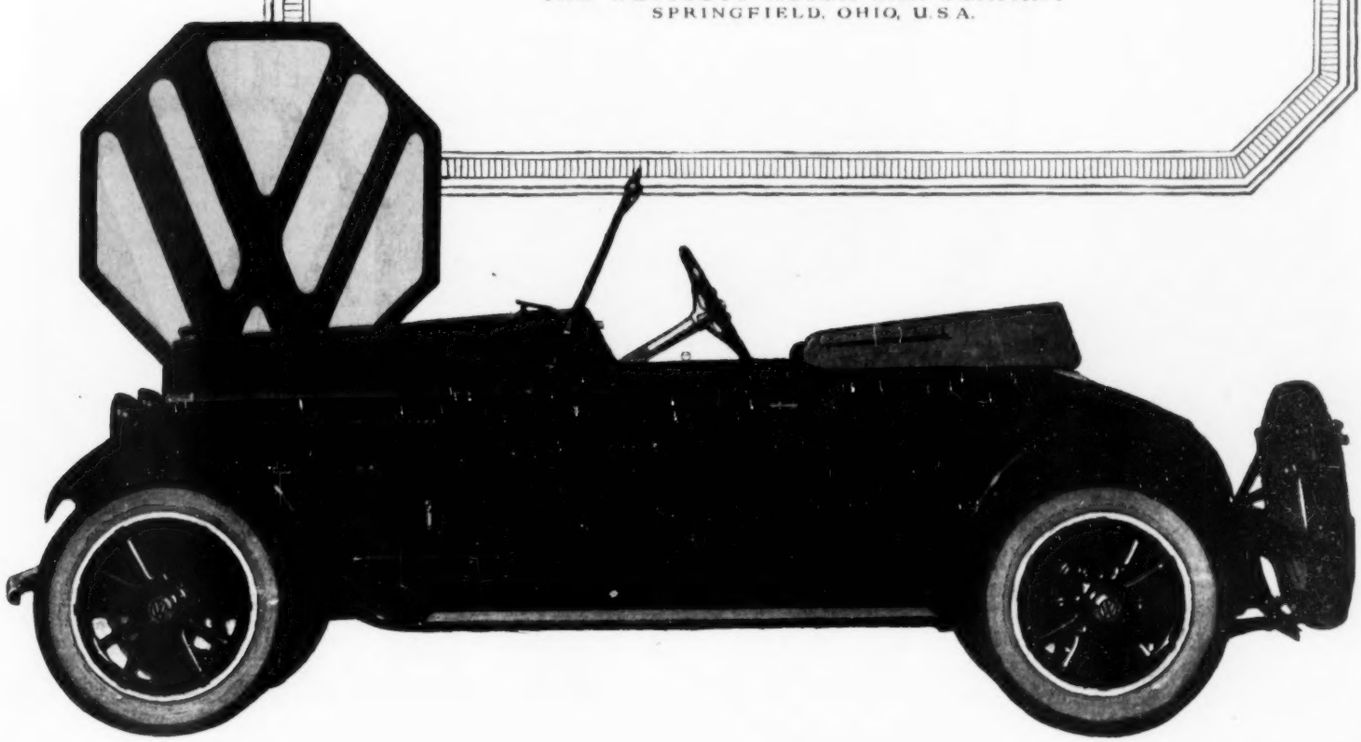
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THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.





This actual photograph, a glimpse of the 20,000-acre Goodyear estate in Sumatra, was taken while the jungle was being cleared from the land

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THE MOTO-METER COMPANY, Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK, U. S. A.

THE TOAD

(Continued from Page 17)

Even the silent Goosewings was moved at last. He twined his long legs, cracked his knuckles and tried to break in as a rival.

"To Pembroke Fair," said he, "I seen a cu-cunjrer oncet, chewed glass and et up p-poison, afore your face and eyes. 'Twan't rale poison, somebody lets on. 'Hain't it?' says the cu-cunjrer, and chucked out a two-ouncet fial full 'mongst the crowd. 'Per-perfessor,' s'e, 'you settle it. Is she rale p-poison, or is she not?' Appears they was a per-perfessor standin' there to look on. He didn' haf to take but one sniff the bottle. 'Yis, deadly,' s'e, right off like that. 'She'd kill a w'ale, fust drop.' The cu-cunjrer m-muckled on to her again and swigged her one g-gullup, and laughed, and went 'bout his business, givin' away shirt studs and leniment f-for prizes 's if his g-guts was so much s-s-so' luther. I watched him clos' too. He downed her."

This bit of table talk Goosewings contributed earnestly, wagging his hatchet face up and down, as though to chop the Gordian knots of speech.

"Guess they was a ketch in it somewheres," said Noah. "Sleyth of hand maybe. He made some pass and deceived ye."

"Never d-done no such thing!" cried the other, with heat. "Right in the open air, and me standin' under him so's I could see int' the roof of his mouth!"

During their argument, which moved slowly and lasted long, Zenobia bent over Ralph's shoulder to get some dish from the table. He looked up, and caught in her eyes a secret light, a gleam of suppressed laughter. For a moment, at that close range, he seemed to share with her a droll understanding; then she was gone across the room to her work; but the brightness of her look and the touch of her arm that had brushed him he still felt with a quick intimacy. The spirit of youth and fun had breathed on him in passing.

It went to his head. Capping Goosewings' yarn with a better, or at least a more polished, he talked on gayly. Old Noah sat in judgment, but from time to time gave a chuckle; the young rustic, though he hung his face down, could not keep from appearing sourly entertained; and Ralph himself knew that he was in great form as a prince of good company.

His recompense came at bedtime, after Loveday had said:

"You show him his room, Zenoby. I hope you pitch in a good sleep, sir, for you must be tuckered after all that walkin'. Good night, sir."

Upstairs in a narrow passageway Zenobia left him before a closed door.

"You'll find your things inside." She gave him the little brass lamp with which she had lighted the way. "Afraid it ain't any too comf'table."

Ralph, watching her face over the lamp, thought her the prettiest thing he had ever seen. She was all life and color, smiling with a kind of frightened mischief, made bold by admiration.

"Well, there! This evening—I don't know when we had so much fun!"

She spoke hurriedly and low, almost whispering. Then she turned and fled down the passage, down the stairs.

His room had two black bearskins on the floor, a patchwork quilt on the bed, and a painted chest of drawers, where he found his knapsack. The offending brogues peeped from below the bed. Ralph cared nothing for all this, but got rid of his lamp, to stand upright under the slanting roof, stare about him, and draw a long breath.

As if dazzled, he saw her pictured on the darkness. "Humph!" At last he woke and grinned. "Don't believe my foot will get well for some days now!"

He looked at the borrowed moccasins and remained still, thinking.

III

HE CAME down early for breakfast, prepared to make this day begin as well as the last had ended, or better. Plans of enjoyment filled his head. He entered the room with a smiling morning face.

It went for nothing, wasted; no one was there, and though by his place at table a meal lay waiting he saw that the rest of the household had eaten and gone.

"What ungodly hours!" thought Ralph.

The sun had not cleared the firs on the hill; without a cloud the upper air shone wonderfully bright, while yet a brownish haze, earth's long-drawn shadow, clung to the valley and the alder brook in low contours of twilight. A crow cawed, welcoming warmth among his treetops. In the open barn door, hitched right and left by rope to the jambs, a tall white horse drowsed as if expecting to be curried, and pawed with a shaggy forefoot.

"Ungodly victuals too." Returning from the window Ralph sat down and eyed his breakfast with scorn—tea, bread and pickings of salt codfish. "I can't eat them."

The things were hot, he found; but in his disgust he did not draw the plain conclusion that somebody had watched or listened for him and set them forth accordingly in time. Pains taken by anyone else meant little to Ralph, nothing when the outcome proved, as now, so meager.

"How do people work and keep alive," he wondered, "on such fearful chow?"

It was enough to spoil a man's day. He sat glooming over it, but at last had to eat and drink.

"That or go hungry."

While trying to feed he heard sounds of life overhead, footsteps, the creak of boards, voices that rumbled once or twice, and the steady whisking of a brush on cloth. The Lovedays, then, were still indoors. This fact surprised him. He had thought farmers—the old kind, lingering round the edge of woods—went out as soon as awake to plow or tend cattle or do something rural under the morning star. But now time passed, the sun had risen, daylight flooded the valley, and here these mysterious people lurked in their bed chambers.

An hour or more dragged by. Then came a sound of doors opening and feet, heavy and slow, on the stairway. Another surprise greeted him when his hosts appeared in the door.

"Good morning!"

"Mornin', sir."

They were all strangely transfigured: old Noah and his helper by black clothes of a formal cut, so ample and loose hung that both men seemed to have shrunk overnight; the girl Zenobia by a tight black dress and a grandmotherly hat. Ralph wondered what blight had fallen on them, what darkness. Perhaps they were going to a funeral.

Father and daughter came into the room. Goosewings with a friendly grin turned and disappeared down the passage.

"Well, sir"—Loveday looked nowhere and spoke as to himself—"can ye manage, and hold the fort alon'? We kind o' guessed, maybe, you wouldn't feel eagle to going with us so fur."

"Going? Oh," ventured Ralph, "I hope—I hope it's not bad news that calls you away?"

They both regarded him oddly, as if puzzled. The girl's face, so young and bright with the play of thought, made a very droll contrast to her middle-aged garments.

"Why," she said, "to-day's Sunday!"

Had her father not been there, it seemed, she would have laughed.

"I—I probably lost count," replied Ralph.

Noah's gaze traveled about the room.

"It hain't never bad news," he mumbled, "that draws folks to meetin', don't seem's 'ough."

Ralph thought to clear his character; besides, he felt this girl's way of looking, the mirth hidden in her great red-brown eyes, as a kind of challenge; and seeing her now he remembered their good night in the corridor upstairs, and determined that wherever she were going she could not leave him behind.

"May I come too?" He suddenly remembered also that he was lame, and shuffled a few steps. "If you think it's all right for me to appear in these things."

He pointed at the moosehide moccasins.

"Wore 'em there my own self," declared Loveday, "many's the time."

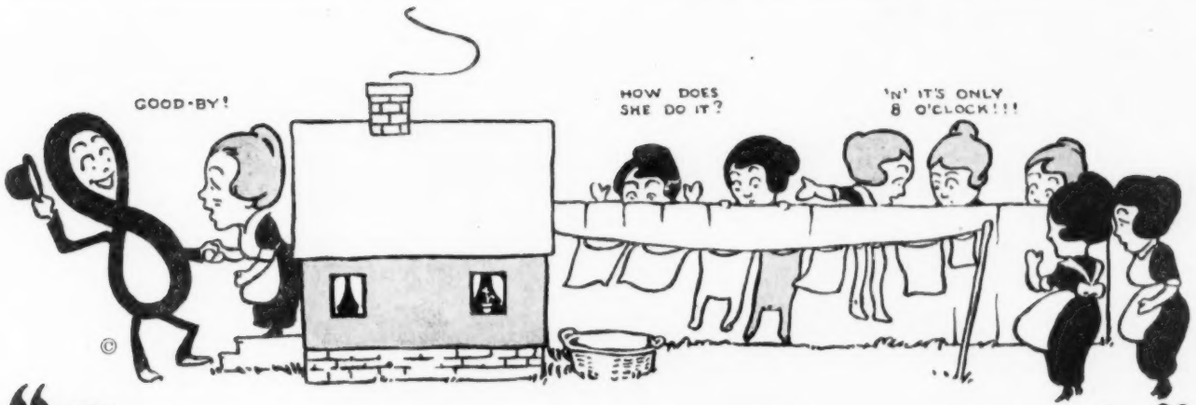
His daughter said nothing. With a quick but careful motion she took Ralph's dishes from the table and, carrying them so as not to touch her black dress, crossed the room.

"Then I will, Mr. Loveday."

She was busy in the sunlight by the windows, her back turned; but somehow Ralph caught an impression that his words pleased her.

"Feet ain't what has to pass muster," said Noah. The stooping little graybeard,

(Continued on Page 107)



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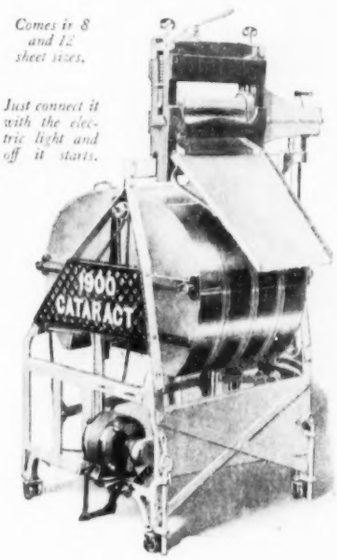
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CITY AND STATE





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Waterloo, Ia., non-stop,
dirt road record, (865.4 miles) in 24 hours—

(Continued from Page 104)

who looked and talked at nobody, might be a philosopher or a fool; Ralph could not tell which. "They 'low the Lord taketh no pleasure in the laigs of a man, and likely it applies clean on down him. Tomah Nicholas the Injun made them snow pacs five years ago, and made 'em good. But no one's goin' to be conscious of 'em, sir, least not after the parson gits warm and lets out."

Things moved without haste on Loveday's Farm, for another hour passed before Goosewings led round to the front door a horse and wagon. It was the tall white horse; his hairy fetlocks, like old paintbrushes, bore an incurable yellow stain, but his coat shone from the curry-comb, and his harness—a good stout collar-and-hames affair—glistened with blacking. Goosewings put his lank legs over a wheel and dropped into the rear seat beside Ralph, while father and daughter mounted the front.

"Stir your stumps, Danamite," said Noah in a tone of gentle advice; and the horse, taking his own gait, lumbered away with them.

A long, slow journey it was, but one in which Ralph soon found unexpected pleasure. They went down a steep grass-ribbed lane, swept underneath alders in a lowland where every leaf and fern and grass blade, wet with dew that had been all but frost, gleamed silver-white in patterns of elfin beauty. They bumped over corduroy road—sunken logs coated with moss. Fording a brown pool of the brook, they scared minnows helter-skelter, and made the black-petaled shadows of water beetles that wavered, each with central dots of prismatic light, vanish from the sandy bottom. Then uphill, solemnly deliberate, Noah's horse drew them into fir woods, green shade that breathed balsam and the scent of hidden flowers. Once, in the road ahead, a covey of young grouse left their early sun bath and went from sight like so many brown yarn balls trundling under the leaves together. And once the girl Zenobia jumped up and squealed.

"He's run over!" She turned to look behind, kneeling on the seat, hugging herself in apprehension, with hands clutched. Then she laughed. "No, he's all right! A mole crossing the ro'd."

Her distress, her joy at the mole's escape, were slight passing things and left her facing Ralph for the moment as if ashamed. In these dark woods, as in the dark corridor last night, she seemed the brightest creature alive; her face, with its change and color, adorable; and her young body—even when she had sat down again, so prim in old-womanish clothes—a figure gayly dressed for masquerade.

Someone else, Ralph discovered, was sharing his admiration; for Goosewings beside him gave a shy grin and a wag of the head, declaring plainly that Zenobia was good to look upon.

"I al'ays do like g-g-goin' to meetin'," said Goosewings, continuing yet changing the subject. "Best part the week, hain't it?" He wrung his lean freckled hands till the joints creaked, as if by so doing he wound up some mechanism of talk.

"You'll see a raft o' people there." His eyes regarded the back of Zenobia's neck, but his words were to Ralph. "Our p-parson draws 'em, I tell you; p-pulls 'em out their holes thick as rain does angly-worms, might say. He hain't no ways a d-devil dodger, parson; he ketches holt and wrastles good. Yis, sir! Can take the t-toughest old stubb'n text in the Book, and d-drive it 'fore him like chasin' a squerril up a t-tree."

Noah, nodding to himself, agreed.

"He does so. The man's a driver!" Inspired by this word, Mr. Loveday threatened a slap of the reins, which fell dangling harmless on the rump bones of his horse. "He kin so clod the texts at ye, both hands to one time."

Jogging along, while the sun grew higher and the pointed shadows left the road, they discoursed thus at random of many things. Ralph would have thought it all stupid but for the presence of this girl before him. She spoke little, seldom glanced behind; yet she was listening, for once or twice when he laughed at some feeble joke a spark from the corner of her eyes encouraged him.

At last, on a hill, firs gave way to open sky. Crossing the ridge and rattling down its farther slope, the travelers entered a green pastoral country of hollow fields, bounded by dark promontories powerfully blue in the distance. Close underneath shone a lake dotted with fat little islands, mounds of leaves floating on their reflection. The road bent round one end of this lake, in which as they passed Ralph saw with astonishment long seaweed drifting and a snowy gull that swam near a border of meadow grass.

"I thought I'd left the sea away behind."

"She runs up in amongst us unbeknown everywhere," said Noah. "She fooled ye. Salt water. That plank bridge we crossed was made out the wrack of the Salva Y Hermanos, West Injies. We git plenty o' fog, too, f'm the bellerin' old fog fact'ry out beyond. W'oa, Danger!"

They had suddenly arrived. Under rowan trees full of yellowish-red berries other wagons, empty, stood in line, their horses tied to a rail fence or anchored with hitching weights. Above, on a granite hillock scarred by glaciers long ago, where nothing grew but mullein and bull thistles, a white wooden building sat alone. It seemed forlorn, pinched and barren like the foundation rock. Some men in black who moved as though depressed were going upstairs through the open door.

The Lovedays and their guest followed.

Soon afterward, between Zenobia and her father, in a bleak room full of sad-looking people, Ralph heard the promised wonders. A worn little elderly man with a grim face rose on his platform before them and seized the pulpit firmly, right and left.

"'Benny-Eyer, the son of Jeho-Ida,'" he chanted with a good round voice, "'went down and sloo a lion in a pit in a snowy day.'" The preacher paused and eyed them all as if ready to quell objections. "First Chronicles, eleventh chapter, twenty-second verse. 'Benny-Eyer, the son of Jeho-Ida, went *down* and sloo a lion in a *pit* in a *snowy* day!'"

What merit the exposition had which followed Ralph could not judge. Ferocity of lions, and all that David Livingstone had to say about them; rarity of snow in Palestine, where "folks would take a flurry harder than what we do"; disadvantages of fighting in a pit, "without elbowroom to swing your weapon full heft, let alon' you had anything more in hand than a bow-arrow, those days"—were put forward in a homely style that was all too entertaining. Noah had spoken truth, for moccasins meant nothing when the preacher warmed to his work.

"Mark this: The accum'lation of diff'culties don't signify, not a York shillin', as father used to say. Diff'culty, sorrer, trouble, the gurry of the soul—they compass us about, friends, from our cradle to our grave. One long battle in a snowfall so thick you can't see front of your face. The enemy faints not nor faileth, but fur from losing heart, it keeps our interest up. Benny-Eyer, the son of Jeho-Ida, warn't content with overcoming common lions in the way, path lions, ro'd lions, turnpike lions; he walked out of his course to find 'em, scrabbled down into holes after 'em, killed 'em there at odds, and red his neighborhood of the pesky things. And he took first chance come for it, not fine weather, but a snowy day!"

Later, outdoors again, while Noah and his man lingered talking with friends on the granite mound, Zenobia turned to Ralph for confirmation of this doctrine. They stood under the rowan trees, unhitching the horse together; a task that required only one pair of hands, yet their fingers met on the rope.

"How'd you like the sermon?"

Between them drooped the long white nose of the horse. Ralph craned over it, and saw her smiling.

"Great sport," he answered. His own good humor in coming to such a show pleased him greatly. He knew it had pleased her. "Funniest talk I ever heard."

The half-ripe berries of the rowan made a tantalizing background for her face.

"Was it?" she said. "I guess it was, you're so bright about things. I'd never have thought of that part."

Her smile changed and faded.

IV

THE week after that Sunday seemed to him a reckless golden age. The days flowed like a river, all sunshine and peace, but with a dark undercurrent quickening toward the plunge. What he had taken at first for another mood, another whim, became a mastering force that carried him along without resistance, or even the desire to resist. He went to sleep thinking "Tomorrow I shall see her again"; woke thinking "I shall see her to-day"; and when

(Concluded on Page 110)

Microscopic -but THERE!

LITTLE keen edges of steel one ten-thousandth (.0001) of an inch in thickness. *They* decide.

If there's one little defect in your blade, your shave isn't right. But there ISN'T one little defect in Ever-Ready Radio Blades.

At the Ever-Ready factory, making those little thin edges of beard-slicing steel is an art. All thoughts are focused on that edge. It must be perfect, more than perfect.

Even the raw steel must be such that it will stand that sharpening, stand it and then stay that way. That is why Ever-Ready buys the best steel in the whole world.

And, then, even the best steel has not only temper, but *temperament*. Through every process of manufacture it must be handled with utmost consideration and care.

Treat it harshly at any stage, heat it too hot, cool it too cool, handle it in any other than the most tender fashion, and defect will show in that .0001 line. That thin, final, invisible line *must* be kept in mind.

Talk about *exact* science and fine art! Talk about diamond cutting!

In what other factory must such precision prevail as in the Ever-Ready Blade factory?



Then each blade is well scrutinized. One flaw, be it ever so slight, and that blade is scrapped.

YOU may be five thousand miles away. You must get *YOUR* six blades, perhaps a year later, wherever and whenever you put down your 40 cents for six—and each must be as perfect as when it left the factory.

Therefore a double sheath of thick paraffined and projecting cardboard. Not even blows can reach those edges. And, therefore, an all-around wrapper of climatic proof paper. And, therefore, the seal-locked wrapper over all.

And how that romantic little thin line endures through shave after shave and shows the metal it is made of, only Ever-Ready Safety Razor owners can say. Are you one? If not, venture $1 for an Ever-Ready outfit including razor and six blades and SEE. Today.

Ever-Ready Radio Blades fit Gem and Star safety razors, too

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Safety Razors and Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes

Factories:
New York
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Why Are Hudson Owners

Isn't It Because Contentment in Hudson Ended Inquiry Into Others?

Thousands of Hudson owners know no other make of car. Their satisfaction in the Super-Six leaves nothing to tempt them to experiment elsewhere.

Our experience gives confidence to count every Hudson purchaser as a permanent owner.

Naturally we expect men of wide motor knowledge to select Hudson. But isn't it a revelation of the convincing way Super-Six performance overshadows the field that thousands who profess little mechanical knowledge are just as unerring in their choice?

Can Any Endorsement Rival This?

For nearly five years Hudson has outsold all the world's fine cars. And today its distinction is so wanted that we see no curb to sales except the production limitations that fine, accurate building imposes.

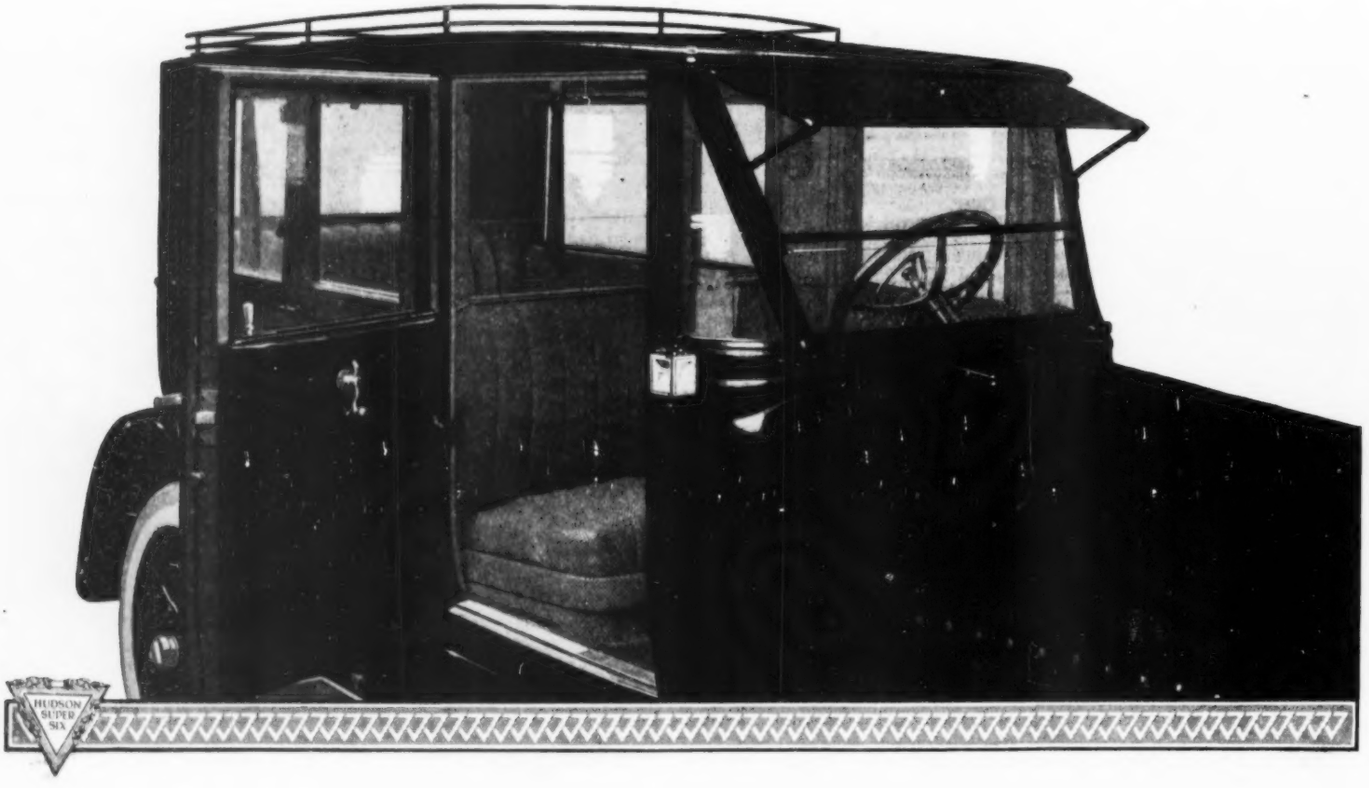
More than 100,000 Super-Sixes are in service. That exceeds the output of any car costing above $1500, by many thousands.

It is a verdict—100,000 strong—for qualities and abilities no other car can share. It fixes the specific reason for dominance of a type, unlike any other car.

This chief issue is Hudson endurance. And it is exclusive, because it results from a patented principle. Others cannot use this invention, which by reducing vibration to within 10% of vanishing made Hudson's unequalled reliability marks possible.

Its Endurance Limits Still Undiscovered

Years must elapse before we know the final limit of Super-Six endurance. We tried to establish those limits by test. Speedway trials, a double trans-continental run that no other car ever endured to finish, and the abuse of high-speed racing, failed to reveal the point at which



Indifferent To Other Cars?

100,000 Owners Now Acclaim the Supremacy of the Super-Six

Hudson endurance would yield. But they did establish that the Super-Six possessed greater durability than any other car ever proved.

The earliest Super-Sixes, built nearly five years ago, and still serving with undiminished satisfaction, testify how car life is practically doubled through this invention.

A Satisfaction That Grows With Years

They have the same rich smoothness in action and distinction of performance that instantly mark out a Hudson in any assemblage of cars. Years of service have not undermined the dependability of these early Super-Sixes. Neither replacements, loss of ability nor constant need for mechanical attention reminds the owner that his car is an old one.

And Hudson style permanency means that a Super-Six of any year's production is essentially modern in appearance.

But Hudson's supremacy does not lie only in endurance. Though we have never emphasized speed as a major issue, the Super-Six is the fleetest stock car in the world.

See What It Has Done

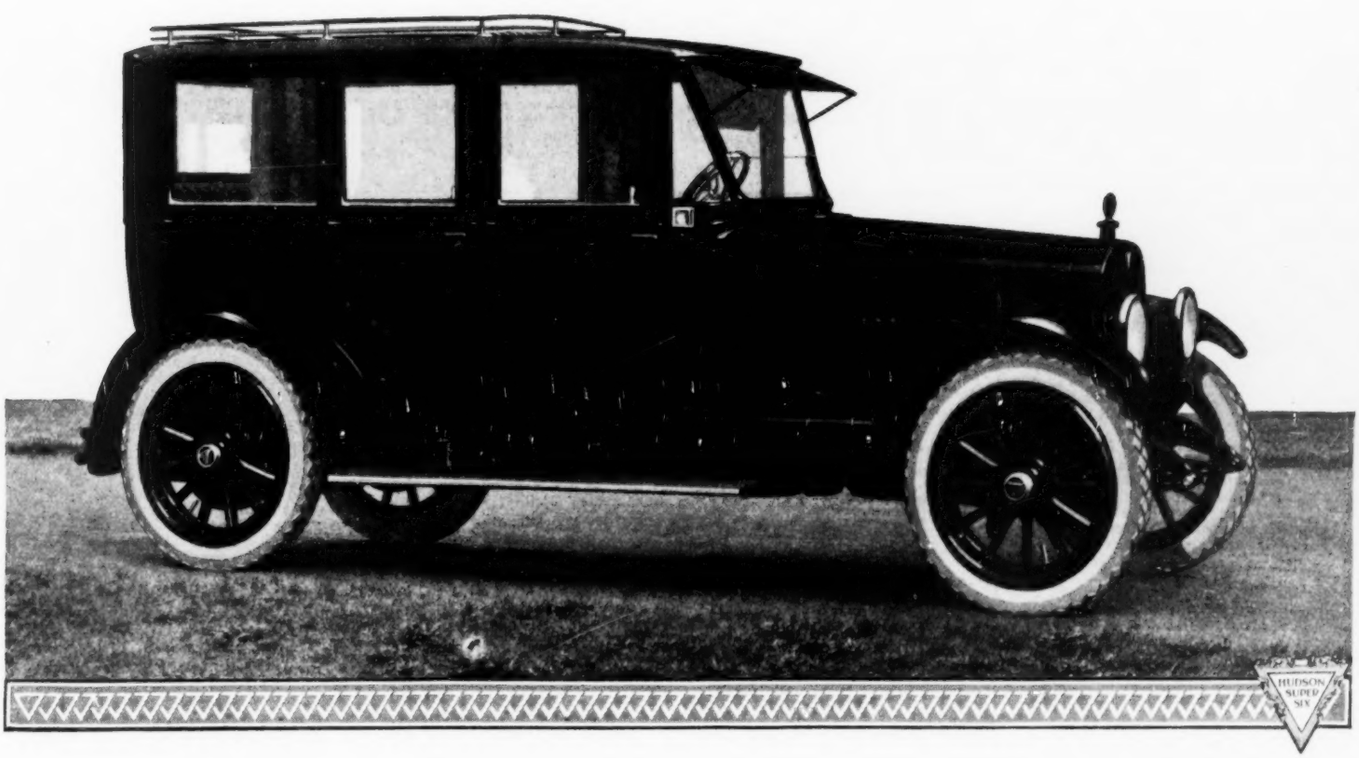
It holds all official stock car speed records from 1 to 100 miles. It holds the acceleration records. It has made the fastest time in the world's greatest hill-climb event—the Pike's Peak classic.

You are not likely ever to require such speed or power. But the over capacity means a reserve that frees the car from strain in any task. It means minimum wear, fewer repair needs. It gives smooth, easy riding comfort that does not fatigue.

These are things that account for the unchanging loyalty of those who own and know Hudson.

(3077)

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



(Concluded from Page 107)

these thoughts came true could hardly bear to lose her a moment from sight. He lived like a man in a dream, bewitched.

This fact grew evident to others; for early one morning as he awaited her in the front passage Ralph heard voices without.

"Do? That's it. He d-don't do a hand's turn," complained one. "Hankers round her and looks mum—looks mum—looks meltin'."

"Why, maybe so," replied the other. "But the fella's a well-intendin' young runagate. Flighty, yis. And as you let on, kind of putty headed, times."

They were passing out of earshot.

"Alon' so long—n-neither right nor wu-wise."

"Sho, boy! Don't you fret. Zenoby's able to fend for herself. . . . Wholesome and sturdy all round as a yaller birch. She's the clear thing ——"

The listener stepped quietly to the door and looked out. Twilight clung beneath the elm, but now grew pale. The birds had let their chorus dwindle to a few scattered songs, and begun their visits, dropping from tree to tree. Noah Loveday and his long-limbed companion, with scythes curved over their backs like Father Time and son, were moving toward a black gap in the eastern woods. Ralph knew they were bound for a distant flowage to cut meadow hay, some crop neglected overlong. Noah said so last night. They would not come home till after dark.

This might be a holiday. He turned and called: "Zenobia!"

She answered from the long room.

"Oh, it's ready! Another of you roaring round after his breakfast!"

He entered to find, as before, the table set for him. Zenobia was busy near the kitchen windows. He made for her straightway.

"You go sit down and eat! Can't I call a minute my own?" Her strange deep-colored eyes frowned at him, but her lips were laughing. "You're worse'n the others. Get away!"

She slipped out at the back door, shut it and ran so quickly that he could not find a trace of her. Hunting was of no use, he learned. She might have a dozen old childhood hiding places on that farm. All morning she avoided him; at noon appeared and vanished, putting his talk aside with jokes; not till three long hours past noon did she come within range, and then only as he happened to catch her passing down toward the meadow.

"Let me go too," said Ralph.

She made a mock of him.

"How's your lame foot?"

He waived the question and fell into step beside her.

"Why do you always run away from me now?"

"I don't," replied Zenobia. "You seem able to come if you want to."

"Then you mean I'm not welcome?" He pulled a long face, for melancholy, he knew, was becoming to him. "You don't like me? Very few people do."

"Oh," she cried, "let's talk about something else besides our own selves. I like you best then. I mean, like to hear you."

He obeyed. They crossed a shallow of the alder brook, climbed together a long western slope of sunny turf and, leaving the meadow far below, entered a road that wound between old gray fences broken and moldering under raspberry vines, yarrow and spiræa. Ralph was busy telling her, as usual, the marvels of his world. She heard him gladly. They seemed to have drawn closer to-day than ever before. Now, he thought, was the time; or now, in this white-birch grove; yet for some reason he dared not venture on what he had planned and fully determined.

Thus they went on, three or four miles. At last Zenobia paused. The road lost itself, narrowing to a lane the banks of which hung down, smothered with early goldenrod.

"Here's the best place. You can help me pick and lug them."

For half an hour they scrambled and waded among greenish-golden tufts. When they slid down again into the grass-grown way the sun poured level over them and their shining armfuls. Her face and throat were gilded with light, as if she embosomed and radiated all the clear outdoor flame of those young flowers.

"Listen to me!"

She laughed, shook her head and grew serious.

"No. Wait. You haven't heard what I came after. To-day's the only chance I got all summer. It's a shame. I ought to have."

She led him rapidly back along the way they had come. In the white-birch grove she turned, took a path upon the right which he had not seen, and passed through a gap among brambles into a clearing.

"I must try to get here oftener," said Zenobia.

The place was an old burying ground. Surrounded by the white pillars and flickering leaves of birch a few headstones caught the sunset. She halted by a marble slab. Little gray-and-black lichens growing in the letters chiseled upon it rendered them dark and plain.

ZENOBIA BORNE
BELOVED WIFE OF
NOAH LOVEDAY
1873–1901

Noah's daughter began to lay her goldenrod before this carefully.

"Mother died the same year and month as the old Queen of England. I can just remember her. Father says she was awful young and pretty. He was an older man."

Ralph thought it best to leave her for the moment. He threw down his goldenrod and walked off to look elsewhere. This kind of thing always bored him. On some of the older stones—weather-worn slate carved with queer cherubs' heads—he found a few amusing epitaphs to while the time away:

AFTER AN INOFFENSIVE LIFE
THOUGH TO-WARDS YE CLOSE MUCH
PERPLEXT
JOEL BORNE, ESQRE,
A GENTLEMAN OF PLEASING & AFFABLE
MANNERS
DYED 1752

TRUSTING IN YE LORD WHO KNOWETH
OUR FRAME & REMEMBERETH YT WE'RE
DUST

A smaller and later memorial reasoned thus in verse:

WHY WAS THE SHEPHEARD SO UNKIND
TO CALL OUR LITTLE BION?
OF COARSE HE DONE IT FOR THE BEST
IN FOLDING HIM TO REST.

When the girl had disposed her offering and risen the sun was leaving the grass, prolonging the rounded shadows of sweet fern, and departing through the birches in a light that faded from tree to tree until the nearer trunks glimmered pale and ghostly, while those deeper within kept only a tinge of lilac. Zenobia, waiting in the gap, still carried a great cluster of goldenrod.

"I always bring some home for my live folks too," she said as Ralph took them from her. "We must hurry. I didn't sense how late 'twas getting to be."

He felt no need of haste.

"They won't come back from their flowage for a long time yet."

Something in his voice made her look at him quickly. There was a trace of alarm, he thought, in those large red-brown eyes.

"We must hurry," she repeated, and set out walking at a pace that seemed almost like flight.

He had hard work to keep alongside her. They brushed rapidly down the road, where the overhanging leaves now caught and held masses of dusk. Downhill, in the lower turns and hollows, the air became that of nightfall, changeable, now cool, now warm and fragrant with the breath of the wayside.

Stars hung above the meadow, which lay shimmering as though turned to frosty vapor, a formless haunted ground at the bottom of the night. Loveday's Brook tinkled in lowermost darkness.

They were leaving it behind, when a meteor fell across the sky, trailing soft sparks of golden fire, quenched in a long curve. As if this gave the signal Ralph tossed away his flowers and made a swoop.

"Zenobia, dear! I must tell you what a wonder you ——"

It was his best voice. For one instant he felt her trembling, thought her captured and frightened; but quicker than his thought she was free, standing there firmly, a shadow, inaccessible.

"You must come away with me!" he cried. "I can't leave you behind. I can't! This awful life of yours, here in a corner among louts and blockheads, when you were made to shine before the whole world, and be worshiped! You can't let me go without you! You shan't!"

He found himself pouring out wild words, broken but powerful. Probably at the time he was quite honest and meant them all. He did not know that anything could so move him; for now it was he who trembled and stood afraid.

"No one ever talked to me like that before." Zenobia, wrapped round with the mystery of starlight, spoke quietly. "No; don't touch me again. I got to think."

She moved away, so that he lost the shadow of her head against a many-pointed blackness of firs. He ran after her.

"You go pick up your goldenrod," she said. "I ought to feel happy. It's a great—great honor, they say. I ought to."

Suddenly he guessed that she was crying.

"You know I—I —— Oh, we did get on so well! Don't spoil the day any more."

V

AFTER this he played his part skillfully, right through in a rush. He knew now that Zenoby was a different kind of girl from the others. That she was a motherless girl, by the way, signified nothing to him, if indeed the fact ever crossed his mind. He played very skillfully, and soon had his reward.

It was a strange morning when he became sure of triumph. A thick mist, luminous but impenetrable, hid the country. The sea had flooded these woods with clinging fog, in which the nearest bough, two paces ahead, seemed to drift like a billow of dark smoke, while distant sounds came clear yet magnified and altered so that no man could tell what they were.



Zenobia raised her head to listen, then walked on, studying the ground. Her face in this gray vapor showed pale.

"Come, don't mope," said Ralph lightly. "Think what a lark we'll have!"

She shook her head.

"It's the leaving father. We did wrong not to tell him. I mean I did wrong, promising you not to tell."

From what could be seen of trees they were passing through the cedar grove, where Ralph, on his way to this business, had felt a presentiment. All was right now, he thought. A few hours on foot would bring them to the Crossing; there he had a wagon and pair of horses waiting; and thence to seaport or railway it was a short affair.

"Your father? Why, he'll laugh when we come back and tell him we're—we're man and wife."

He had no intention to make any part of this true. He uttered the lie handsomely, with a smile that always took effect.

"It's wrong, though," said Zenobia.

"Dear girl, you must ——" He swung toward her.

"No!"

She drew back so quickly that a wreath of fog whirled between them, marking the draft of her motion. Truly she was different from the others: here she came, persuaded, brave enough to follow him to the world's end, yet since the other night she would not so much as join hands.

"Zenobia, forget what's behind!" he cried. "Remember what's ahead of us!"

His gift of words being still upon him he unrolled once more a prospect of enchanted lands and cities—*Vila picta sensualis*, the pride of the eye and fullness of life, many-colored, thrilling, beyond this fog.

"Back here, honestly, what is there? Goosewings wagging his ears after supper! You don't know how paltry it all is, because you've never seen!" He wanted to express great pity for her. "My dear child, you're not to drag out your days doing cook and housemaid work, then go to your grave like that poor old noddy up there in the birches—what was his name? 'After an Inoffensive Life'! Let's have no more of this."

He heard voices as of men drawing near—some trick of the fog; they ceased.

"Let's go on and be happy."

She heard him out, almost to the end, with a sidelong, full-orbed, steady glance. It was exactly the look, he thought, of the lovely Miss Linley in her portrait, the beauty of Bath long ago. This child must have good blood in her somewhere. Meanwhile she had clenched her fist; a funny and charming little fist.

"You to'd!" said Zenobia.

With a force he never expected or forgot she hit him straight in the face.

"You mis'rable to'd!"

Words and blow caught him off his balance. He staggered, fell, and sat in the road, his head ringing.

"You just make fun of everything—my church, my father! You don't care! Not a mite, good or bad." Her face, no longer pale, blazed hot with shame. "There, I'm sorry. But when you made fun of our dead folks, you opened my eyes."

They remained open, wide. Their light was the last he saw of Zenobia Loveday as she backed away toward home and vanished in smoke. He sat where he had fallen.

This obscurity, smelling of arbor vitæ and the salt sea, contained illusion mixed with hard truth. The voices he thought imaginary proved real; men had been close at hand, perhaps hearing him; for suddenly there walked past without word or sign the bent figure of Noah, going patiently home. The fog lifted and rolled in the man's wake, as though he took it with him. A moment afterward Goosewings the joker went gangling by, his long legs preceding him with a sag of the knees at every stride. He spied Ralph, took to the ditch, embarrassed, and made a circuit to avoid whatever might be unseemly.

Ralph watched him go.

The cedars grew visible roundabout. He knew them again. It was a place where something happened to him; the touch of Ithuriel's spear, reversed, had turned an archangel to a toad. Falsehood saw its own likeness.

"Oh, damn it all anyway!" said Ralph.

Bravado would not serve. His head still rang. And from the dwarf cedars, humpbacked, mossy, full of shadows that wriggled and mist that stole through, a hundred secret watchers in the woods, very old, peeped out and were laughing at him.





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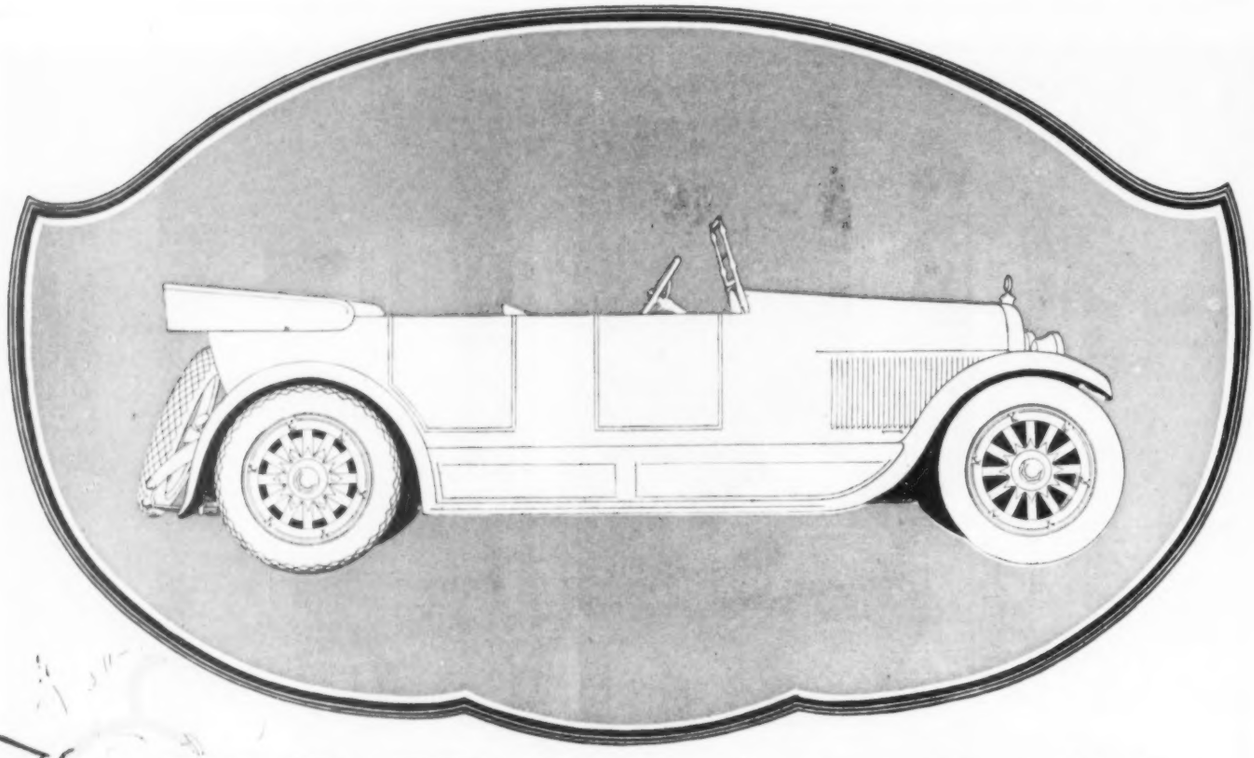
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JORDAN MOTOR CAR CO., Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

JORDAN

A City of Hopes realized—Detroit

RECONSTRUCTION, OR ATLANTA, FOR INSTANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

took place. Beginning on the twelfth the citizens of Atlanta, consisting mainly of women, children and old men, bundled their belongings into Sherman's army wagons and were driven to the little town of Rough and Ready, which was the first Confederate outpost south of Atlanta.

The number of people who had remained in Atlanta throughout the siege was comparatively small. Thousands had taken flight during the terrible summer months when the town was being bombarded. The official records show that 446 families were moved to Rough and Ready, consisting of 705 adults and 860 children. The average amount of baggage transported with each family was 1654 pounds.



At Sherman Left Atlanta, After Burning it in 1864

Sherman rested at Atlanta until November sixteenth, when he began his march to the sea. Before setting out he gave orders for the complete destruction of the town. What could not be consumed by fire was blown up, torn down or otherwise destroyed. No city during the Civil War was so nearly completely annihilated. The center of the city, the business locality, was one complete ruin, there being but a solitary structure standing on the main street, Whitehall, between its extreme commercial limits. At least three-fourths of the buildings in the city were destroyed, the remaining number consisting chiefly of outlying dwellings.

Very few buildings of any consequence were spared. The churches, the Masonic Temple and medical school, used as a hospital, however, were left untouched. The city hall was damaged, but not destroyed. All the hotels except one were burned. The estimate was that out of 3800 houses only 400 were left standing within the city limits and, when those outside the corporate limits of the city were taken into account, it was estimated that the Federal Army destroyed in and about Atlanta about 4500 houses. All of the railroads leading out of the town were completely destroyed for a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. The roadbeds were torn up, the rails were heated and then bent and twisted into such shapes that they could not be used again.

The Restorers Begin Work

Atlanta was thus left a scene of charred and deserted ruins, the home of starved and half-wild dogs and of carrion fowls feasting upon refuse and the decayed carcasses of animals. Such was the spectacle that greeted the eyes of Er Lawshe and other citizens who returned to the city in December, 1864.

The charred walls of Atlanta were yet warm when scores of her exiled citizens returned to work to restore the city to its former prosperity. I can tell you the names of some of them. They deserve to be known. Mayor Calhoun, Marshal Jones, Doctor Alexander, Col. J. W. Duncan, Colonel Cowart, Judge Butt, Perino Brown, Major Thompson, Major Bacon, Er Lawshe, Doctor Simmons, Messrs. L. S. Salmon, Peck Purtell, J. T. Porter. The foregoing arrived before December tenth. Judge Jared I. Whitaker, publisher of the Intelligencer, arrived with his family December fifteenth. Others coming later in the month were Col. N. J. Hammond, the Rev. H. C. Hornady, A. K. Seago, Col. G. W. Lee, W. W. Roark, Judge C. M. Strong, Captain Hubbard, W. P. Howard, and others. Mr. Howard had been sent to Atlanta by Governor Brown to take charge of the valuable property in the city belonging to the state. On the twenty-fifth of December the first sermon after the destruction of the city was preached in the First Baptist Church by the Rev. H. C. Hornady.

As the winter advanced and it was seen there was little likelihood of the Federals returning to Northwest Georgia, the banished Atlantans returned in increasing numbers, and by spring a steady stream of people was pouring into the city, including a great many strangers. The people lost no time in repining. Gentlemen of the old régime who never knew what it was to perform menial labor stripped their coats and set to knocking dead mortar off the bricks in the débris that was once their buildings preparatory to rebuilding. Men like Judge John Collier mixed mortar and laid brick. There were no idlers and no labor was too hard or menial for any Atlantan to set his hand to.

True American Spirit

The men were no pluckier than the women. This spirit brought about the restoration of the town in a remarkably short time. At first, of course, the houses were cheaply and temporarily constructed, hundreds of mere shanties springing up on the business thoroughfares. Almost any kind of structure answered for a place of shelter

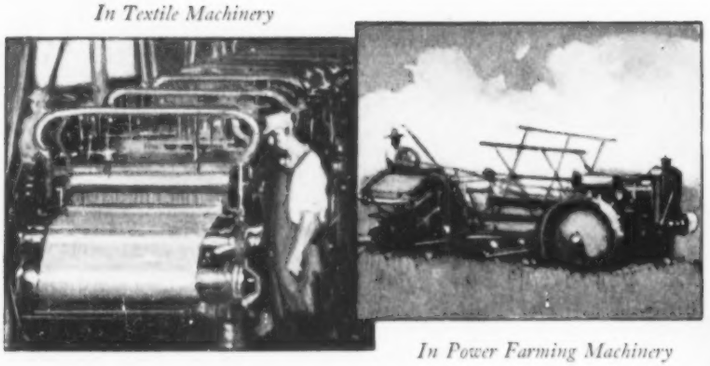
(Continued on Page 116)



Downtown Atlanta at Present Time, Showing Part of Business Section

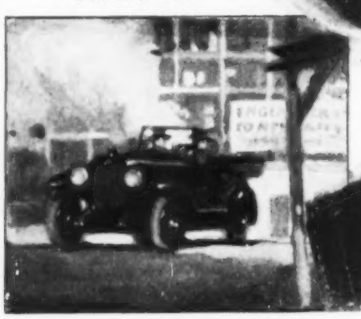


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In Power Farming Machinery

In Motor Cars



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The food for your breakfast was grown on farms tilled by tractors, brought to the city in motor trucks —these same sturdy bearings are important parts of most tractors and trucks.

Your motor car with transmission and axles running smoothly and quietly in Hyatt Roller Bearings carries you swiftly and surely to your daily work. The car itself was built in a modern factory where Hyatt line-shaft bearings transmit maximum power to machine tools also Hyatt equipped.

As you pass the steel framework of a new building remember that these dependable bearings were in the cars that helped mine the ore and in the massive machinery that fashioned it into the steel that is such an important factor of modern life.

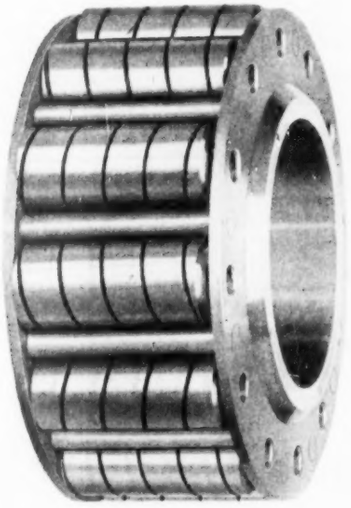
And so on throughout your day until night comes and you dispel the darkness with light produced by coal—coal brought to the surface in easy running mine cars, stored in coal pockets by belt conveyors and delivered in motor trucks all equipped with roller bearings—Hyatt.

They operate so quietly and with so little attention that you rarely ever see them, but day and night Hyatt Roller Bearings are helping to make your life more comfortable and more complete.

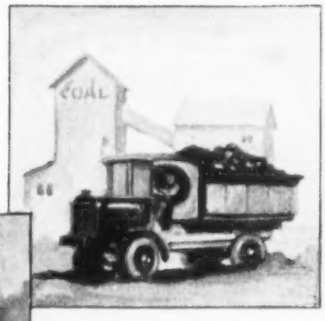
HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Tractor Division:	*Motor Division:*	*Industrial Division:*
CHICAGO	DETROIT	NEW YORK

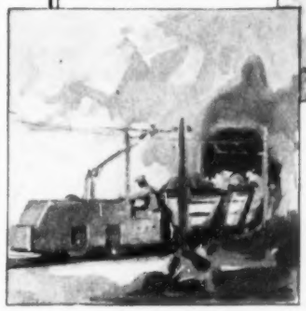
Hyatt Roller Bearings have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature—the Hyatt Hollow Roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller. Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load, automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.







In Mine Locomotives and Cars



In Motor Trucks

ROLLER BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 113)

and in which to do business for the first few months after the fiery passing of Sherman. The people of the town had not lost their commercial instinct by any means, and by January 1, 1865, Atlanta was a lively business town in spite of Confederate currency and universal poverty.

Before the end of 1865 the old citizens had very generally returned and many others came who—ruined by the war—determined to seek new homes and begin afresh. In 1866 it was ascertained through the census that Atlanta, despite the losses of war, had already regained and passed the highest figure of its population anterior to the Confederate evacuation and that it contained 20,228 people. The Census of 1870 showed that Atlanta was the second city in the state.





Looking From the Whitehall Street Viaduct Toward Peachtree Street in Atlanta. At the Right—The Same Place in 1867

In 1867 a little city directory of Atlanta was issued. It showed that the city council had licensed during the last six months of 1865 about 338 business houses, nearly all of which commenced on very small capital, occupying mere shanties as store houses. Planing mills, foundries and machine shops were established. The streets of the city were put in a fair condition. The railroads were put in running order. The corporate limits were extended to include the area of a circle about three miles in diameter. The gas works was put in operation. There were three daily papers, one weekly and one monthly magazine. The assessed value of the real estate in 1866 was about $7,000,000 and the amount of goods sold was estimated at $4,500,000. The census taken at this time showed that about five per cent of the population were widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

Up Against It

While I was in Atlanta in April I talked with her oldest citizens, men who had returned to the town as soon as Sherman left it. I sought details. I asked them: "How did you get started in the work of restoration? You came back here and found Atlanta in ruins, the streets piled with débris, no work animals, no vehicles, no business, no stores, no organized municipal life. What did you do? How did you put in your time the first week? How did you actually get started earning a living?"

These questions always gave them pause. But in the end the reply was always the same—"I went to work." One said: "I hauled sand." Another helped Judge John Collier rebuild his building. Another got a job scraping the mortar off old bricks so they could be used again. No job was too menial or too hard.

These people were right up against the real thing. They had no policy or plan of reconstruction. They indulged in no windy aspirations to reshape this sorry scheme of things entire. They did not sit down amid the ruins of their blackened and broken homes and cuss the Yankees.

As they told me: "We just sweated and saved."

Now that is the magic formula of reconstruction that I have unearthed. It is a working hypothesis—a proved recipe.

A gently bred woman told me: "For three years, perhaps nearly four, we lived on corn bread and sorghum and field peas, and we didn't always have enough of these. Many a time I have got up from the table feeling that I could eat more if it had been there to eat. But as I remember, we were very happy in those days. We worked hard and we endured privations, but I don't think we were any the worse for them. We were so completely ruined and down in the world that anything that happened to us had to be for the better. We literally didn't have a cent of money. I don't think I touched fifty dollars in the first three years after the war. Prices were high as they are now, and we couldn't buy. When I hear people nowadays talking about how hard it is to make ends meet I wonder at them. They are spending money with both hands and so few of them seem to know what to work and to save really means.

"We haven't forgotten the pinch of those old days. That is one reason why the South is prosperous now. I venture to declare that there is more real understanding now in the old Confederate states of how to economize than in any other part of the country. I believe more gently nurtured girls down here make their own clothes and trim their own hats than do the girls of any other section. They saw their mothers doing it before them and have grown up to regard it as an established family practice. They don't boast of these little private economies and they don't proclaim them, but they aren't ashamed of them."

But the itinerant analyst questing for impressions doesn't see much of these small economies in these piping days. Atlanta is serene and untroubled. In the newspaper offices there it has long been proverbial that every big news story, no matter where it breaks, has an Atlanta end.

No Reds in Atlanta

"It has never failed but once," they told me the other day. "When Palmer began his nation-wide raids on the reds there was no Atlanta end to the story. We had no reds here and there were no Atlantans involved in any of the raids in other cities. We came clear on all that mess."

Look at the pictures with this article and see what Atlanta was and what she so splendidly is to-day. They don't show you the energy of the town or the bustling street life. Nor do they show you Jersey cows tethered on ample, shaded front lawns quite in the old simple way, or back yards where one finds limousines, bees, cows, chickens and a vegetable garden.

In the evening the fortunate owners go to hear Caruso. For Atlanta has an opera season. This is the tenth year that she has imported for her

(Continued on Page 120)



Below—"Five Points," the Heart of Atlanta, as it is To-day and as it Was, at the Left, Fifty Years Ago



PUMPS

TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

Spring Water from the Faucet in Summer Camp and Bungalow

RUNNING water right at hand—fresh as the spring but much more convenient—from the faucet.

No camp or summer bungalow is too remote to have this city convenience, if it is equipped with a Goulds Hi-Speed Autowater System—the water system of the farm. And how much pleasanter and easier than the old hand pump or bucket.

Except for an occasional oiling, it is scarcely necessary to touch this wonderful little machine from one end of the season to the other. It starts and stops automatically. It is run by electric motor, pumps 180 gallons per hour, and makes neither noise nor vibration. It is not much larger than a trunk, and comes to you completely assembled ready for connection to well and house pipes. The Goulds Autowater System is only one of a long line of Goulds farm, camp, suburban home and summer hotel pumping equipments.

Hand pumps, gasoline-motor-driven pumps, fire pumps, irrigation pumps, deep well pumps, insect-spray pumps for garden and orchard—all are made as efficient and durable as Goulds' great family of industrial pumps which are used in handling acids, tar, dyes, mud, milk, freezing brine, bread dough, and almost every known liquid and semi-liquid.

Perhaps we can help you make your summer camp or home more comfortable. Write us what your problem is.

When touring the beautiful Finger Lakes Region of Central New York, you are invited to visit our plant at Seneca Falls.

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Current from your electric lighting system will drive it if you are far from city power lines.

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That same Supreme Cure gives its delicious flavor

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Supreme Boiled Ham

An easy meal—yet a meal that is always welcomed by your family or your guests, is the one where you serve this delicious Morris Supreme Boiled Ham.

And what is better than a luncheon or supper of good boiled ham?

The thing that makes this ham so tender and palatable is the famous Supreme curing process.

When you request and get Morris Supreme Boiled Ham you know it will be right in every respect—*every time.*

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Packers and Provisioners



In every fifth car you meet—

More than a million motorists—every fifth one you meet—protect themselves against puncture troubles and delays—by carrying a SHALER 5-Minute Vulcanizer in their cars.

It saves time and repair bills—makes it unnecessary to carry expensive spare tubes that deteriorate. With a SHALER you can repair tubes anywhere—even out in the country—as good as new in 5 minutes. It works automatically—all you need is a match.

Complete Outfit $1.50

The outfit includes the Vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units (6 round for punctures and 6 oblong for cuts). Extra Patch-&-Heat Units can be bought from your dealer. Price slightly higher West of the Rockies and in Canada.

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(Continued from Page 116)

delectation the Metropolitan Opera Company from New York with the whole firmament of stars, the *corps de ballet* and the entire scenic and musical resources of the New York Opera House. A $100,000 guaranty for a week of opera each April is the cost of this indulgence. People come from all over the South to these performances. It is Atlanta's gala week. Caruso in his sport clothes under a striped umbrella on the piazza of the Georgia Terrace is one of the sights of the town. The house is sold out for every performance.

It is a good ball town too. These eyes beheld some 13,000 of its chivalry and beauty packed in the ball yard on the day of the opening game of the season. I seek to give the impression that the town is solvent and prosperous and up and coming. You might never know that Sherman had ever been there if it wasn't for the old car shed, the Ivy Street School as it was in the late seventies and in the main traffic thoroughfares holes in the paving big enough and deep enough to drown a wombat in.

Memories of the Sixties

The whole point about Atlanta that makes her valuable as an illustration is that when the Civil War ended her people quit fighting and went to work. They dropped the war cold at once and went to work at once. They didn't sit down and hold post-mortems over what might have been. Federal soldiers were garrisoned in Atlanta until 1867-68. Atlanta merchants made money out of them. They were the first out-of-town customers.

I find in the old accounts that the people of Atlanta accepted the situation after Lee's surrender philosophically. They were too busy to talk politics or to exhibit resentment. The Federal authorities got along very well with the citizens and did nothing to incur their displeasure. On May 11, 1865, the local morning paper, The Intelligencer, said in its editorial columns:

"Colonel Eggleston, commandant of this post, and Captain Lawder, provost marshal, performed their duties in a highly satisfactory manner. No soldier of either Lee's or Johnston's army has any complaint to make. All that they need from the post commissary or quartermaster's department is freely given and more than they ask. Deportment like this is too commendable to pass unnoticed, and it is hoped that the citizens will know how to appreciate and demean themselves accordingly."

Henry W. Grady, in a speech before the New England Society in New York in 1886, drew for the South the classic picture of those first troublous after-the-war days:

"Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders."

Yet I am persuaded by the reminiscences of all the old people of that time with whom I have talked that cheerfulness and a lighthearted buoyancy prevailed.

Bill Arp, the Georgia philosopher, struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me and now I am going to work."

Or the soldier making his way home and roasting some corn on the roadside who said to his comrade: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip them again."

All of the memoirs of those days reflect this unquenchable gayety. Everybody went to work with his or her hands. People worked who had never worked before. Here are authentic little pictures:

"Nannie, our young bride, is raising lettuce, radishes, nasturtiums in her back yard for sale. She is painting her house herself—with her husband's help. She is going to give the lettuce toward paying the church debt. She has nothing else to give. I think I will raise something to buy windowpanes for this house. Windowpanes patched with paper are all the fashion in this town."

"I am prospering with my needlework. I sew early and late. My friends who are better off give me work, paying me as generously as they can. Mammy Jane has sold some of my embroideries to Northern ladies. Many ladies, widows and orphans are seeking employment as teachers. The great trouble is that so few people are able to engage them or to pay for help of any kind. Still we all manage to help each other somehow."

This is the plight in which Gen. M. C. Butler, Hampton's aide, came out of the war: Twenty-nine years old, with one leg gone, a wife and three children to support, seventy slaves emancipated, a debt of $15,000 and in his pocket $1.75 in cash. That was a common condition.

Colonel Cary, of General Magruder's staff, came home to find his family desperately poor. His wife made apple pies and the colonel sold them to the Union soldiers stationed in his neighborhood. This went on all over the South. In Atlanta the men went to work in the streets, removing the rubbish and building houses with what could be salvaged from the débris. Judge George Hillyer told me that the first hat he had after the war his mother made for him from the back and tails of an old gray coat. He wore it for two years. The judge's brother, Henry, told me about the birthday party his mother gave him at Athens in May, 1865. She had nothing but pones of corn-meal bread on the table; no butter, no milk, no preserves, no coffee, no sugar; nothing but corn-meal bread and water.

"It's amazing," said Henry Hillyer, "how much corn bread a man can eat when he is hungry and when there is nothing else to eat. I recall that day as one of the gayest dinners I ever attended. We made jokes about our poverty."

A dear lady in Atlanta summed it all up for me. I asked her what she had left when Sherman had finished with Atlanta and gone on toward the sea.

"Nothing," she replied, "but refinement and poverty."

General Sherman himself said: "One hundred million dollars of damage has been done to Georgia; $20,000,000 inured to our benefit, the remainder simply waste and destruction."

The close of the war found Georgia in a sad condition. The assessed valuation of the whole taxable property of the state had been reduced from $672,000,000 in 1860 to about $148,000,000 in 1865; her resources of every kind had been fearfully depleted, her territory ravaged, her workshops destroyed and her people reduced to poverty.

The story of the recovery of Atlanta and of Georgia and of the entire South from this condition is one of grinding, continuous work, of the sharpest economy, of determination to get forward, of self-reliance and of undiluted courage. The people relied upon themselves and not upon others to help them. It was not until 1889, a period of twenty-four years, that Georgia's total property equaled the property on the tax books in 1860. It was not until 1890 that the property on the digest, exclusive of railroad property, equaled the same class of property in 1860. Three times in a period of thirty-four years after the Civil War Georgians built property values on the tax books until they equaled approximately the values on the digest of 1860. At each high tide of each of the periods a panic produced a notable shrinkage in values. It was not until 1907, a period of forty-seven years, that Georgia's total property equaled the grand total—which included the value of the slaves—of 1860. At the close of 1918 the tax books of the state showed property of a taxable value of $1,079,236,826. The attached table sets forth in summary form the increase in livestock, in the value of farm products and the growth of manufactures in the state:

LIVESTOCK

YEAR	NO.	VALUE OF ALL LIVESTOCK	VALUE OF ALL FARM PRODUCTIONS
1860			
Swine	2,036,116		
Cattle	931,000	$38,372,734	
1870			
Swine	988,566		
Cattle	643,571	30,156,317	$ 80,390,228
1880			
Swine	1,471,003	(On farms)	
Cattle	859,885	25,930,352	67,028,929
1890			
Swine	1,396,362		
Cattle	824,818	31,477,990	83,371,482
1900			
Swine	1,424,298		
Cattle	688,000	35,200,507	104,304,476
1910			
Swine	1,783,684		
Cattle	1,080,316	78,118,098	226,595,436
1920			
Swine	3,165,000		
Cattle	1,232,000		613,240,000

Cattle in the above includes both milch cows and beef cattle.

MANUFACTURES

YEAR	NO. OF PLANTS	CAPITAL INVESTED	ANNUAL VALUE OF PRODUCTS
1860	1890	$ 10,890,875	$ 16,925,564
1870	3836	1,393,125	31,196,115
1880	3593	20,672,410	36,440,948
1890	4285	56,921,580	68,917,020
1900	7504	89,789,656	106,654,527
1910	4792	202,778,000	202,863,000
1914	4639	258,325,811	253,270,511

In 1918 Georgia was the fourth state in the Union in value of agricultural products. In 1919 she dropped to sixth place, North Carolina going ahead of her because of her tobacco and Kansas going ahead because of her wheat.

Though the years of real reconstruction are supposed to have covered the period from 1865 to 1871, actually it has taken Georgia fifty-five years to reach in property value the point where Massachusetts was at the end of the Civil War. At the beginning of the war in 1860 the two states stood on an approximate equality.

As Henry W. Grady put it in 1887: "When we remember that amazement following the payment by 37,000,000 Frenchmen of $1,000,000,000 indemnity to Germany, that the 5,000,000 whites of the South rendered to the torch and sword $3,000,000,000 of property, that $30,000,000 a year, or $600,000,000 in twenty years, has been given willingly of our poverty as pensions for Northern soldiers, the wonder is that we are here at all."

And now what of Atlanta? Her case has been typical of the recovery. I can summarize her material prosperity.

Her homes and her shops and her manufactories cover an area of twenty-six square miles. She has something more than 35,000 houses within her corporate limits. Her twenty-six banks and trust companies have deposits of $125,000,000, which at the present time are increasing at the rate of over $117,000 a day. The bank clearings in 1919 were $3,290,000,000. They were more than $2,000,000,000 in 1918. The population of the town has increased fifty per cent in ten years.

Draw a straight line across the United States from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles, and the receipts of the Atlanta post office exceed those of any city south of the line. They exceeded $2,500,000 last year. Nearly 14,000 motor cars bump over the ill-paved streets of the town—the people are ashamed of the condition of the streets and are now taking steps to put them in order. The assessed value of Atlanta property is about $268,000,000. The 500 manufactories in the town have an output valued at $75,000,000.

Did it All Herself

Atlanta as she stands to-day may be said to date from 1880. The patchwork buildings that went up in the period from 1865 through the seventies have had to give place to modern substantial structures. Not the blight of war, but the nervous, irreverent hand of progress is responsible for the after-the-war destruction. Business houses of the seventies answered well enough the requirements of a town of 30,000 people, but were inadequate to the demands of the city that soon came to count its population in hundreds of thousands. Atlanta trebled her population within a period of twenty years.

Atlanta has no unusual natural endowments. She has no water front, no outstanding sources of supply of raw material. She had nothing in the way of equipment to start with but a pile of ashes. She has undeniable geographical location. She made it for herself. Atlanta's railroad facilities are not surpassed in the South. She was ambitious to be a real city and realized

(Concluded on Page 122)

Sunshine Biscuits

*Every*meal – *Every*day



Sunshine Veroniques and Strawberry Jelly

Cut off tops of melons; remove seeds. Fill with strawberry gelatine. Decorate with whipped cream and fresh strawberries. Serve with Sunshine Veroniques (sugar wafer sticks).



Sunshine Multi Wafers with Lemon Ice

Prepare lemon ice, freezing till thick. Serve in glasses. Scatter finely cut nuts and chopped ginger over the top. Serve with Sunshine Multi Wafers.



Sunshine Tan-San with Rose Parfait

Fill glasses with chocolate custard; cover with whipped cream made pink with cherry juice. Decorate with candied ginger and cherries. Serve with Sunshine Tan-San—a sugar wafer orientally fragrant of orange blossoms.

Always Ready to Serve

It really is surprising just how many ways Sunshine Biscuits can be served. Some are particularly suitable for a social cup of tea—others are best with a seasonable dessert—and many are delicious with a refreshing summertime drink or other refreshment, whether at home or at your favorite soda fountain. But whatever the occasion, there's a Sunshine Biscuit to suit the need.

For emergency or specially planned meal, Sunshine Biscuits are always ready to serve—from crispy white crackers to golden, sugar-sweet wafers, such as Per-fet-to and Clover Leaves.

Order Sunshine Biscuits today. And when you stop at your favorite soda fountain ask for Sunshine Biscuits with your refreshment.

In individual packages and in bulk.

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Look for the Sunshine Biscuit Display Rack—it is your guarantee of biscuit goodness.



Fairy Tale Pictures and Counting Verses are packed in most Sunshine cartons

We have prepared a Fairy Tale Book of Rhymes handsomely illustrated. To partly cover cost of preparation and mailing, send 5¢ in coin (no stamps accepted) to this company, Dept. B, 815 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Please send me a copy of "Sunshine Hints for the Hostess," illustrating scores of delicious biscuit uses.

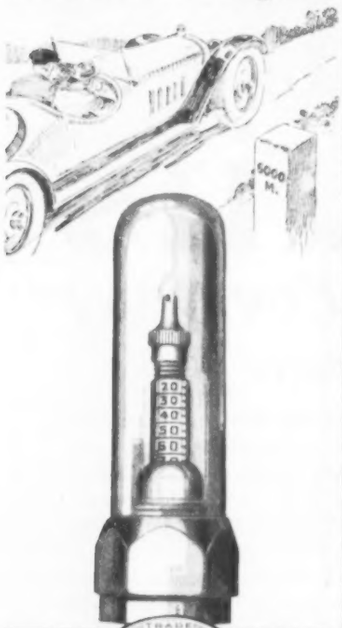
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A Milestone in Automotive Progress



A forward step toward 100% tire service

WE all know that the best tire loses ⅓ of its possible wear if under-inflated. We all know that most tires are under-inflated most of the time. Taking tire pressure with the ordinary gauge even on one tire is too troublesome and dirty a job to be undertaken half often enough.

The Tirometer is a mechanically correct valve plus an always visible gauge, with an unbreakable, transparent cap. A glance tells the tire pressure. Easily and quickly adjusted to the inner tube or changed from an old tube to a new one.

Once let a motorist realize that always knowing his tire pressure (not guessing at it) will add one-third more mileage to his tires—and the value of the Tirometer is at once apparent.

The Tirometer is a new, but a well tried-out necessity. An especially attractive proposition is now open to dealers. Write for it.

Price in U. S. $1.75 each or set of 5 for $8.00. Specify wood or wire wheels.

Tirometer Valve Corporation
of America
Charleston, West Virginia

TRADE TIROMETER REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

(Concluded from Page 120)

that the best way to achieve this was to produce enough business to bring the railroads in. Atlanta has been and is a natural-born go-getter. That accounts for her prosperity. It means that the people pull together on all questions that affect the prosperity of the town. They have an alert and sensitive civic pride. In any time of crisis they appeal to what they call the Atlanta spirit. It pulls them through.

The only lasting ill effect of the reconstruction days of 1865-70 has been a political effect. The South is solid to-day because of the reconstruction policies of Andrew Jackson, Thad Stevens and the other irreconcilables in Congress in those after-the-war days. The war against the Southern States was prosecuted sternly. Such orders as these are sufficient proof—Sheridan's official report:

"I have burned two thousand barns filled with wheat and corn, all the mills in the whole country, destroyed all the factories of cloth, killed or driven off every animal, even the poultry, that could contribute to human sustenance.

"Nothing should be left in the Shenandoah but eyes to lament the war."

"CITY POINT, July 14, 1864.

"MAJOR GENERAL HALLECK, Washington, D. C.,

"If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose he has, he should have upon his heels veterans, militiamen, men on horseback and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as they go, so that the crows flying over it will have to carry their provender with them.

"(Signed)

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

"CITY POINT, August 26, 1864.

"MAJOR GENERAL SHERIDAN, Halltown, Va.,

"Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all description and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. We want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.

"(Signed)

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General."

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Washington, D. C., December 18, 1864.

"MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN, Savannah,

"Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon the site it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession.

"(Signed)

"W. H. HALLECK, Chief of Staff."

FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, Savannah, December 24, 1864.

MAJOR GENERAL W. H. HALLECK, CHIEF OF STAFF, Washington, D. C.

"I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and I do not think salt will be necessary. When I move the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of this corps you will have remarked that it generally does its work pretty well.

"The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. We must make old and young, rich and poor feel the hard hand of war as well as their organized armies.

"(Signed)

"W. T. SHERMAN, Major General."

The Story of a Great March, Brevet Major George W. Nicholson, aide-de-camp to General Sherman, November 15, 1864, (P. 38), Atlanta, Georgia:

"A grand and awful spectacle is presented to the beholders of this beautiful city now in flames. The heaven is one expanse of lurid fire. The air is filled with flying, burning cinders. Buildings covering 200 acres are in ruins or flames.

"We are leaving Atlanta. Behind we leave a track of smoke and flame. Yesterday we saw in the distance a pillar of smoke; the bridges were all in flames. I heard a soldier say, 'I believe Sherman has set the very river on fire.' His comrades replied, 'If he has it's all right.' The rebel inhabitants are in an agony. The soldiers are as hearty and jolly as men can be. (P. 37).

"The soldiers are hunting for concealed things, and these searches are one of the pleasantest excitements of our march." (P. 39).

These orders and the manner of their execution have left no unhealed wounds. But the effects of the political mistakes and blindness of 1865-70 endure to this day. The dead hand of those stupid, misguided politicians is still lying on the South. I can give you a concrete present-day illustration.

I mean Herbert Hoover, and I only tell what I know.

Hoover called a Democrat would sweep the state of Georgia. He would have carried the Democratic primary held on April twentieth beyond any question. I believe this to be an assured statement of fact. Hoover called a Republican makes men timid to come out for him openly. Plenty of men in Georgia will vote for Hoover if he is nominated on the Republican ticket, but they won't stand out in the open now and be counted because of the social and historic specter of Republicanism. Being a Republican in the South, at least in Georgia, is still to be in some degree a political outcast. That is the enduring effect of the memory and the legacy left by the carpetbaggers and scalawags of the days after the war.

Industrially and economically the South has made a complete recovery. Politically the old ghosts are still potent in degree. This old spell is slowly dissolving. Men this year are willing to vote for Hoover on the Republican ticket and to proclaim their intention who would not have dared such an act ten years ago.

The South is slowly feeling toward the impending new political realignment that is surely taking place. It is only a matter of time before the solid South is broken. Hoover could do it this year. I have no doubt of it, and my impressions gained at first hand are confirmed by Democratic politicians.

When that is done, when the South frees itself politically and so arranges or controls its peculiar sectional problem that it can speak its convictions through any candidate, whatever his party, then indeed the last shred of reconstruction will have been cleared away.

That is one of the reasons why Hoover is so significant a figure in the South to-day. Atlanta abhors a slough as Nature abhors a vacuum. She sees Hoover clearly and his meaning and value. Her people know, if anybody in the world knows, how to face and solve a problem of reconstruction and what sort of man it takes to do the job. It struck me as immensely significant that they had picked Hoover as that type of man.



How famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful



NORMA TALMADGE
"You may use my testimonial to the value of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



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"I consider WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO an ideal shampoo. It can be used with such little effort and keeps my hair in wonderful condition."



MABEL NORMAND
"I never knew that a shampoo could be so delightful until I used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO."



BLANCHE SWEET
"I am pleased to indorse WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO for shampooing."



MAE MURRAY
"Shampooing with WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO always keeps my hair looking its best."



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"Of all shampoos I have ever used WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO is by far the superior."



LILLIAN WALKER
"It keeps my hair looking its best, and is easy to use."



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"Not only is the use of WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO beneficial to one's scalp and hair but the refreshing and stimulating after effects are delightful and indescribable."



ETHEL CLAYTON
"I like WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO because it leaves my hair so soft and lustrous and easy to manage."



MARION DAVIES
"WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO the kind of a hair shampoo one has hoped to find. I like it."

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people, and discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., Cleveland, O.

Be SURE it's

WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't "MULSIFIED"



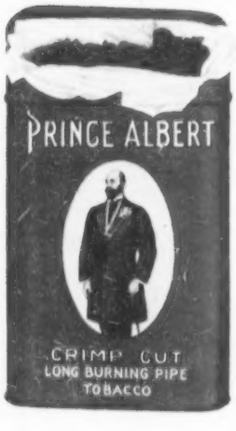
You ought to know what P. A. and a jimmy pipe can do for you!

YOU should worry these spic and span summer mornings whether the moon went down dry, the blight has butted into the bean-bed or whether weeds have walloped the everlasting daylight out of the pet pickles!

For, a man whose pal is a pipe, and, whose pipe-packing-is-P. A., gets a slice of sunshine slipped into his system that tempers garden growls and business bulls and makes merry-like the little things that grow-the-grouches!

You ought to know what Prince Albert tobacco and a joy'us jimmy *can do for you!* You ought to know P. A.'s refreshing flavor and fragrance and coolness! You ought to know Prince Albert is free from bite and parch because both are cut out by our exclusive patented process!

Get a pipe and get some P. A. and go after pipe sport like you play every good game—right across the boards! You'll get to be so keen for smokes; you'll pick up such a new and sunny slant on what P. A. and a pipe can pass out you'll want a court of inquiry appointed to dig facts *as to why* you didn't do a high dive into pipe-pleasure when the banging-of-the-cymbals first broke the big news about Prince Albert!



PRINCE ALBERT *the national joy smoke*

FOR your convenience wherever tobacco is sold—from the back bushes to the big burgs—you'll find Prince Albert awaiting your say-so. And, you've certainly said your piece when you call for the toppy red bag, the tidy red tin, the handsome pound or half pound tin humidor—or, that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps Prince Albert in such perfect condition.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 21)

for people. You do more'n you ought. I mean to say, trouble's hard on all of us in the same way. It's human nature to be soured by it. And it's human nature to think, when trouble comes, that all the world's down on us. Whereas folks here would be only too glad to do things for Skeezicks, to help him have a good time and cheer him up, if he'd only let 'em. Just the same way, folks hate to see you having to work so hard and all." Judson paused to wipe a soiled handkerchief over his brow, moist from much eloquence. "Miss Maggie," he murmured, leaning in confidential wise over his counter, "Miss Maggie, I—I ——"

"For heaven's sake!" groaned Maggie, turning to defy Mrs. Gentry.

The little blond lady sniffed and whirled round.

"Miss Maggie," persisted the grocer, having caught his breath, "I'd be pleased to take you to the committee meeting Saturday night a week from to-morrow, about the Thanksgiving program, you know. It ain't right that you should walk all that lonesome way yourself. I'd bring the car round."

"Don't trouble," fidgeted Maggie.

"It ain't a mite of trouble," said Judson.

"Oh, all right, thank you."

What could Maggie do otherwise? Now maybe he'd shut up at any rate. The color came back into Maggie's face. She had been afraid the fool was going to propose right then in public, so to speak. Everybody in Webster was looking for that. Mrs. Gentry had been expecting a real titbit. If there had only been another grocery store in Webster! Maggie gathered her parcels.

"Shan't I send those things by Charley?" asked Judson, calmer after his bold advance.

"No, I'll take them. I want the prunes for supper. Good-by."

As Maggie Bender hurried out of the store, wrapped tightly in her odd self-isolation, she noted how Abraham shook his head and smiled in deprecatory fashion at Mrs. Gentry. As nearly as anything gave her pleasure it afforded Maggie grim amusement to consider how her cantankerous and thorny ways puzzled folk. Judson would be explaining her to Mrs. Gentry. He'd be remarking that Maggie hated old Skeezicks, hadn't been quite herself since the cat had died. He'd call her a good woman. Mrs. Gentry would admit that she was a good teacher, but cranky. They'd tell how she could pound mathematics into a block of hardwood. Reviewing her care for a paralytic father and a complaining, overindulged mother, they'd concede that she was a good daughter and not the least bit mean. By and by they'd get to the Hollow and marvel over her interest in Charley Kuhn, an overgrown kid who delivered groceries for Judson and, to the distress of his penurious parents, was crazy about fiddling. The Thanksgiving entertainment was to be a benefit for Charley Kuhn's musical education. Maggie had suggested the plan. Judson, fawning as always, had boosted the scheme. Judson! A wave of disgust rolled over Maggie.

And Skeezicks! Maggie, hurrying home, her feelings tumbling over one another, bruising her sensitive heart, felt that organ swell with fresh venom for Skeezicks. Her hatred for that man drowned even her disgust at Judson's fawning advances. She couldn't have told why, but she had hated Skeezicks bitterly from the first, even before the cat episode. And folks were wasting pity on him. Judson had dared to compare him to her, Maggie Bender. That was a stinging insult. The mean old —cat murderer! As Maggie passed Skeezicks' insolent new house with its rich stucco façade, its stone wall all about, she quivered with antagonism. It looked to her ridiculous and unjust that people should feel sorry for a man with all that; and facing the scarred and tottering frame house on the opposite side of the road she felt a fresh accumulation of self-pity sweep over her.

The usual petty worries of her day went on. No smoke was coming from the chimneys of her home, though Maggie had been careful at noon to put wood into the heaters in both her father's and her mother's rooms. Her father was out on the shaky porch, huddled in blankets.

"You must have put on green logs," he quavered fretfully. "They didn't catch. It's warmer out here than in that cold barn of a house."

Maggie did not scold. Fifteen years before she might have; but she knew now that it was no use to scold. That only wasted needed breath.

"Your mother's poorly," her father informed her when the stove in his room began to roar. "She's took to her bed."

Grimly Maggie turned to that duty.

"You're late," complained her mother. "You're late a lot nowadays. Been to the store, I suppose. I should think if you're going to fool round there all the time like that you'd take up with Abraham Judson and have done with it. You could do worse. Folks say he's dead set to have you. Of course he ain't handsome and he ain't very tidy and he ain't educated up to some; but you're getting 'long to that time of life when you needn't to mind if a man ain't good-looking. It'd look foolish for you to turn up your nose at Abraham Judson. He's got a good trade and a fine big house. Your father and I could have some real comfort then instead of pinching to get along. Some more bills come in to-day. I put them into your room. You wouldn't have to worry about bills if you married Judson. And he could keep help in the house for you. I didn't get to do the noon dishes to-day. I took a spell right in the middle of them, it seems like. The kitchen's a sight. I'd relish some milk toast for supper. I took a chill in this cold room. If you was to take Judson, now ——"

Desperately Maggie dammed violent speech. This sort of thing went on every day, every day.

But familiarity did not keep her from loathing the spectacle of the kitchen. One sweeping glance showed her a disheartening stack of dishes in the sink, empty pans on the stove, a dishpan full of stagnant soapy water on the table. If the hands of the clock had not driven Maggie mercilessly to her tasks she might have collapsed on the floor and wept like any ordinary woman. For she was more tired than usual this evening. Her head was heavy with a numb weariness, which is only one of the things for which teachers' salaries do not compensate them. Standing pains tugged at the muscles in the backs of her sturdy limbs. And her heart ached, oh, how it ached! A person would think one's heart would quit aching by and by and grow callous. As far back, almost as far back as Maggie dared to look, life had been all mussy and full of drab tasks like the kitchen where she stood.

Maggie cleared up the dishes and the pans, and swept the worn, faded linoleum. Carrying a pan of scraps to the garbage pail she caught herself calling to Jessica. She had forgotten that Jessica was dead. Maggie stood on the windswept back step and recalled the night when Jessica had died. She could still hear that faint whimpering cry which the poor animal had raised. Maggie had opened the door and called, but the cat had not come in. Maggie had gone out into the yard, where the dark night had concealed poor coal-black Jessica. Then the cry had stopped, though Maggie had called and called. In the morning she had found Jessica lying stiff on the ground near the back steps. Little rags of foam had dried on her coat. That had been the doing of that old devil living across the way.

Maggie had seen him, wrapped to his spectacles in a long fur coat, pelting the beast with sticks.

Maggie jerked herself back to her tasks. There was something else she ought to attend to before supper. What was it? Her head didn't seem to be working right. Oh, yes, the bills! Up in her room.

Maggie spent her nights and as little of her days as possible in the only finished room on the second floor, a roughly plastered makeshift chamber under the eaves, smothering hot in summer, chill and drafty in the winter. For furniture it offered in mute apology a rickety old walnut bedstead with sagging springs and lumpy padding, a walnut dresser with onyx top, and, back in the most obscure corner, a battered old square brass-bound trunk as securely locked as Maggie's aching heart. If Maggie ever wanted to sit down in her room she must sit there, for it was the only seat. This evening, however, since dusk was beginning to gather, she stood by the one low window to read her bills.

There was, to begin with, the wood bill. Eighty dollars. Maggie had counted on that. If nothing happened she could pay forty this month and forty next. They'd trust her. What was the other bill? She paid cash for provisions. It was from the drug store. Mrs. Bender, in spite of all Maggie had said and threatened, had been buying patent medicines again—and cosmetics and toilet soap and perfume. Twenty dollars' worth of nonsense! But it had to be paid for. With what? Maggie got out her account book. Fifteen dollars house rent, apt to be raised any day; forty dollars on the wood bill, she must pay at least that; ten dollars for flannelette nightclothes for the old people, they felt the chill so; out of her month's salary that left thirty-five dollars for food. A little more than a dollar a day for three people—and the drug-store bill not paid. Judson might give her credit. Of course he would. What good would it do? There'd be another bill at the end of the month. And could she ask Judson for credit—decently?

"Why don't you take up with Judson and have done with it?" her mother had said. "Then you wouldn't have any bills to worry about."

Why didn't Maggie take up with Judson? Was this little commonplace man any duller than every heavy hour of Maggie's day? Was the thought of marrying him merely as an escape from one kind of burden any more sordid than the life she led? Work that she hated, fretting and nagging in her ears at home, bills, bills, bills? Why didn't Maggie take up with Judson? Her eyes dropped moodily to the battered sealed trunk. A spasm of agony flashed across Maggie's set features. She looked out the window at Skeezicks' house, towering above its insolent fence—a monstrous flashing pile, put up by some freakish notion as if to shame the humble, tumble-down neighborhood. That folks should pity Skeezicks!

A terrorized squawk went up from Maggie's chicken yard in the rear. Maggie dropped her bills and stumbled down the steps and out the kitchen door. By the time she reached the poultry yard it was in complete upheaval. The rooster, safe on top of a coop, scolded clamorously; the fat silly hens scurried this way and that with queer spraddling helplessness; while at their tails yapped a small white terrier, mad with rapture at the babel and flutteration.

"Stop!" screamed Maggie.

Instantly the terrier stood, humorously considering with a wicked leer, for which his marking was to blame, the flushed, panting, outraged woman.

"You little devil!" hissed Maggie.

The terrier winked.

"If I had any poison I'd feed it all to you!"

Instead she made a determined swoop at the dog and caught him by his collar. The little beast squealed in protest as she shook him fiercely, then clutched him tightly in one arm and set off for Skeezicks' place across the road. Maggie was angry enough for anything. It made no difference that the dog's clean mouth proved he had not touched her chickens. Maggie realized now that she had been waiting ever since Jessica's death for an excuse to go over and speak her mind out at Skeezicks himself. She'd tell that old sinner a few things, she would.

Unfortunately Skeezicks anticipated the attack.

"Put down that dog!" snarled a voice from an upper window the minute Maggie opened the gate.

Maggie jumped. The terrier almost escaped. Maggie squeezed the breath out of him in a stifled yelp as she took fresh grip on his wriggling body.

"Put down that dog, I say!"

"I won't do it!" retorted Maggie. "I caught him chasing my chickens and I came over to see what you meant to do about it. If you have to keep a good-for-nothing cur like this, why can't you shut him up so he'll stay out of mischief?"

"If you don't want animals after your chickens, why don't you fence them in properly?"

"A fence like yours, I suppose! Well, let me tell you, before you moved in here—and Lord knows why you did—nobody in this town ever needed high walls. Just because you're so hateful and ——"

"Will you stop that screaming out there on the street?"

"Who started it?" demanded Maggie. "What did you yell out of the window for? I was coming to the door when you stopped me."

"Well, shut up and come on!"

Resolutely Maggie strode to the front door. Resolutely she stepped inside when the man housekeeper admitted her. Then, bit by bit, her resolution began to crumble. In the first place, Maggie had never been in

(Continued on Page 128)



She Threw Herself Down Beside the Battered Little Trunk and Wept

HANSEN

"Built Like a Hand"



A Good Investment

Hansen Gloves carry a broad appeal to the man on the farm. For Hansen leadership is not limited to styles for motoring, driving and dress wear, but in any and all working fields this name is recognized authority. For threshing, plowing, harvesting — for any farm work, in all seasons, the dealer has a **special** Hansen.



No. 562 Threshermen's Special — Note Adjustable Wrist Strap.



A Snug and Easy Fit

This design alone is sufficient to explain Hansen leadership. It is so exact, so accurately built. It is soft and pliable yet strongly re-enforced at all points of strain. There are no binding seams, nothing to hinder control of wheel, and it is sturdy enough to withstand the service of loading and unloading.



No. 554 Motor Truck and Tractor Special — Adjustable Wrist Strap; Big Cuff.



True Hand-Insurance

Hansen builders recognize that nothing is too good for the hands of men on whom America's railroad service depends. This model has back finger seams, made outseam; no danger of callous or sore knuckles. Leather tanned to shed oil for longest time possible and can be washed with soap and water or gasoline. Strong, flexible.



No. 553 Fireman's Special — Easy Fitting; Outseam with Protected Finger Tips.



Complete Protection

Men who depend upon Hansen Gloves for their regular motoring wear should also have this Utility Gauntlet in the car for emergency use, such as changing tires, greasing car, adjusting motor, etc. Light in weight, soft and pliable. Cuff keeps sleeve clean. Have this model always ready to conserve your other more expensive Hansens.



No. 147 Motor Car Utility — Washable Horsehide Gauntlet.

O. C. HANSEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

GLOVES

For The Industrial Field



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This Hansen Gauntlet represents years of study of the lineman's needs. It exactly meets the specifications of his particular work. The wrist is reenforced where it rubs the pole. The leather is of heavy weight, but supple — amply protecting the hand, while leaving it free for action.



No. 155 Lineman's Special — Soft and Pliable.



Original in Design

Here's another proof of how Hansen Glove designers recognize the need of individual service for industrial workers. This Special style has heavy extension welts for added protection against flying sparks and to take the brunt of wear. No ridges or rivets. Better work and better hands in this Hansen.



No. 126 Bridge and Iron Worker's Special — Heavy Weight Outseam.



Strong and Supple

To any man who has ever worn this glove, Hansen supremacy is a matter of course. Workers in the oil fields, more and more of them, are depending on this stout, flexible Hansen. The leather is specially tanned and the design, "Built Like a Hand," gives utmost satisfaction in this and many other kinds of heavy work.



No. 556 Oil Worker's Special — Front Finger Seam Construction.



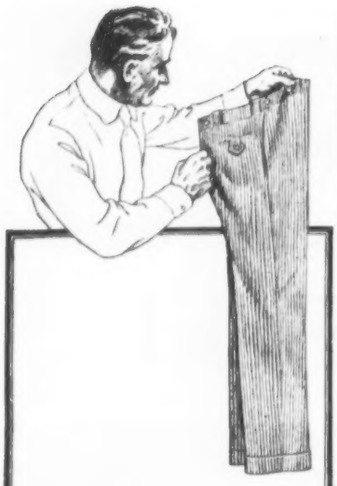
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No. 141 Stay Soft Horsehide — Special Reenforcements.

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Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

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OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 125)

a hall so magnificent. There were the panels of the walls, the dark old carved furniture, the shimmering glassiness of the floor about the silken rugs. And yet, in spite of that magnificence, or perhaps because of it, there was a chilling emptiness about the place. Everything was so orderly, so dead. Heavy velours curtains obscured the light of windows and doors. Heavy smothering curtains seemed everywhere. A pair of them, with an odd shrouding effect, draped a wall panel just at the foot of the shining staircase. Something about the place seemed to say: "These are the riches of life which I have carried with me into the tomb."

Then she heard Skeezicks coughing his way down the steps toward her. It was a mean, worrisome cough. Skeezicks himself appeared. Maggie had not dreamed he was so broken—so helpless. His right arm dangled lifelessly. There was something pathetic about that. There was something pathetic, too, about the sag of his worn dressing gown, about the shuffling of his slippered feet, about the snow-white hair that lay in a tumbled mass above his chilled blue eyes.

"Well?" he demanded. "What have you to say now?"

"I wanted to say," began Maggie—"I wanted to say ——"

"Well, say it," sneered Skeezicks, "and don't keep me here all night!"

"Aren't you ashamed?" blazed Maggie, his contempt firing her to her original purpose. "Aren't you ashamed to act so? What did my cat Jessica ever do to you that you should poison her? Why do you want to shut yourself off from everybody and act so hateful that nobody ever comes near you? What's the good of all the money you have if everybody hates you? What difference does it make if you have seen trouble? Everybody has that and most people more than you have. I should think, feeble and sickly as you are, you'd be afraid to be so sour and mean."

"Sour?" hissed Skeezicks. "Sour? Well, what do you think you are, biting and snapping round the way you do? Do you call yourself sweet?"

At the blank outrage on Maggie's face he threw back his head and cackled like a demon. The laugh started his cough. The cough became a strangle. Maggie started forward, to be intercepted by the man housekeeper. The servant, throwing a beseeching glance at Maggie as he went, half carried, half dragged Skeezicks up the steps. Maggie dropped the terrier.

That night she did not rest well. It was not Skeezicks' accusation that made her uneasy. She had eaten herring for supper and herring always disagreed with her. However, from her bedroom window she could look across at Skeezicks' house. Flopping uncomfortably, she got to wondering if he were really ill. There were lights in two rooms upstairs. A motor drove up to the gate, stopped, and a man with a satchel went up to the house. That was a doctor, no doubt. Maggie stopped flopping. What if the man died? Would that be her fault? Good riddance; still—drat that herring! To-morrow was Saturday, with cleaning to do. Maggie needed sleep. Skeezicks had looked dreadfully weak. It wouldn't lighten Maggie's burdens any to feel responsible if he should die. Maybe the man housekeeper would tell ——

"Where are you going now, Maggie?" asked her mother the next morning as Maggie started off with a covered bowl on a tray.

"Man next door is sick," explained Maggie briefly, "and no womenfolk to do for him. You wouldn't have him starve, would you?"

"He won't eat it," said the man housekeeper at Skeezicks' kitchen door. "I'm nearly crazy. He won't eat a thing."

"He'll eat this," said Maggie grimly, "if I have to choke it down him. Where is he?"

Upstairs Skeezicks' eyes blazed at her feverishly as he lay, propped up on pillows, in his great carved bed.

"Get out!" he croaked.

"I won't," said Maggie. "I've brought you some hot breakfast. It's milk toast fixed with my own kind of sauce. It's good and nourishing, and it won't irritate your throat. And you're going to eat it."

With a jerk of her head she signaled the housekeeper to draw up a low table. On the stand she placed the bowl and removed its cover. The warm fumes would have weakened any misanthrope.

"I'm not hungry," grumbled Skeezicks.

"You're going to eat, just the same," said Maggie. "I'm going to stay here till you've swallowed the last mouthful. I don't care if I stand here till I faint. So, if you want to be rid of me, eat."

Something in Skeezicks' eyes sparkled. It couldn't have been humor—in Skeezicks. Yet his eyes did sparkle faintly as he considered Maggie, standing on his bedside rug—adamant purpose incarnate.

"You'll have to eat it," repeated Maggie, "and it's better hot than cold."

With his awkward trembling left hand Skeezicks took up the spoon. And when he laid it down the bowl was empty.

"Tell him how to fix it," he said curtly, indicating the man housekeeper. "His slop turns my stomach."

"I'll bring you some every day," said Maggie.

"You needn't bother."

"I will bother. Do you think I'd let you die just out of spite? I'll bring you some every day."

"The devil!" groaned Skeezicks.

"Good-by," said Maggie.

In the evening she took him a glass of cool, smooth, rich custard. Thereafter twice a day for a week she carried him palatable foods. She couldn't explain just why she did this. She hated Skeezicks worse every time she saw him. He snarled at her like an ill-tempered dog on each visit, and she gave him back snap for snarl. Sometimes Maggie thought it was her very hatred that drew her to his bedside. It gave her grisly pleasure to spite the old devil by being outwardly kind to him in his helplessness. Hate was the only name she could put to the irresistible force that did attract her.

Then, too, he took her mind off her troubles at home. There was the matter of those bills and the groceries and one thing and another. Maggie had made no attempt to settle anything, not knowing where to begin.

And one day her mother said to her: "Fine bright days I might go to church or to the Ladies' Aid if I had anything fit to wear. It would give some daughters pleasure to provide nice clothes for their old mothers."

And her father, shivering more and more as the weather freshened, expressed a desire for one of those plaid rugs he'd seen advertised so much. It did seem a pity that an old man who'd worked hard while he kept his health couldn't have a blanket to keep his old bones from knocking with the cold. Maggie held long comfortless sessions in the old room under the eaves.

Judson? Perhaps it would come to that. He was a good man and generous. Maggie's notion that she couldn't ever bear to touch him was ridiculous. What was left of her life anyhow but husks? If any man was fool enough to want her under the circumstances, she ought to count herself lucky, as her mother so often said. Things couldn't be really worse than they were now. At any rate she'd be the only one to suffer then, she'd not be hearing that fretting, wearing wail of her old parents. And surely, after battling with that old shellback over the way, Maggie must appreciate the kindness of Judson—even if he did smell queer and unwashed and his shirts were soiled.

"But I'd burn you first," she said fiercely to the old battered trunk.

Saturday morning came a letter from the school board. Brave men, they had lacked the face to talk the matter over with Maggie. They were giving her a long notice so that she might locate a good position for the coming year. They had no complaints to make; they would give her a good recommendation; but they wanted a younger person, someone with newer, more up-to-date methods, in her place. Poor Maggie, she had had no time or money for summer courses or brushing up.

That settled everything. In the evening when Judson turned his runabout and drove past his unkempt inherited mansion and halted in the road before it Maggie offered no protest.

"Miss Maggie," faltered Judson, pointing, "I've been trying for ten years to get up nerve to ask you to take charge of that and me."

"I know, Abraham," said Maggie calmly. "Why do you want to marry me?"

Judson stared at her in amazement. This was so different from Maggie. Her face, cold and motionless, told him nothing.

"Why, I don't know as I ever thought it out. I just sort of fancied. Miss Maggie, I'm naturally a family man and I've been powerful lonesome. I sort of miss having someone to look out for me, and you've got such a way with you. You ain't afraid of work and you've got a head for business and you're good to folks dependent on you. I'd be able to supply the money and the comforts, but I'd be dependent on you."

"There isn't anything romantic then, is there?" said Maggie. "You just want me to take care of your house and you, is that it? A new job?"

"Well, now," fumbled Judson, troubled. "I think a lot of you, of course, but I ain't one of these play-acting kind, and we've both gone past the foolish age, you know. You don't mind my saying that, I hope."

"I'm relieved," said Maggie. "But you know I have two old people depending on me. They're quite a burden."

"I know, I know. I'd be glad to do for them while they last. It would sort of even up for what you'd be doing for me. Miss Maggie, I'd be good to them and good to you as I know how. What do you say?"

"I'll do my best," said Maggie. "Now hurry, or we'll be late to the meeting."

On the way home Judson milled something over in his mind. Maggie could tell by the batting of his ugly eyes.

"M-maggie," he said at her gate, "I've been wondering if I couldn't do something to show my appreciation. I've been thinking of what you seem to set your heart most on, and it's Charley Kuhn and his fiddling. I don't see much in fiddling myself, but I know you're anxious to see him go on taking lessons. I've made up my mind to pay for them after the money from the benefit is used up."

Maggie felt shame. She put out her hand to the spotted coat sleeve of the little man she thought she could not touch.

"Abraham Judson," she said, "you'll never know why I want Charley to go on with his music, but you're a good man. You're the best man I know. I—I will do my duty by you."

And she slept better that night than she had for a week. In the morning she remembered Skeezicks. He was better now, not really in need of coddling. She'd pay him one last visit.

Skeezicks was up, fully dressed. There was something distinguished about his spotless black suit and his soft linen shirt. He wore a soft black tie and he'd just been shaved.

"You're late," he greeted. "Thought you weren't coming. You didn't last night."

"So you missed me?" taunted Maggie.

"I missed my pudding. Where were you?"

"I had to hurry through supper for a committee meeting."

"What committee?"

"Hungry Hollow Committee."

"What's Hungry Hollow? Why don't you ever tell a man anything? I have to drag gossip out of you piece by piece."

"Didn't suppose you'd be interested. They're poor folk in the Hollow."

"Hum! Feed them and pamper them and generally encourage social unrest?"

"No!" Maggie gripped the bedpost. "We try to make life a bit worth living, that's all. But the Thanksgiving entertainment isn't just for that."

"What is it for? For heaven's sake, sit down and look comfortable, no matter how you feel. You are the most cantankerous—what about the entertainment?"

Maggie slid to the edge of a chair.

"The entertainment is a benefit—for Charley Kuhn," she said. "He plays the violin like magic. But his folks are dirt poor and they want him to go to work in the steel mills next year. We're trying to raise the money so he won't have to go to work but can study in the city."

"You interested in him?" Skeezicks' question was a jeer, such as Maggie had grown used to expecting.

"I am," she said shortly.

"Give me my check book, Johnson."

Before Maggie could gather her wits the check was written and in her hands.

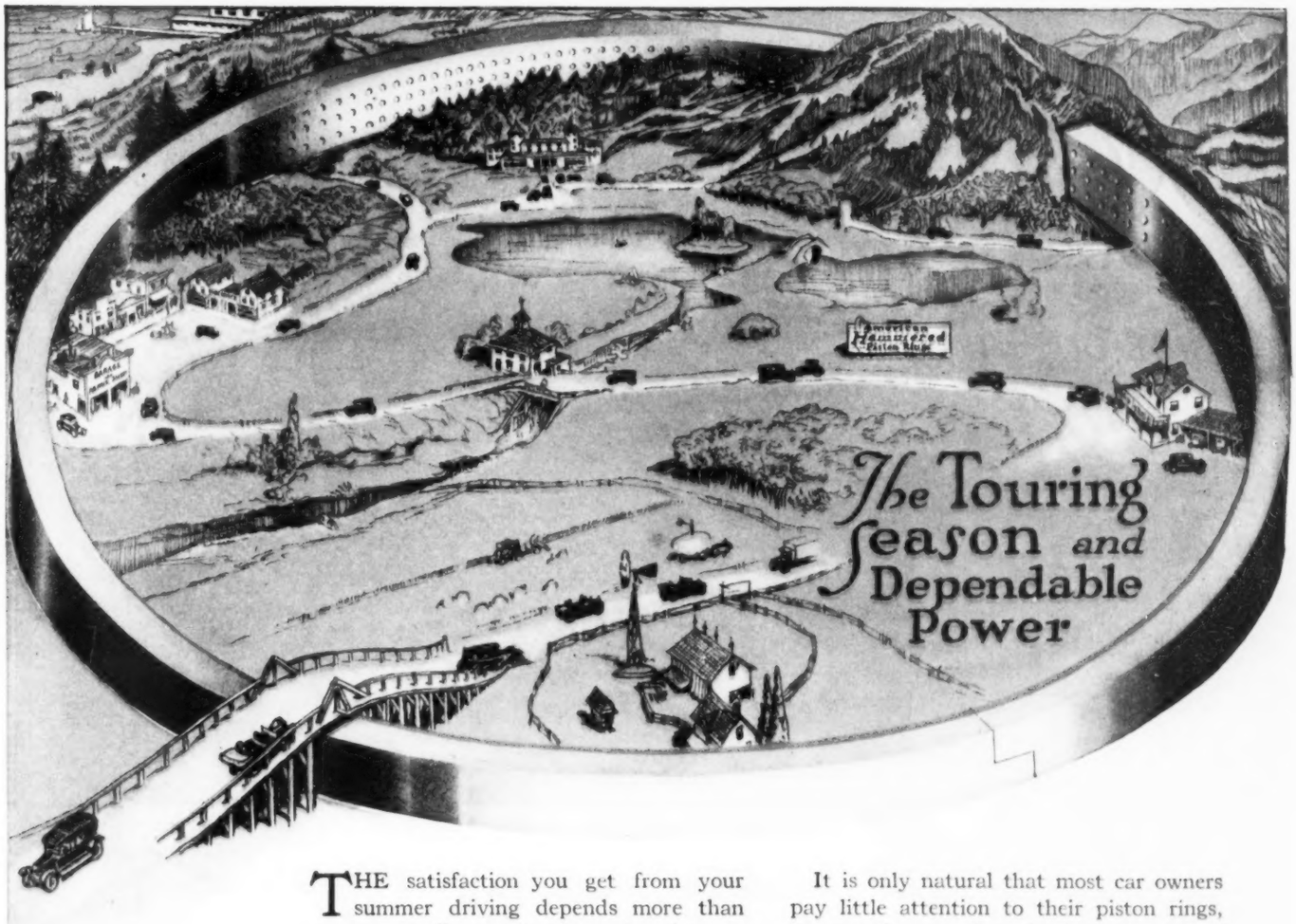
"For the boy," said Skeezicks on the verge of diffidence.

"But you mustn't," said Maggie. "Fifty dollars!"

"Owe you something, don't I?" demanded Skeezicks crossly. "Got to repay you for taking care of me. It'll help the boy, remember."

The sneer and the bitterness had come back to his face. The fiendish mockery of his prematurely senile grimace was horrible. Something within Maggie began to give way.

(Concluded on Page 131)



THE satisfaction you get from your summer driving depends more than you may realize on the piston rings in your motor.

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The FAULTLESS NURSER NIPPLE is known as "Next Best to Mother's Breast" because of its smooth, soft finish, correct form and satisfying action. Note illustration above of nipple turned INSIDE-OUT to show you Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs which prevent collapsing and insure *uniform flow* of nourishment, so that Baby draws only food and not the air which causes wind colic and digestion upsets.

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TWO OTHER HOME NECESSITIES are pictured on this page—No. 24 "WEAREVER" Fountain Syringe and No. 40 "WEAREVER" Water Bottle. Each is *moulded-in-one-piece* of strong, long-serving rubber that is soft and smooth. Neither one has a seam to leak or a binding to come loose and cause leaks. Both are needed in your home for the better health and greater comfort they bring.

IN HOT WEATHER No. 24 Fountain Syringe becomes still more effective in conserving health and increasing comfort. No. 40 Water Bottle has as many uses when filled with COLD water as when filled with HOT water and is in many ways a great comfort in health as well as in sickness. Take both No. 24 and No. 40 with you on your vacation as health and comfort protection.

For every member of your family there is satisfaction to be had in Faultless "WEAREVER" Rubber Goods, a complete line of rubber articles for the home that adequately fill every need and use for which they are designed. Each article has that dependability and durability which insure long service and practical economy. Sold by all representative Druggists and Merchants everywhere.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY *(Ashland Rubber Works)* Ashland, Ohio, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 128)

"No, you don't need to repay me," she said, "and I don't think your money would do the boy any good. Anyhow, he will be taken care of. Mr. Judson has promised to educate him."

"Judson? The dirty little grocer Johnson talks about?"

"He's the man I am going to marry, if you want to know," said Maggie, rising to her feet, trembling.

"You're going to marry? You? Oh, Lord! You marry the dirty little grocer?"

Skeezicks groaned. In another minute he would laugh. Maggie hoped that this time he would choke to death. Something within her snapped and the blood rushed to her face.

"Who are you to laugh at him or at me?" she cried. "You mean, hateful, vile old man! Take your filthy old money and keep it!"

She tore the check across and rushed from the room. Down the steps she scrambled, for her knees wabbled frightfully. They were steps to be taken with care and stateliness. On the third from the bottom her unsteady feet slipped and she fell forward. Clutching out blindly she seized the velours curtains over the wall panel. Maggie was heavy. The fastenings to the curtains gave way with a rending noise. Still, Maggie's fall was broken. She came down very gently on her knees on the hardwood floor.

And there, all motion congealed in her, her eyes fastened on the unveiled wall, she remained. The color went from her face, leaving it white and rigid and drawn. At the sound of her fall Johnson came running. On the turn of the staircase he, too, stopped, frozen with horror. Clapping his hand over his mouth he looked a wild prayer toward his master's room. Skeezicks did not appear. Maggie still stared at the wall.

"Dear God!" she moaned between frozen lips.

"Are you hurt, Miss Maggie?" asked Johnson, tugging in agony at her elbow. "Quick, Miss Maggie, for pity's sake! I must get them back before he sees. He'd go crazy. Nobody ever has seen what he keeps behind those curtains. Quick, Miss Maggie! Oh, are you hurt?"

"No," said Maggie, rising stiffly, "I'm—not—hurt. Don't tell him, Johnson. Don't—tell—him."

By feeling and instinct she found her way across the street, into her home, up to the little drafty room under the eaves. She threw herself down beside the battered little trunk and wept as Maggie Bender had not wept in almost twenty years.

When the wrenching sobs began to ease and only a bitter tear now and then trickled down over Maggie's clenched hands she began to think. And the details of her thought concern Maggie and the One who had pressed her life into such tortuous paths.

"What can I do?" she asked at last in spent weariness.

Evidently the answer came, for she grew calmer and the tears ceased.

"Ain't you going to church, Maggie?" called her mother.

"No," said Maggie, unbuckling a trunk strap, "I'm busy. I'll go this evening maybe."

At noon Judson sent Charley Kuhn round with a note, saying he would take Maggie to church that evening.

"Charley," asked Maggie, scarce heeding the note, "are you going to play my tune at the concert Thursday? The one that goes like this?"

"Why, Miss Maggie," exclaimed the boy, "I didn't know you could sing!"

"I can't," said Maggie, "only that tune. Once upon a time—never mind. Will you play it?"

"If you say so, Miss Maggie. It's awfully old."

"Tunes don't grow old—like people, Charley. You play it."

And that night she asked Judson if there was any way in which they might get Skeezicks to attend the benefit.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Judson, "now you speak of it. He sent his man round with a check for a hundred dollars this morning. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I sent him a bunch of complimentary tickets, but I thought maybe you could explain ——"

"I can't explain—not now," said Maggie. "Remember, I'm to make the speech about Charley. I do hope you can get Skeezicks there."

"Maggie, what's come over you?" demanded poor little Judson. "You don't seem like yourself to-night. You ain't changed your mind about—about ——"

"Oh, I don't know," said Maggie. "Don't worry me, Abraham. It all depends on how my speech turns out Thursday."

The less Judson comprehended Maggie the more he admired her; so that passed. Three times in the next three days Skeezicks sent word that he wanted to see Maggie. Three times Maggie answered that she would see him at the end of the program Thursday, if he came to the benefit. Otherwise she'd never see him again. Evenings she spent in her miserable room, sewing, sewing.

"Whatever are you doing up there, Maggie?" demanded her mother.

"Making over old stuff," replied Maggie.

"Well, I wish you'd quit talking to yourself all the time. You sound sort of crazy."

Thursday Skeezicks came to the benefit. His entry into the little hall made people forget the usual late beginning of the entertainment. Not until the invalid took his seat, well up front and to one side, did the curtain rise on the fanciful garden scene left over from the last amateur play. The audience settled back, murmuring softly and waiting for Maggie's opening speech, as it was scheduled on the printed programs.

However, Charley Kuhn came out first. He knew Maggie should have gone before, and, poor lad, he'd tried to say so; but Maggie had obstinately ordered him on the stage.

"You go first," she said, standing in the wings, wrapped from head to foot in a hooded cape of gray broadcloth. "Go right on and play that little piece. Then I'll come."

And Charley, not knowing why, but driven by a new force emanating from his worshiped Miss Maggie, went on.

He was a lithe, graceful lad of about sixteen. His dark curling hair enhanced the dreaminess of his wide brown eyes, and Maggie herself had taught him to wear full bow ties. With childish simplicity he tucked his violin under his chin and tripped into the lilting, haunting melody that Maggie loved. Biting her lip Maggie looked out through a hole in the fly curtain to where Skeezicks sat, well up front and to one side. She saw Skeezicks close his eyes, grow pale, but shake his head at a whisper from Johnson, who sat beside him.

When Charley ended and disappeared Maggie came on. Only this was not the Maggie Bender that Webster knew. Here was a lovely, tender, sighing woman in draperies of filmy tulle, speaking in a voice low, rich, sweet, vibrant and trained. She was a trifle plump, perhaps; but I think no one suspected until afterward how many inches Maggie had had to add to the waistband of that treasured gown or how she had struggled to bring her long-abused hair down in fluffiness about her forehead and her ears. The gown and the hair helped, and Maggie's inspiration, glowing in her eyes and flushed cheeks, did the rest. She did not speak of Charley Kuhn. She slipped into the ingénue's big scene of a play that had been the greatest hit on Broadway not quite twenty years before.

The audience sat breathless. They were more shocked than Maggie when, well up front and a little to one side, someone fell with a crash. The beautiful voice on the stage broke off suddenly and the woman that was Maggie Bender and yet not Maggie Bender stood still with clasped anxious hands while someone helped Johnson carry Skeezicks out. As they reached the door Maggie came back to motion. Picking up her filmy skirt she dashed for the wings.

"Go on, go on!" cheered Abraham Judson excitedly, blocking her exit. "It's wonderful, Maggie! Don't stop on account of him. It's only that old Skeezicks. Go on!"

"Let me pass!" sobbed Maggie. "Oh, let me pass! I must go to him!"

Snatching up her cape and knocking Judson to one side she sped out of the hall. Skeezicks' limousine had gone. Maggie began to run. Folks on the street that afternoon said afterward that it was like a ghost chasing down the sidewalks. They never suspected that it was Maggie Bender running so. Breathless, but still carried out of herself, she arrived at Skeezicks' house.

The doctor shook his head.

"He's asking for you," he said, "but I don't think it wise. To-morrow, perhaps."

To-morrow! Maggie brushed the doctor aside as she had brushed Judson. And she came near to upsetting the man housekeeper as she dashed by him to Skeezicks' room. Within she closed the door and stood, panting, disheveled, but very beautiful, against it. The man on the bed turned and saw her standing there. His sad blue eyes were luminous with hope and pain. He put out both arms, both arms to her.

"My dream girl!" he murmured brokenly.

"Oh, my dear!" Maggie knelt beside him, burying her face in the bedding. Presently she felt his hands on her head, moving softly, caressingly, wonderingly, like the hands of a blind man.

"After all these years!" he was saying. "After all these years! Oh, my dear, I am so sorry. It was bad enough for me, but that you should have suffered too! I didn't know. I couldn't—how could you know? I am so sorry!"

"Never mind," wept Maggie. "It was the painting downstairs, you know; but never mind. It wasn't your fault, and it wasn't mine. It wasn't anybody's fault—oh, what difference does it make now?"

"Twenty years," sighed Skeezicks; "and I'm a broken old man."

Then, as always in big moments, a trivial thing struck the woman.

"You're using your right hand," she said, looking up.

Skeezicks smiled at her with heavenly sweetness.

"It moves a little more each day," he answered. "It has ever since your coming." Then he clutched her shoulder. "You won't leave me?" he asked. "You won't leave me again?"

"No," said Maggie, "not if you want me now. But you don't have to say so just because ——"

"I have never ceased to want you," said Skeezicks—"my dream girl."

"But the dream is gone," mourned Maggie Benita Darcy Bender.

"There is the afterglow, dear heart," said Skeezicks. "The beautiful afterglow. We will forget the weary years and the pain, and we'll watch the afterglow together, to-day and all our to-morrows."

To-morrow! The soul has never truly died which still knows its to-morrow.

Not Protected

IN A RECENT article that appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, entitled Your Check, it was stated that a Mr. Massey stopped at a bank in a North Carolina town last summer and bought three drafts for small sums that had been stamped with a protecting machine. The bank to which these drafts were presented for payment informs us that no protecting machine had been used on them.





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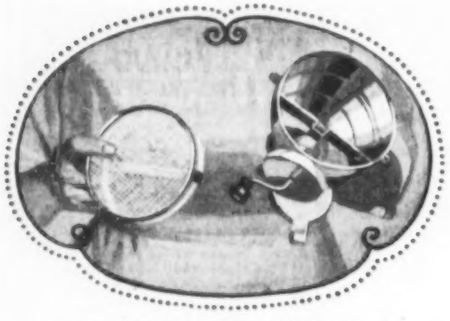
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The best are now embodied in the Hoosier. The rest—no matter how alluring they may have seemed on paper—failed under the test of actual use.

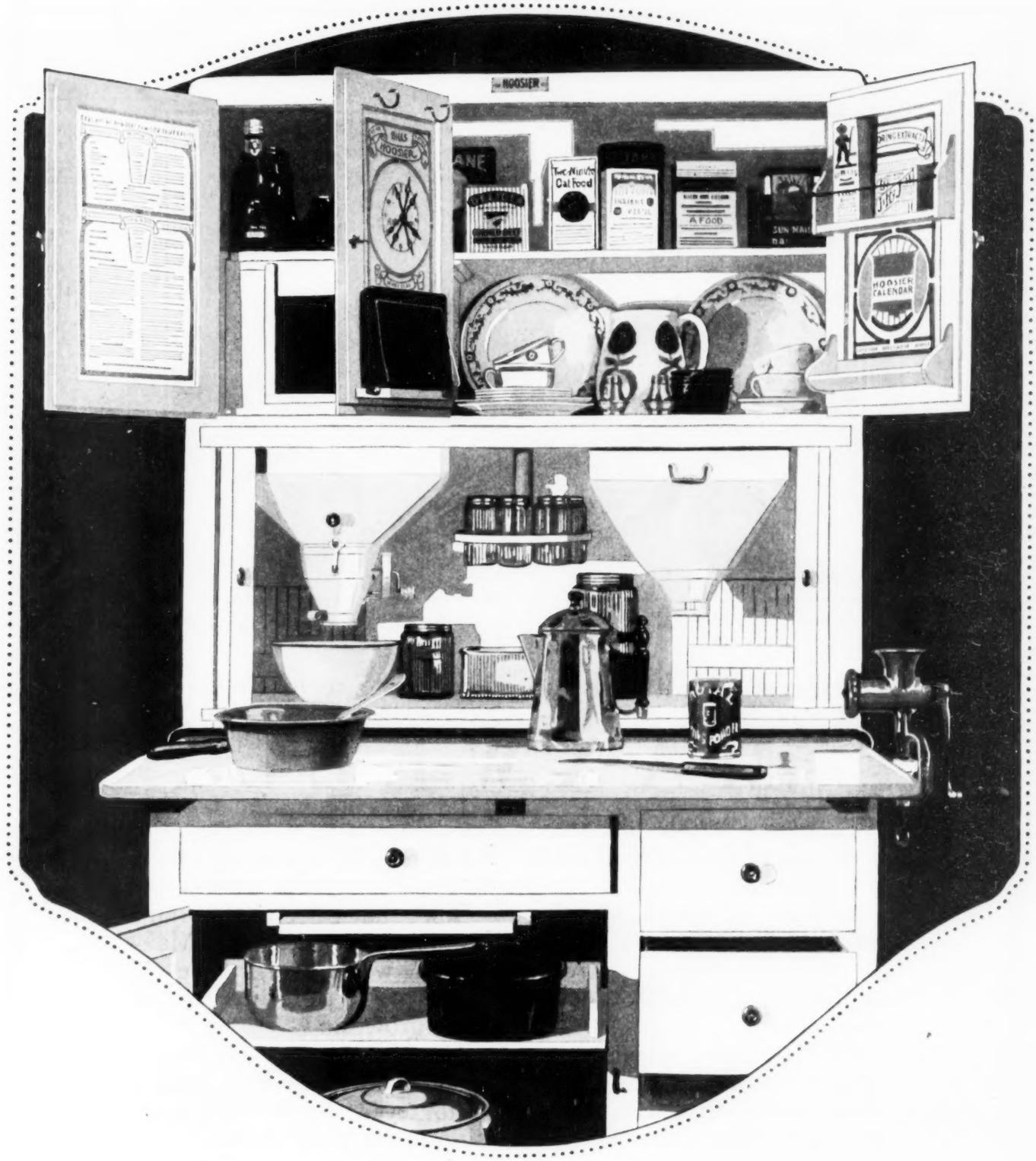
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THE HOOSIER MFG. COMPANY

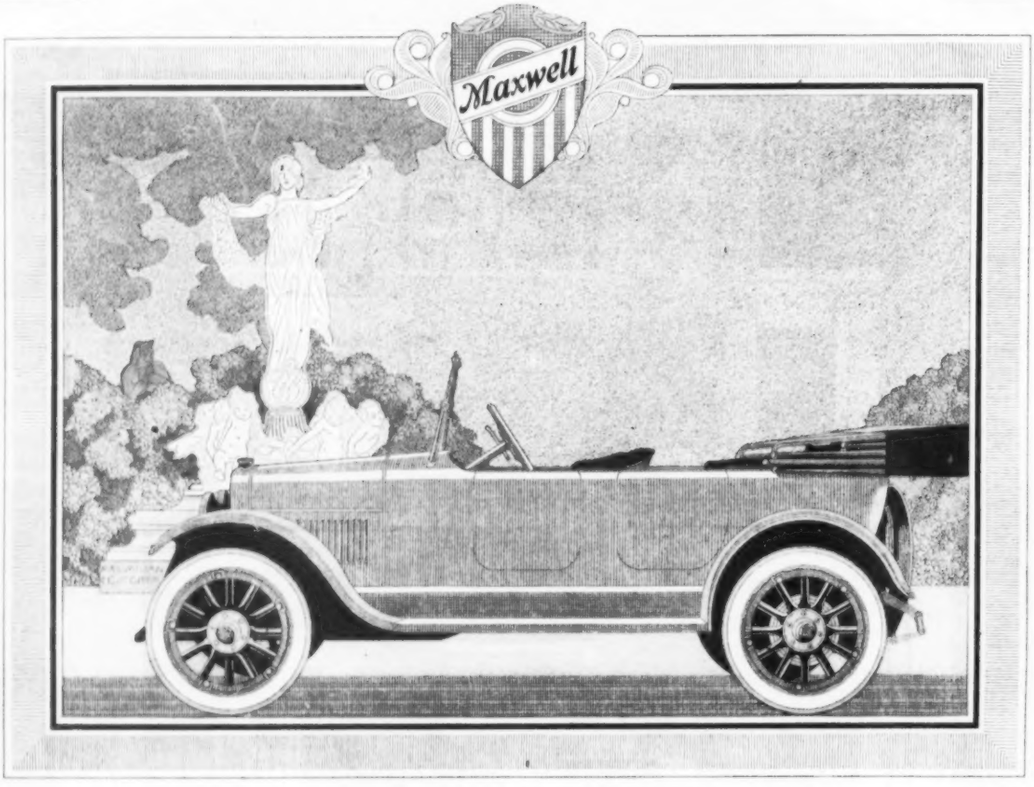
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CATCHING UP

(Continued from Page 25)

"Lady Audrey went out to dinner and the opera," said she. "There was nothing for me to do, so I decided to go to the movies—the Lutetia on the Avenue de Wagram."

"You went out alone?" asked Mr. Harker.

"Yes. The show was over about ten and when I came out I met Harry Hazard and Raymond Wagner. They asked me to go with them somewhere, and as I knew they were nice boys and there seemed no harm in it I walked down the Champs-Elysées with them to Fouquet's. There was a big crowd at the tables out in front, and before we had sat there very long Harry began to get noisy. They had both been drinking before I met them, and they had two bottles of champagne while we were there. Then Hazard began to tell us about oil being struck on his land and the millions he would be worth and what he was going to do."

"Was that the first you'd both heard of it?" Mr. Harker interrupted.

Agnes hesitated for an instant.

"No, sir," said she. "Captain Heming had taken me to lunch the day before and told me about it, and Hazard must have told Raymond already. I finally got angry with Harry because he got foolish."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Harker.

Agnes flushed. "Oh, asking me to marry him and help spend the money, and scarcely knowing what he said."

"Did Raymond seem drunk?"

"No, sir; but then Raymond was a Chicago boy and used to it. Harry was just like one of our Maine fishermen when there's been a bumboat hanging round. He didn't know what he was saying. Then Raymond told me that he was absent without leave. He said he'd sneaked out of camp and got a ride into Paris on a French army motor truck. I began to get worried about them both, because Harry was getting drunker and drunker so that people were beginning to look at him, and I knew that Raymond would get in trouble unless back in camp for reveille. So I suggested that we get in a taxi and ride round, then take Harry back to his hotel." Agnes paused and looked apologetically at Mr. Harker. "I just couldn't let those two boys keep on the way they were going if I could stop it," said she.

"Quite right, my dear," said the lawyer. "What then?"

"We got into a taxi, and as soon as we started I whispered to Raymond to persuade Harry to go back and go to bed. I suppose he thought I wanted to get rid of Harry because he was drunk, so he did as I asked. Harry was too far gone to make any objections, and when we'd stopped in front of the hotel he got out and said good night and went in."

"Raymond helped him, I suppose," said Mr. Harker casually.

"No, Mr. Harker." Agnes, who appeared to have regained her entire self-possession, looked him straight in the eyes. "Raymond offered to help him, but Harry got angry and said that he was all right and went in alone. He was unsteady on his feet, but he got along all right. Then as I felt that I'd got Harry safely back, I persuaded Raymond to return to camp. He didn't want to go, but he finally agreed. The taxi driver spoke English and I told him to take us to the nearest station for a train to Versailles. I was afraid that Raymond might not really go, so when we got to the station, which was the Invalides, I got on the train with him and went as far as Grenelle, where I changed for an Auteuil train, which took me back to Ranelagh."

"You are surely a good friend," said Mr. Harker. "And what time was it when you left Hazard at his hotel?"

"It must have been about eleven o'clock, Mr. Harker."

"And you are quite sure that Raymond went on with the train?"

"I know he did," Agnes answered. "He got to camp all right, and that's just the trouble. The sentry caught him getting back into barracks, but let him off because they'd been through some pretty hard fighting together and he didn't want to get him into trouble. That's why I've come to tell you about it, so that in case it should be proved that Raymond was in Paris that night I can account for where he was all the time."

This naïve statement was too much for Mr. Harker. He had practiced the better part of his active professional life in France, and he had become imbued to some extent



Here Was a Decidedly Spoiled Girl to be Treated With, But Not a Bad One

with the superficial mannerisms of his Gallic confrères. So now in face and gestures he gave semblance for a moment of a Parisian *avoué* seized suddenly between sessions while pacing the Salle des Pas Perdus by the flagrant indiscretion of a recent witness. He flung his arms above his head with a gesture of despair, when caught in full flight by his American sense of satirical humor he looked at Calvert, and swore.

"Now what do you think of that, Steele?" he asked. "Here's a perfectly good innocent fool of an American girl coming forward with a bit of testimony which if given before the *procureur d'état* would land her in Saint Lazare and this man Raymond Wagner in the Santé in just about two seconds. And yet we know that what she's telling us is perfectly true. If Raymond had gone into the hotel with Hazard she wouldn't be here telling it. And the satanic humor of it all is that it doesn't get us any nearer anything than we were before."

He whirled upon Agnes and stood for a moment regarding her a good deal as a sorely exasperated but indulgent parent might regard his little girl. He shook his finger at her reprovingly, or rather cautioningly.

"Agnes," said he, "you are sure to be a very bright child. You did right in coming here and telling me your story. But listen to me, honey—don't you darst open your mouth to another living soul! They'd say sure as shooting that you waited out in front of the hotel while Raymond went in and killed Hazard. You hear me, child?"

Agnes sprang up out of her chair.

"But Mr. Harker," she cried, "I'm ready to swear that Raymond only got out of the taxi, and then got back into it again! I'm ready to swear it!"

Mr. Harker gave a despairing shrug.

"Shucks, my dear, that's nothing! I feel like swearing myself."

VI

"THERE goes a young person," said Mr. Harker to Calvert as the door closed on Agnes, "who is a true type of the sort which might be called the inevitable trouble maker—the purely involuntary trouble maker. Such girls are harmless in themselves, often with good and generous impulses, but disturbers—mixers, gadders and fly-by-nights. They commit indiscretions which crack the enamel of their reputations, and this they patch with a veneer of cheap deceit. They are the sort who figure in frauds or brawls, divorce and unwritten law, and they get up on the witness stand and turn their appealing, limpid eyes upon the court and get sympathy enough to secure their immediate acquittal, several offers of marriage and a contract on the vaudeville stage."

"Still Agnes was acting for the best," Calvert protested.

"Yes, and for all we know may have succeeded in achieving the worst. If she had kept out of it—gone straight home after the show as a good girl should—those two young men would probably have kept together. Raymond would have been punished for A.W.O.L. and Harry not have been murdered. But no, she must butt in—try to straighten things out—with the result that Hazard was killed, and if she tells anybody else what she has just spilled to us it is going to look black for Raymond."

"You seem to have no doubt about her telling the truth," said Calvert.

"I haven't. If Raymond had gone into that hotel she'd never have come here. The beauty of it is that with that magnificent, complacent investiture of unquestionable virtue with which such a girl mantles herself, it never occurred to her that we might refuse absolutely to believe her and charge Raymond with the murder and herself as accessory before or after the fact. No, there is not the slightest doubt in my mind about her having told the truth; but I have a very strong conviction that she is still holding something back."

"So have I," said Calvert.

Harker shot him one of his penetrating looks.

"I reckon it struck us both in the same place," said he. "What's your idea?"

"I don't believe she went to the movies alone," said Calvert.

"No more do I; in fact I'm sure she didn't. A girl like that doesn't go to anything alone. I'll bet right now she's got a bigger list of friends and acquaintances in this town than you have, and that she slips in and out of that Villa des Lilas of Lady Chat's like a sleek, pussy-footed little prowler. Mind you, Steele, I don't question her good behavior or virtuous intention, but I know that type of gadder."

"How can she manage it?"

"Shucks, nothing easier! You know what those villas are like. An iron gate with a concierge's loge and a sleepy old fool chronically soused with *vin rouge*. Inside a central path bordered with lilac bushes and things, and half a dozen or so little bungalow things fronting on it; English and American art and musical students flitting in and out all hours of the day and night and nobody giving a whoop. Lady Chat's not rich, and probably has a *femme de ménage* who comes in by the day. This is merely her *pied-à-terre* in Paris. She's of a Devon family, with a fine old place down near Torquay, and she's a veteran gadder herself, though of a different sort—liberal, broad-minded and a good old sport; fellow of the Royal Geographic Society and God knows how many others. She'd be the last to stand guard on a little friend. Don't know her, do you?"

"Only by reputation," said Calvert.

"Well, I think you ought to meet her."

"I could manage that. I know the Ormes, and they're intimate friends, I believe."

"Then go to it! Agnes could do with a bit of watching. We've got to know who she trails with. There's no use in our handing in this statement she's made. I think it's perfectly true, and it would only complicate things for the present. Meet Lady Audrey and cultivate her a little and keep your eye on Agnes. Let me know what you turn up. Now I must get on my job. I've kept a cabinet minister waiting for the last three-quarters of an hour."

Calvert wished him good morning and went out. It seemed to him now that his investigation was beginning to take some sort of form. The next step appeared to be to see Isabel and take her sufficiently into his confidence for a speedy presentation to Lady Audrey Chatteris. Fortune gave him a friendly lift in this direction, as on walking back up the Champs-Elysées to his hotel he presently overhauled a willowy girl in a jersey dress of latest cut, she being jerked along with a lateral swaying movement by an eager Airedale tugging at a leash.

Calvert recognized the black wavy hair and sweep of the graceful shoulders. Isabel's physique was of the sort which Parisian cartoonists of chic demoiselles are so fond of depicting. Fabiano, for instance, might have taken her for a model type—the round svelte body with the suggestion of full limbs, their curves masked by the skill of the costumer, and a straight yet elastic impression as of a young birch in the breeze. Isabel's traits were distinctly Latin, like those of her father, whose mother had been of Italian aristocracy. Calvert had particularly noticed her eyes, which were of an exceedingly unusual shade of blue—a dense blue, a little like the fabric of the French uniforms, homogeneous in texture, the whole of the iris this dark lapis lazuli, like a hot Italian sky, and black pupils rather small. Like most eyes of this uncommon tone, there was a slight duskiness to their setting, which gave a temperamental accent, as though they might become lurid under emotion.

At sight of her now ahead of him Calvert's pulse and footsteps quickened.

"Good morning, Miss Orme," said Calvert, hauling up abreast. "You seem to have a tractor to haul you up the grade."

She flashed him a smile over her shoulder.

"That's the trouble with these silly dogs," said she. "They're always in such a desperate hurry to get nowhere. He belongs to Lady Audrey Chatteris, and I offered to exercise him. He's doing it to me."

"May I relieve the watch?" Calvert asked.

"Yes, if you don't mind. He's making me lopsided, and besides there are always a swarm of tikes to kick out of the way opposite Fouquet's."

She handed the leash to Calvert, and the dog feeling the change of tension cast back a look of reproach. Isabel arranged her long glove.

"Have you had any more news? Or perhaps I shouldn't ask," she said.

"Things seem to be pointing up in an indefinite sort of way," Calvert answered; "but I hope to be able to improve the situation for Heming."

(Continued on Page 138)

The Modern Craft-descendants of Paul Revere



SOLDIER and patriot was Paul Revere—a lieutenant at Crown Point, a leader in the Boston Tea Party, a lieutenant-colonel in the Revolution. But in his eighty-three years of useful life war was only an incident.

The real Paul Revere was a craftsman—engraver, gun-powder manufacturer, copper-plater, goldsmith. As Grand Master of Masons he laid the corner-stone of the Boston State House. As silversmith he designed and made the most beautiful hand-wrought silverware ever produced in America.

Devotion to Self-imposed Standards

The craftsmen of modern New England are the Paul Reveres of 1920.

They, too, are patriots. Do you remember their work during the war? The great guns they made, their infinitely accurate instruments of science, their watches that told off the precious seconds to the zero hour?

But with them, as with Revere, war was an incident, though a tremendous one.

They possess the same adaptability of true craftsmanship that distinguished Revere. Their product—a multi-jeweled watch, a delicately adjusted rifle, a mammoth gun or a Stevens-Duryea Motor Car—is a labor of creative instinct, wrought in the fire of a passionate devotion to self-imposed standards.

Nowhere else in America, probably, is there a group of such artisans numerous enough to produce true craftsmen's products in large quantities.

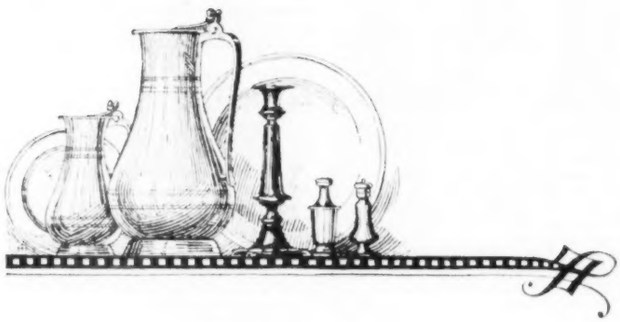
A Tradition that Brooks no Compromise

If it were required of them, a large number of Stevens-Duryea craftsmen could each produce almost without assistance, from the working drawings of the designer, a complete motor car.

STEVENS



DURYEA



To those who understand modern manufacturing methods, this statement will express more than a volume of detailed description.

For the masterpieces of the world have been produced, not by specialists in details, but by minds that have embraced the idea in its entirety and by hands with an infinite capacity for taking pains.

The Stevens-Duryea Motor Car is a product of such brains and such hands, inspired by a tradition that brooks no compromise.

Its price must of course be commensurate with the quality of its materials and workmanship, but its true cost is exceedingly low. Many years of economical life have been built into it, and it always maintains an unusually high resale value as long as it lasts.

STEVENS-DURYEA, INC.
Chicopee Falls · Massachusetts



Stevens-Duryea Motor Cars

30th Year

(Continued from Page 135)

"It must be dreadful for him," Isabel said. "I never knew him very well, but I feel awfully sorry for him. There are so many *mauvaises langues* in our set."

"Was Heming in your set?" Calvert asked.

"Well, rather on the fringes of it, as one might say. It was a good deal his own fault. He and his sister were considered a bit impossible by a good many people. Father always stood up for him, but then father does for anybody that's not absolutely hopeless. He says it's nonsense to suspect him of the crime."

"I agree with him," Calvert answered. "My whole energy is being devoted just now to clearing him. But I need help."

Isabel shot him a questioning look.

"Is that a tentative request?" she asked.

"I don't believe in tentatives, so I'll make it a request. Would it be asking too much of you to present me to Lady Audrey?"

"Of course not. I think I understand. You want to watch that girl Agnes a little? Surely you don't suspect her?"

"Not for a minute," Calvert answered. "Agnes is a good girl. But I'd like to know something about her associates."

"So would Lady Audrey. She's rather worried about Agnes, and it takes a lot to worry Lady Audrey. Well, it's easy to arrange for you to meet her. I'm going to take Jock there now and stop for *déjeuner*. You can come with me and I'll present you. But if she asks you for *déjeuner* you must decline, because everybody orders mouth for mouth nowadays and there might not be enough to eat."

"I'd rather not go there now," said Calvert, "because I have just been talking to Agnes at Douglas Harker's, and if I were to go straight to Lady Audrey's it might look like more than coincidence and set her to thinking. I'd rather it happened in a more formal way."

"That would be better," Isabel admitted. "Then you'll have to wait till the first of next week. Lady Audrey is going down to Romorantin to-morrow, and I am going with her to see the house she's arranging for the children's home. We are returning Monday morning."

"Is Agnes going?"

"No; Agnes has been requested not to leave Paris until further notice."

"Is she to be alone there in the villa?" Calvert asked.

"Yes, at night. But those places are rather like kennels—different runs in the same inclosure and an old watch dog at the gate. The *femme de ménage* comes at seven in the morning and leaves about eight at night. When Lady Audrey entertains the concierge comes in and serves. He is an *ancien maître d'hôtel*, a bit blind and deaf and shuffle-footed, but quite able to go through the movements from force of habit, like an old *guignol*."

"Just what is Agnes' position there?"

"Sort of a lieutenant—secretary, you might call her. She's always present, which is a little surprising, as Lady Audrey—like most British—is democratic purely in theory."

"Does Agnes seem set up over her prospective wealth?"

"No, quite the contrary. She seems to hate to have it referred to, but she's assured Lady Audrey that she means to contribute generously to her charity. So that's another reason for consideration. We can't afford to snub millionaires nowadays. There! I forget I'm talking to one myself."

"Don't let that hamper your free speech. I'm a bit like Agnes. I hate to speak of it myself, but"—he glanced at her glowing profile—"I must admit there are moments when I like to think of it."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Isabel. "It does sometimes seem as though the high gods were a malicious lot of devils. We've all tried to do our bit to help win the war, and now here's this poor boy Hazard killed just when he had everything to live for, and Agnes suddenly rich without the least idea in the world of what to do with a lot of money, and people like ourselves obliged to ration ourselves for a week after giving a tea."

"I hope you don't begrudge it to me."

"I don't begrudge it to anybody, but I wouldn't mind a little slice myself. I am getting tired of this everlasting thing of trying to catch up."

"There seem to be a good many different ways of catching up," Calvert observed. "But don't get discouraged, Miss Orme. We are living in a sort of wholesale gamble, and one never knows what he may grab."

"Have you decided what you'd like to grab?"

"Yes," Calvert answered.

It seemed to Calvert that he caught the faintest fleck of dusky blue under the long black lashes.

"Is it grabable?"

"Everything is—if one's a good enough grabber."

"Yes, I suppose so. Jock might tell you that. When we were down at Romorantin the other day we took a walk in the woods and he grabbed a hedgehog."

"Poor tike! I thought his muzzle looked a little puffy. He ought to be old enough to know better."

"Well, you see, this was a strange variety. Lady Audrey brought him from Canada, and he'd seen only porcupines with long quills. He thought this one was too young to be dangerous."

"Often a fatal mistake," Calvert admitted. "But did he get the hedgehog?"

"He made it uncurl, but the victory was gained at frightful cost, like Ypres. But then Jock is Scotch Canadian, so the cost didn't count so long as he gained his objective."

"I believe that Jock is right," said Calvert, "in principle if not in military strategy. It is better to get victory and a mouthful of quills than defeat and the quills at the opposite pole. I'm tired of hearing him cough against his collar. Let's cross the Etoile and go round by the Avenue du Bois and let him run."

"He might run away," Isabel objected.

"That does not match up with his race and character," said Calvert. "Besides, any dog or other male protector to leave you in the lurch would not be worth keeping anyway."

This time there was no mistaking the gleam of what—to use an abominable term—was actually Prussian blue. There was also a dimple, not of the round but of the vertical, long variety in the cheek presented to Calvert.

"Lady Audrey might see it differently if Jock were lost," said Isabel. "She wanted to let him run in the Bois the other day, but said there were too many Tommies about and that a stray Airedale had the same effect upon a British soldier as a stray chicken on an American darky—produced a paralysis of all moral principle. But we might go down the Avenue du Bois and round by the Chaussée de la Muette all the same."

They crossed the Place de l'Etoile, and as they walked under the Arc de Triomphe Isabel said: "Doesn't it give you a wonderful thrill of victory?"

"No," Calvert answered. "Not yet."

She turned her head and their eyes met. Isabel looked quickly away.

"It does me," she said.

"Why shouldn't it?" Calvert asked.

"Why shouldn't it you?" she parried.

"Victory must be complete to give me that."

"Isn't it complete?"

"Did you notice that the Victory symbolized on the Arc as we passed under it was not an old fool with a treaty scroll or a field marshal with a medal, but a lady with a wreath? I'm waiting for the lady with the wreath."

"I don't believe that you will have to wait so terribly long," Isabel murmured.

Calvert did not answer. He felt that the time had not yet come for the only answer which his heart dictated, and that no answer was infinitely better than an insufficient one. They crossed the wide sweep in a vortex of flashing vehicles and paused on the other side to look down the long stretch of the Avenue du Bois, thronging with its glittering parade of people.

Isabel contemplated it for a moment. Calvert glancing at her face could guess at the intense emotion with which the spectacle seemed to infuse her.

"I suppose," said the girl slowly and speaking it seemed as much to herself as to him, "this is without question the most brilliant crowd of the most brilliant city of the world at the most brilliant hour in the world's history."

"Yes," Calvert answered, "and I am watching it with the most brilliant of them all."

VII

AS HEMING'S sister, Juanita, was due to arrive at the Gare du Nord that evening at about seven—wind, tide and strikes permitting—Calvert went immediately after *déjeuner* to Heming's little apartment on the Rue Pergolèse, which with the aid of the concierge and a *femme de ménage* he succeeded in putting in order for the expected guest. Heming, despite his previous habits of loose living, or perhaps because of them, was rather a fastidious person, and his *rez-de-chaussée* was comfortably and tastefully furnished, had been recently renovated and lacked for nothing in its domestic appointments. It consisted of a salon and dining room, bedroom, bath and kitchen.

The steamer train, which arrived almost on time, was crowded, but Calvert had no difficulty in picking out Juanita Heming from her brother's description, which if anything was underrated. She was a vivid blonde, with hair which would have invited the accusation of artificial coloring but for its brilliant luster; long eyes of a light shade of amber made the more striking by straight black brows and lashes. When Calvert sighted her she was being very much looked after by three or four young men whose smart clothes and alert faces suggested business travelers.

Calvert made himself immediately known, and the girl's eyes gave him a friendly and approving survey.

"Captain Heming is laid up in camp. Nothing serious. Sort of nervous letdown—call it shell shock."

"Yes, let's," said the girl with an understanding look not justified by the circumstances.

"You'll not blame him when you hear about it," said Calvert. "I've got his apartment all ready for you, and we might go right there and come back later for the trunks."

"Why not make one job of it?" said Juanita. "I'm dying for a cup of tea. We might go into the Terminus Café, and then come back and get my things through the *douane*."

Calvert agreed to this, and when they were seated and the order given he asked: "Did your brother send for you, Miss Heming?"

"Yes; he wired very briefly, saying, 'Need you here. Come immediately.' I had a bit of luck, as one of my friends who was crossing on this boat postponed her passage; so I got her cabin. It took a little doing about my passport, but I managed it."

"Do you know anything about the inheritance?" Calvert asked.

"Inheritance?" Her striking eyes opened a little wider. "No; what inheritance?"

Calvert explained the whole affair in detail, omitting nothing, not even the interview of the morning. He had become immediately convinced that here was a very alert-minded young person from whom nothing need be withheld. Juanita listened without a single interruption, her light amber eyes sparkling with excitement. When Calvert had finished she did not offer any immediate comment, but appeared to be thinking intently.

"We're going to clear him," Calvert said.

"Of course," said Juanita. "He's simply got to be cleared. All that money couldn't pay for going through life with people whispering behind your back."

"Of course if it was an Apache," said Calvert, "it is pretty hopeless, but Harker doesn't think it was."

"Neither do I. An Apache would have had a real weapon, and besides the Paris Apache almost always does his work outdoors or in a well-known dive. It wasn't a common thief or pickpocket either. Neither was it anybody who went there to see Hazard and took advantage of his condition to kill and rob him. Robbery was not the motive. It had to do with the inheritance, and since Hazard was not killed by Jerry or you or Raymond or Agnes, then it stands to reason he must have been killed by somebody who had a very hopeful interest in one of you four—or else ——"

Her extremely feline eyes rested thoughtfully on the old-fashioned cruet as though hypnotized by the polished pewter.

"Or else ——"

"Or else—somebody who did not know anything about the will at all, or that he had made one. In other words, his next of kin."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Calvert.

"Do you know anything about them?"

"Hazard told Heming that they were meaner than coyotes. He said that Joseph's brethren were philanthropists compared with his, because they sold Joseph into captivity and gave him a chance to get ahead. His kept him to do their own dirty work. That's the reason he was in such a tearing hurry to make his will. He'd hardly have told them about it until everything was nailed down tight."

Juanita nodded.

"There was an awfully big fortune involved," said she. "Perhaps they had reason to know it to be even greater."

"Your suggestion hadn't occurred to me," said Calvert, "but I shouldn't be surprised if it had to Harker. It is very possible that he has already started to investigate these people over there and find out something about their movements. You think then that it was somebody already in the hotel?"

"Yes. You say Hazard had been there two days. You don't know why he put up at such a place?"

"No, he didn't say."

"This person might have steered him there."

"But that would indicate premeditation, and in such a case the assassin would have provided himself with a weapon. It is also probable that he would have learned about the will."

"That's so," Juanita admitted. "Well, I must talk to Jerry first; then I want to meet Agnes and get some sort of a line on her. But I don't want her to know who I am, or that Jerry's sister is in Paris." She reflected for an instant. "I'll go out to see Jerry to-morrow morning; then in the afternoon I'll go to the Villa des Lilas and ask for Lady Audrey."

"She is leaving for Romorantin at one o'clock."

"Precisely. I'll go there about three on the off chance of seeing Agnes. Can't we lunch together to-morrow at about one?"

"Of course."

"Well, then let's say *chez* Henri—Place Vauban, at one. I hope you don't mind taking me on as colleague in this case."

"On the contrary," said Calvert, "I need a lot of help. Besides there's nobody more interested than yourself."

"Then it's understood. What's your first name?"

"Calvert."

"Then I'm going to call you Calvert, and you must call me Nita. Now let's go get my luggage and we'll go up to the apartment, and then after that if you've nothing to do we might have dinner and go somewhere and dance."

Calvert took Nita back to her brother's apartment at two o'clock in the morning after such an evening of frivolity as was about the last thing he had counted on during his investigation. He could not make Nita out at all. She impressed him as having no definite place, whether of nationality, social caste or conventional behavior. Her English was distinctly Anglican—correct, and that of the upper classes; her French the same—scarcely accented Parisian; and she told him that she spoke German with the same fluency and had when a young girl studied the violin in Vienna. She appeared to have speaking acquaintance with a great many prominent people both in London and Paris. But so far as he was able to discover she was not on intimate social relations with any.

He had discovered incidentally when her luggage was examined by the customs that she was abundantly supplied with money, as on opening her beaded bag to get her keys it appeared bulging with a rouleau of crisp *billets de banque*, which from their size and color were of five hundred francs each. This was very puzzling to Calvert.

Nita appeared devoted to her brother; showed a sincerity of affection in reference to him that was not to be questioned. Yet here was Heming at the end of his pecuniary scope, now under restricted liberty pending further investigations of a murder case of which the burden of suspicion fell upon himself, while his loving and only sister arrived in Paris carrying carelessly in what looked like a twenty-guinea beaded bag a roll of several thousand francs, and gave herself up immediately under Calvert's escort to an evening of frolicsome gayety in the course of which she drank a good many glasses of champagne, and for all of which she insisted upon defraying the expense, despite Calvert's protests.

"That's the least of our cares, Calvert," she had said at the very beginning of their evening. "You and Jerry are both potential millionaires, and you can square yourselves later. I've got enough to go on for a while, and when I feel the pinch I'll sing out, never fear, buddy."

(Continued on Page 141)

FEDERAL

Double Cable Base Tires



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THE "LENOX" design of Tepeco Porcelain Lavatory was especially designed for quantity production. You will find it installed in many hotels, apartment houses, office buildings and the smaller private residences. Ample in size, being made in 24 and 26 inch widths, with the same sanitary characteristics of all "Tepeco" Plumbing Fixtures. Volume production has enabled us to make the "Lenox" at less than the usual cost.

"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures include every description of plumbing fixture from Baths to Kitchen Sinks. "Tepeco" plumbing is beautiful, practical and permanent. How permanent can only be realized after experience with other kinds. It is china or porcelain, solid and substantial. Dirt does not readily cling to its glistening white surface, nor will that surface be worn away by scouring.

The reputation of "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing for excellence in mechanical construction, quality and design entitles these products to first consideration. The cost of installation is no greater because of that quality; the plumbing maintenance is less.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom be sure to write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."



No. 2100-R



No. 2261-R



No. 2315-R

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY, Trenton, New Jersey, U. S. A.

BOSTON NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures



(Continued from Page 138)

One thing he was forced to admit—that Nita was the focal point of admiration wherever they happened to find themselves. She had changed into a demi-toilette of flame-colored chiffon over a saffron silk, which gave her a softly shimmering effect precisely suited to set off the metallic coppery sheen of her hair and tawny eyes which held a golden light like champagne in the brilliant illumination of restaurant and cabaret. She wore no jewels except a string of amber beads and a topaz ring. Calvert, a good dancer, had never met with a partner whose step and balance seemed more perfectly adjusted to his own, but then he felt that Nita's elastic resilience would give that impression to any partner.

And throughout their evening she had not once referred to the vital business in hand, but seemed wholly on enjoyment bent; and when he had left her at the little apartment on the Rue Pergolèse Calvert departed with the uncomfortable impression that he had been remiss in something at parting, for a girl does not turn up her face and look into the eyes of her cavalier while giving his hand a little squeeze to assure him that she has enjoyed her evening.

But on returning to the Cecilia, Calvert was very glad that he had conducted himself with such punctilious behavior, despite the exaggerated lack of this in their surroundings, for he found on his dresser a *petit bleu* which read as follows:

"*Dear Lieutenant Steele:* Just after leaving you this morning I discovered something which I feel that you should know immediately. Lady Audrey and I are leaving to-morrow noon, but unless I hear from you to the contrary I shall be in the Rose Garden at Bagatelle at ten in the little kiosk on the rocks. I. O."

VIII

CALVERT was at the place of rendezvous a good half hour before its time. But if a young man recently from the desolation of the Western Front and very much in love should be required to wait the whole forenoon in the gardens of Bagatelle in early June he would be as much entitled to pity as Adam waiting for a rendezvous with Eve in the Garden of Eden.

It is even probable that the Rose Garden of Bagatelle could show the Garden of Eden a great deal in the matter of picturesque beauty and romantic charm, to say nothing of its immunity to angels with flaming swords. For one thing one can scarcely imagine the picturesque when there were no pictures, or the romantic before the first romance. Moreover in the gardens of Bagatelle countless Edens have been considered in their claims to beauty, and doubtless also countless Edens have been lived by the daughters of Eve. So that this particular Sans Souci may be thought of as a sort of love fraught and hallowed and inspired and suffered shrine in which exquisite tendrils of human passion and anguish and delight have been woven and worn until they have acquired the *patine* of some relic sacred less from its holiness than its lessons and experience. Lovers entering the Rose Garden of Bagatelle in the springtime receive its aura no doubt much as mourners entering the Madeleine absorb at once its consolations. The studied caress of its intimacies might require in most cases a certain preparatory course, but it is doubtful if any person in whom there still lingered an attenuated cadence of youth could have gone into those gardens on that June morning and remained unresponsive to their atmosphere of romance.

Calvert, whose sentimental system was at that moment as susceptible as one of the flowering shrubs swelling to burgeon, started slowly to make the circle of the place before returning to the kiosk, in which at this moment some children were playing. He had put the motive of the rendezvous out of his mind, dwelling only on the thought that he was to see and talk to Isabel in this entrancing spot. He did not know what she might have to tell him, and cared less. The fact of her having chosen the Rose Garden in which to meet him seemed to indicate something in the back of her mind not entirely addressed to the detection of crime. She might have met him on the Allée de Longchamp or by the Boulogne gate, or a great many other places more convenient to Ranelagh than Bagatelle, and Calvert argued with joyful wisdom that it must have been something very pleasant in her thought of him which associated with it the Rose Gardens.

He followed the winding path slowly, passed the charming relic of the ancient abbey with its beautiful door, stood on the little bridge and watched the black swans deploying their fluffy cygnets, followed the wall round, and passing the house and stables, which seemed always to preserve their charming atmosphere of occupancy, came presently to an old gardener who was trimming and tying up and examining his grafts on damask trees and hardy eglantine and chatting with some pretty children and their pretty mamma with that pleasing friendliness of which the familiarity is that of the old family servant, precisely as though he were their old retainer and the charming little estate their property, which in a sense it was.

The roses bordering the little plots and along the brick wall were in full bloom, with a beauty to make even a casual flower lover catch his breath, and at the far end there was a sort of tropic jungle banked with rhododendrons, and the fine lawn in front of these masses sown with double violets of exquisite fragrance which mingled with the perfume of jasmine at a corner of the wall. Feeling almost light-headed, Calvert continued on his rambling way; then as he glanced across the little stretch of lawn and up at the kiosk his eye was caught by a flutter of white, and he saw a pongee-silk riding coat and little *tricorne* hat peeping from behind a pillar.

Isabel also was some minutes ahead of her rendezvous, and as Calvert approached he thought she herself looked rather like one of the crimson Jacqueminots. Exercise and excitement and something else perhaps had spread a vivid color over the semitropic beauty of her face, and she offered him her hand a little shyly.

"You must have been surprised to get my note," said she, "and to be asked to come way out here."

"You couldn't have picked a more lovely spot," said Calvert.

"Isn't it? I adore this place, but that's not the reason I chose it. I had a special object. There is a man whom I think you ought to see and try to learn something about, and at eleven o'clock he ought to be trying some ponies on the polo field just across the drive. His name is Howard Townley and he is a racing man, but a professional now, and occupies some sort of position—head trainer or the like—for the Martell stables at Chantilly. He does some horse dealing on his own account, and he is coming here to show some polo ponies to an English officer named Harrod."

Calvert smiled at her eagerness.

"And what particular interest has this horsy chap for us?" he asked.

"I'm not sure. Perhaps he hasn't any. But I think that he is Agnes' best beau."

Calvert's eyes opened very wide.

"Good for you!" said he.

"I found it out by accident," said Isabel. "After you left me yesterday I was crossing the Chaussée de la Muette, and being so near his home I thought I could risk giving Jock a run, so I slipped his leash, and after he had torn about for a few moments he dashed up to a girl who was sitting on a bench with a man. I couldn't understand Jock's not coming when I whistled, because the girl was hidden by a parasol. So I went over there and found that it was Agnes. She seemed very embarrassed, and introduced her friend, whom I remembered having seen talking to father at the Grand Prix at Longchamp. He told me that he knew my father, and later I asked papa about him."

"Did Agnes seem embarrassed?" Calvert asked.

"Rather more than that. She was badly rattled. She told me afterward that she had known him about a month."

"How did she meet him?"

"I did not ask her, nor did she volunteer it. Papa says that he knew Townley slightly before the war and that he was one of those turf hangers-on that nobody knew much about that were usually to be found round the Jockey Club and Automobile Club and Henry's Bar. He said that he had a sort of an idea that Townley was a gentleman born who might have bet away his inheritance and taken up the track as a means of livelihood."

"What's his description?" Calvert asked.

"He's tall and well built in a rangy athletic way, with a rather handsome high-featured face and cold blue eyes. He has a little mustache waxed at the ends, and speaks with one of those exaggerated English accents, rather like an actor."

"A nice sort of chap for Agnes to be meeting up with on the sly," said Calvert.

Isabel nodded.

"She knows it too. She came in to Lady Audrey's right after me and asked me not to say anything about it to Lady Audrey, to which I agreed. She told me that Mr. Townley had been a captain in the British quartermaster's department during the war and looked after the supplying of horses, selecting those for the different branches of service—cavalry and artillery and transport—and the care or sale of those *réformés* which had been crocked in some way, patching them up for service or selling them to farmers, and all that sort of thing. She told me also that he was the nephew of a duke, but she wasn't quite sure the duke of what. Papa didn't know anything about that."

"No," said Calvert, "I imagine not. Did she tell you that he was coming out here to-day?"

"She said that he was out at the polo field every morning, and as I was coming through the Bois I saw him riding down the Avenue des Acacias with a stable boy who was leading a couple of ponies."

"I think you are a very able scout," said Calvert. "I'll go over there presently and have a look at him. Are you riding alone?"

"Mr. Minturn's groom, Auguste, is with me. Mr. Minturn likes to have me exercise his horses. Auguste is a nice old thing. He had a little twinkle in his eye when I told him I wanted to stop and look at the roses. He said, 'Don't stay too long, mademoiselle, or they will get jealous.'"

"He is right," said Calvert—"that is, about their getting jealous; but you have a few minutes to spare, haven't you?" For Isabel had risen from the rustic seat.

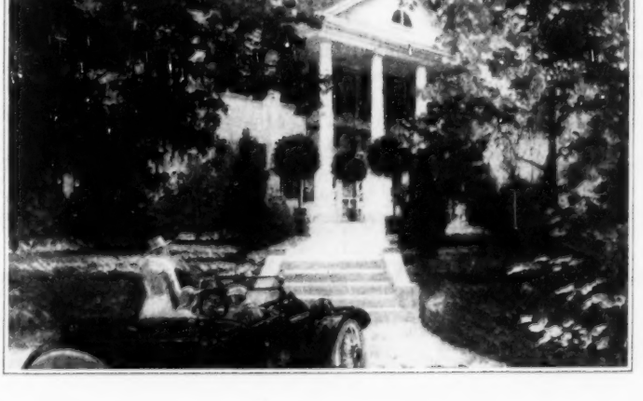
"Well, I can give you five more. Have you learned anything else?"

"Not about our case," Calvert answered, reseating himself at her side, "but a good deal about myself."

"What are you going to do when you come into all this wealth?"

"Give a lot of it away. You may tell Lady Audrey she can count on my support."

"That's very good of you. I don't see how there could be a finer charity."



"Then," said Calvert, and his gray eyes sought and held her blue ones, which there in the shadow looked a deep indigo—a warm dense color, like that of hot Gulf Stream water against the side of a ship, "I am going to your father and present all of my credentials and say to him, 'Sir'—his voice deepened a little and took precisely the tone of a subaltern preferring a request to his colonel—'I have the honor to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter.'"

The wave of color which flooded Isabel's face would indeed have verified the old groom's privileged speech. She looked down at the polished toes of her riding boots.

"I rather like your military method," said she. "It makes me feel better about this."

"I rather hate the Agnes way myself," Calvert answered. "What do you think your father will say?"

The long dimple showed at the corner of her mouth.

"He will probably answer: 'Sir, your request shall be duly investigated, and—if approved—duly indorsed and referred to Mrs. Orme for her consideration.'"

"That sounds like the easiest part of it," said Calvert. "So far as I know, my record is a clean one. I have never been in love but once before."

"Once before?"

He caught a flash of blue between the black lashes.

"Yes—that was at St.-Jean-de-Luz about twelve years ago."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly and truly, Isabel. I swear it on—on—on what is dearer to me than anything in the world. This ——"

He reached for her hand, which was resting on one knee, raised it, and stooping down brushed the back of it with his lips, then looked at her with shining eyes.

"Do you think that if I am lucky enough to get my official request approved at headquarters the rest is going to be terribly hard?"

Isabel looked away.

"Hadn't you better get your official permission first? Besides, you've got such a frightfully important task just now. It seems scarcely right to think of anything else. Do you believe it possible that this man Townley could have had anything to do with the crime?"

"It wouldn't be fair to make even a guess," Calvert answered.

He had not loosed her hand, but Isabel now drew it away, glanced at her watch and rose.

"I must go now," she said. "I've got to get back and change and meet Lady Audrey at the station at twelve. She means to ask you for tea as soon as we get back. That ought to be Monday, but one never knows for certain nowadays with these strikes. We may not succeed in getting to Romorantin at all."

Calvert started to walk with her to the gate, but Isabel raised her hand with a debarring gesture.

"Don't come out," said she. "Auguste doesn't believe for a moment that it's the roses, but it can do no harm to let him think it might be."

"Wait a moment," said Calvert.

He sped down the bank across the lawn to where the old gardener, now alone, was talking to his flowers as he pruned and tended them.

Calvert handed him a *billet*.

"If you please, *mon vieux*," said he, "your prettiest rose for the prettiest young lady in Paris."

The old man chuckled, then glanced up at the kiosk.

"You are right, *mon lieutenant*," said he, chanting softly to himself:

Où vole le parfum des roses
Où vont nos premiers amours ——

Then, "*Oui, oui, oui*, the young gentleman is right. To be young and to have fought through the war and beat the Prussians, and then to be in love with the prettiest young lady in Paris—he could not be anything but right. I shall give you the only Du Barry which has yet flowered—the queen of this garden."

And so self-communing he went to another plot and clipped a wonderful rose with a very long stem, and straightened his aged back and handed the flower to Calvert with a military salute: "*Voilà, mon lieutenant*, may mademoiselle be pleased."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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In the United States and Canada	198
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In Europe	194
In Australasia	14
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In Oceania	12
In Asia	39

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Remington



Remington Typewriter Supplies

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Remington service goes further than supplying the business world with good typewriters.

The best interests of Remington users, and decidedly the best interests of the Remington Typewriter, are served by assuring our customers always the best work that can be produced.

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Paragon Typewriter Ribbons Print Clear as Copper-Plate

We make supplies worthy of Remington Typewriters and the important work they do.

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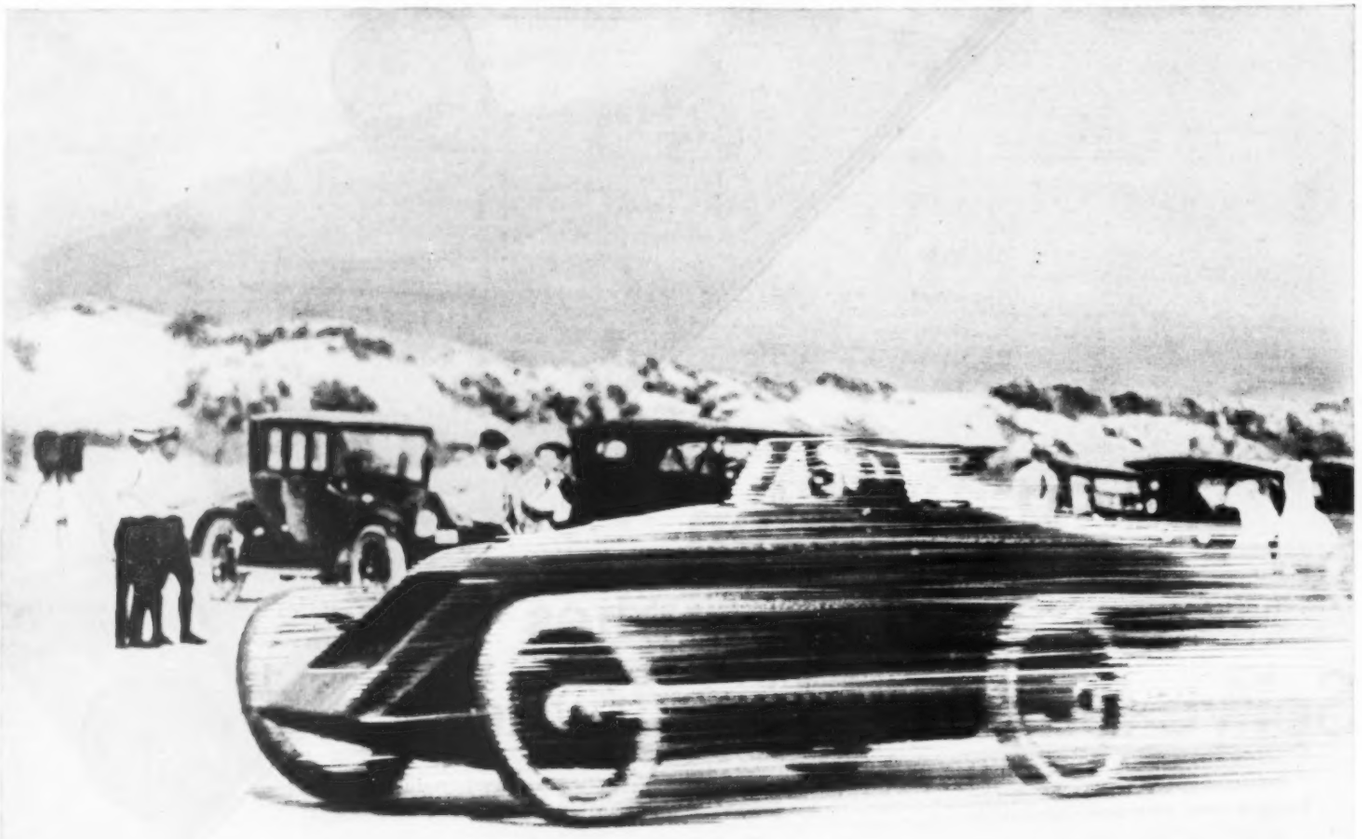
You are not getting the best and most economical results in your typewriting department, unless you use complete Remington Typewriter equipment and Remington Typewriter supplies.

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Typewriters



TRAVELLING at the rate of 156.04 miles per hour at Daytona Beach, Tommy Milton, in a Duesenberg car, broke six world's speed records and established a new one.

This speed of almost three miles per minute was faster than any man has ever travelled on earth. The Duesenberg Twin Eight was equipped with Delco ignition.

It is not unusual for Delco to be on record breaking trips—Major Schroeder's altitude climb, the NC-4 trans-Atlantic flight, the Hudson Super-Six trans-continental run, and the Essex fifty hour grind—all are world's records.

Tommy Milton simply voiced the everyday experience of the many thousands who own Delco-equipped cars when he said, "In the record breaking drive, Delco ignition worked perfectly at all times."

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New World's Records Officially Accepted by the American Automobile Association

½ mile . .	:11.57 sec., 155.57 miles per hour
1 kilometer	:14.40 sec., 155.34 miles per hour
1 mile . .	:23.07 sec., 156.04 miles per hour
2 miles, . .	:46.24 sec., 155.70 miles per hour
3 miles, 1 min.	:12.18 sec., 149.62 miles per hour
4 miles, 1 min.	:36.14 sec., 149.78 miles per hour
5 miles, 2 min.	:00.04 sec., 149.95 miles per hour

Delco

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO. DAYTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

THE RUHR AFLAME

(Continued from Page 9)

happening again. I do not deny that some of this spirit had been worked up in them by their Communistic leaders, who saw in it a good selling point. But the germ of the spirit was there.

Now ten days after the first rush southward from Hagen the affair seemed likely soon to be closed up. In the Bielefeld conference the government had granted not only a partial amnesty but enough radical social changes, we felt, to satisfy even the Communists. We went to Essen to see the end of the show.

Yet the appearance of Essen as we stepped out of the station early on Palm Sunday morning gave us something of a shock. There it stood, the powerful gray city, built with all the solid brutality of modern German architecture, and past its massive buildings I seemed to catch at first sight more armed men than I had seen in all Düsseldorf. Before the Düsseldorf station three or four sentries had kept desultory watch. Here was a cloud of guards. Moreover, they seemed of different character. At Düsseldorf they looked like plain, orderly workingmen who had for some reason taken up arms. The Essen men were younger, tougher. They slung round their rifles with a little air of swagger. Nearly all of them wore blouses of the old army; some not only had red brassards round their arms but in their caps knots and festoons of red ribbon. I remembered then the Boston police strike of the summer of 1919 and the looting by the city toughs, which I happened to witness. Somehow these red guards reminded me a little of those water-front hoodlums who kicked up the row in Boston.

The Kaiserhof at Essen calls itself the leading hotel of Southern Germany. Here of old years the industrials of the Ruhr used to blow in their swollen profits. Now it was the White House, the capitol, of the Ruhr republic. Where once millionaires, counts and field marshals used to order round the waiters, puddlers, miners and paper hangers were doing the ordering. Enough sentries to be called a cordon guarded the front door, stopping all who entered to inquire their business. Yet physically the hotel had not at all changed. A heroic-sized portrait of William the Damned, painted in full field-marshal's uniform, still presided over the lobby; opposite smiled the portrait of his imperial consort, the ex-empress. Nor did I read much new Germany in the attitude of the proprietor and his clerks. When we asked for rooms their eyes showed the old hatred of English speech and they barked out their refusal. The door swung open just then. Three soldiers covered with the dirt of trench and field strode into the lobby, escorting half a dozen important leaders of the Ruhr movement, all in working clothes; and I thought the proprietor was going to blow up with suppressed rage.

Palm Sunday in Essen

British and American correspondents, on the insurgent side ever since the row began, surrounded us with information. One of the Americans was trying to reach the red front. He suggested that we put in our application with his. Even if we did not go to the front, he added, we were not quite safe in Essen without a pass from the Committee of Action.

We were carrying about our guilty secret, which we had sworn not to mention even to each other. We had come straight from the Reichswehr front, and to tie up at once with the red army would have been both indecent and indiscreet. However, we went along to the city hall for our passes.

It stood, a rather barbarously overdecorated brick building of the seventies, on a square opposite a fine old Gothic church. The morning of Palm Sunday was wearing away by now; the bells were ringing. The crowded streets seemed to hold only two classes of people—red soldiers or their civilian followers, the latter designated by knots of red ribbon, and the devout going to church. These last were mainly women. As they passed the red sentries they clasped their prayer books tight to their bosoms and looked straight into the distance. The armed reds—dirty, tough and hardy—smiled and babbled about the door of the city hall. From the church across the square there began in deep, harmonious voices the solemn chanting of high mass.

The whole atmosphere was so tense, so pregnant with hint of trouble, that I found myself developing a queer nervousness, a sense that something was momentarily about to happen. This rose in me almost to a crisis when, upon entering the deep shade of the lobby, I stumbled over two high-peaked, bronze-ornamented oak coffins. Apparently they were not empty. A group of red guards stood, their rifles at rest on the floor, regarding them grimly. Two little street girls, who had somehow crept past the sentries, regarded them also, each with a finger in her mouth. These coffins, I learned later, held the corpses of two looters caught in the act, sentenced to death by the revolutionary tribunal, executed by shooting in the basement but an hour before.

From this fitting welcome we passed on to the anteroom of a revolutionary secretary of war. It had been the office of some city functionary but a week before. It was furnished with the latest office appliances. A set of really distinguished sketches portraying the great Essen steel works looked down on a scene of picturesque confusion. As in the workingmen's headquarters at Düsseldorf, the remains of breakfasts lay everywhere on the floor and tables. There was a washstand in the corner. Towels had apparently given out. A pile of soggy, soppy newspapers, which had been used for towels, lay on the floor, putting forth small rivulets.

Scenes at Headquarters

At a table presided the secretary of war's secretary. He was a tall, lean youth, appearing rather like a clerk than a workingman. He wore a dickey, a garment resurrected to use in Germany since the cotton shortage. With the violence of his labors its lower edge had popped out over his waistcoat. Across that waistcoat ran a cartridge belt, full; from beneath his coat stuck the butt of an automatic pistol. I glanced at his assistants, working over papers at a side table. All of them were similarly accoutered. For the rest, the room was uncomfortably packed with revolutionary soldiers, with plain citizens in working clothes, half of them talking in loud, explosive German, half of them trying to attract the attention of the secretary's secretary.

The soldiers had no equipment in common except the red armlet, the Mauser rifle and the full bandoleer. Half of them wore old German Army blouses and caps, all shoulder straps and insignia carefully cut away. Some had even mustered a full uniform. The rest had worn to war simply the worst they had. And the worst, in the present state of German clothing, looks like the garments of a stage tramp. Two big slouching fellows, with complexions of the indescribable Slavic blond, wore black slouch hats which I recognized as a type I had seen on Austrian prisoners at the Italian Front. These were Slovaks. Another wore a Russian blouse and cap.

Suddenly I was aware of a commotion at the door and a big, loose-jointed man with a grim, hard and yet boyish face pushed into the room. He wore full uniform, with the peaked cap of an old noncommissioned officer. Under its band was stuck a bunch of fresh apple blossoms. Behind him strode three others, all armed to the teeth, all looking dangerous. He pushed his way to the desk, his followers behind him. The Ralph Hayes of the Ruhr republic was at that moment talking over the telephone. Babble stopped—evidently something was going to happen. That perfect interpreter, the Herr Professor, sidled up and began translating into my ear.

"That *verdammt* scoundrel, the general, has refused to sign this requisition," said the newcomer. "I want it signed. It is for necessities for my company."

The secretary's secretary excused himself to the telephone, put his hand over the transmitter and glanced down at the document which the big fellow had shoved under his nose.

"*Nein!*" he said shortly, and took his hand off the transmitter.

"You won't?" burst out the big fellow.

At that moment my attention was attracted by a low animal growl behind me. The three followers were rolling their eyes and behaving as I thought men never behaved outside of the movies. All the faces registered hate. The nearest—a dark, Slavic-looking man—was showing his teeth. He lifted his rifle; he made play of working the lever; he swung it in circles which crossed and recrossed my nervous chest; and he growled.

"My company took Friedrichsfelde!" roared the big fellow. "I wish I had them here! They would tear up this place!"

Low growls rose again from his rear.

"*Nein,*" replied the secretary calmly.

"You refuse?" roared the big fellow.

"*Ja!*" said the secretary, and resumed his conversation over the telephone.

By now everyone in the room was taking one side or the other. More guns swung their muzzles in circles. It occurred to me that I had never seen such wholesale, careless, offhand manipulation of loaded hardware outside of a Western movie film. The big fellow, however, resolved the crisis himself.

"Come, comrades," he said, "we will go and see whether we can get justice from the army."

He and his armed following clanked away down the corridor. Presently the secretary's secretary got a breathing spell and ushered us into the inner sanctum, where ruled those members of the committee of action designated to the posts of secretary of war and assistant secretary.

We were in a little cubby-hole of a room. As usual, remains of morning coffee on the floor; wet newspapers under the washstand; littered confusion. For the rest there were a roll-top desk, half a dozen chairs and munitions—munitions everywhere; in two corners stocks of rifles, new and old; on the pegs of the hatracks five or six swords, three or four pistols in holsters; on the floor boxes of cartridges; spilling over them, loose clips of cartridges for rifles, belts of them for machine guns; in another corner heaps of grenades, both potato-masher and lemon. One felt uneasy about smoking, but everyone was smoking nevertheless.

At the telephone, carrying on an emphatic conversation, stood Paul Geldmacher, the assistant secretary of war. He was tall; he had a grave, lined, smooth-shaven face and mouse-colored hair. He wore a white collar and cravat, but I felt that I placed him as a foreman perhaps—some position in life where he both worked and managed men. Arthur Eckhard, the secretary of war, entering a moment later to rummage among the papers piled high on his desk, was distinctly of the intellectual type.

A soldier slouched in—a little, stubby man with a drooping mustache and very knock-kneed, clad in putties. He was smoking a cigarette; his hands were in his trousers pockets; his gun was slung over his shoulder by its strap. He addressed the secretary of war in the familiar *du* instead of the formal *sie*. That custom I found universal. The revolution had abolished *sie*.

Routine Business

"Comrade," said the soldier, removing his cigarette for a long inhalation, "we've got some corpses down below that we don't know what to do with. Can you sign me an order?"

"Tell my secretary to sign a burial order," said the secretary of war, never looking up from his papers.

Over in the corner a little dumpy woman had been standing apart ever since we entered. She wore a long gray coat, quite evidently made over from an army overcoat, and a man's cap. Her hands were knotted, toil-worn. I had already noted that her eyes were red, her upper lip swollen, as with too much weeping, though her face looked stolid, unemotional. Now she approached the assistant secretary, who had for the moment put down the telephone.

"*Mein Herr,* if you please," she began.

But a soldier, bursting through the door in the abrupt manner which these revolutionaries have, claimed attention.

"Comrade," said he, "the delegation from that brigade is outside and says they want their pay at once."

"Well, what have I been doing all the morning?" snapped the secretary of war. "Tell them if they'll wait an hour they'll see the money start."

The soldier retired and the dumpy little woman took advantage of the pause to address the secretary of war himself.

"*Mein Herr,* please," she said in a perfectly even tone, "my husband's body, please. He was killed yesterday by Wesel. A comrade came to tell me. He lies out-of-doors in a wood. I want to go to Wesel for his body—please."

The secretary of war answered in a manner perfectly businesslike, though not unkindly.

"Comrade, we do not allow bodies of the dead to lie out. Doubtless our stretcher bearers picked it up last night. A hospital train will come in from Wesel at noon with wounded and dead. Here"—he banged a rubber stamp on a typewritten form—"is a pass to the station."

She took the slip dumbly, folded it, passed out, still stolid.

Another delegation had burst through the door. My attention focused itself on a little man who had sidled in among them. He wore rough working clothes, the trousers tucked into a pair of cavalry boots. Over all was a faded army overcoat and on his head a slouch hat of the Austrian Army cocked rakishly at one side. He had a dark complexion, a short, hooked nose and a dead, set black eye. I looked up. From the hatrack just above me hung some swords. Paying no more attention to me than as though I were a piece of furniture, he took down three swords, chose the one with the most fancy guard, tried to fix it on his belt. The Herr Professor, who sat at my side rapidly translating conversations into my ear, addressed to him some genial remark. He paid no attention whatever, but drew a piece of string from his pocket and tied the sword to his belt. Up stepped just then a German whom we had placed as a kind of general assistant about the office. He picked up a gun and a loaded bandoleer.

"Here, Otto," he said, "take these. If you're going to be a red guard you will have more use for them than a sword."

"But I wore a sword in the Austrian Army," said Otto. "Look here!" He produced a photograph from his inside pocket.

The Red Legislature

Just then the German was called away by a sharp order from the secretary of war. Seeing that we looked interested, Otto showed the photograph to us. It represented him standing in full Austrian uniform with his left hand resting stiffly on a pedestal, and sure enough he wore a big sword. Suddenly Otto snatched the photograph away, for the German functionary who had given him the rifle was in close conference with the secretary of war. The moment seemed propitious. Disposing his overcoat so that it entirely concealed the sword, Otto strolled nonchalantly through the door.

But the assistant secretary of war, standing telephoning in the corner, had noticed all this.

"Bring back that sword!" he bawled.

Otto, affecting not to hear him, passed on, closing the door after himself.

"*Donnerwetter!*" Excuse me a minute!" yelled the assistant secretary into the telephone. He put down instrument and receiver on the desk and rushed through the door. From without came bawling sounds of conflict. They ceased; the assistant secretary of war, every hair bristling with rage, returned carrying the sword, from whose scabbard dangled a broken cord.

The secretary gave us attention and passes a moment later. He turned down the Chicago journalist's application to go to the front, and—by inference—ours, which suited us perfectly.

The day seemed to be a turning point in the whole affair, for the general committee, after several days of adjournment, had again been summoned for important decisions. We strolled through the streets of Essen, now filled with a drifting, heterogeneous, nervous Sunday crowd, to the People's Palace. No guards barred the outer door to the basement, where this red legislature was holding secret session. We proceeded to the doorkeeper, explained the world importance of the publications which we represented and asked to be admitted. We expected refusal as a matter of course; this was only a first diplomatic move toward getting someone to come out with the news. The doorkeeper went inside. A moment later, and to our great surprise, he came back demanding our credentials.

(Continued on Page 148)

First

Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and sang.



then

—the lights went out. Case's voice continued.

but

THE recital was at Carnegie Hall this afternoon—the Edison Company asked me to go to it and report, in my own way, just what happened —I did.

There was a big bunch of New Yorkers there—

A pleasant gentleman in an Ascot tie introduced the phonograph, which stood unemctionally in the center of the stage through the ordeal, without a suspicion of self-consciousness.

Then Miss Case. She draped her beautiful self in an almost affectionate posture against the phonograph. One of her own song recordings was put on the instrument, and they, Miss Case and the phonograph, sang together. Then she would stop and her other self would continue—then together again— I looked away and then back again—

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

describes triumph of Edison's new phonograph on March 10th before a distinguished New York audience that packed Carnegie Hall. RE-CREATED voice substituted for living voice—in darkness—and no one detected the substitution.

See New York papers of March 11th: "Times", "Sun and New York Herald", "Morning Telegraph", "Evening Mail", "Evening Sun", "Globe" and "Evening Telegram".

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



suddenly

—the lights flashed on again. This is the scene that greeted the audience. Case's voice was coming from the New Edison—but Case was not there.

Anna Case had gone

it puzzled me to determine which was at the bat! She sang a charming duet with herself, too—one of them doing the alto business—I couldn't say which.

Then the tallest pianist in the civilized world, sometimes called Victor Young, played a charming thing, accompanied by himself via the phonograph—lifting his fingers away from the keys now and again. I could SEE him stop playing, but I couldn't HEAR him stop—the recording was so exact. It was remarkable. Most piano selections on a reproducing instrument sound like Mamie Hooligan beating the old family box, if you recall the ones you've suffered through.

Then the big stunt of the recital—the dark scene. Miss Case began singing with the phonograph. At a certain stanza the house was suddenly darkened. The song went on. I was shooting my ears out like periscopes to detect the second when she would stop and leave the stage. I was sure I got it! But she seemed to be back again! Then I knew I was being completely deceived.

The flood of light came on again—but no Anna! Only the self-possessed and urbane phonograph standing there singing away. It might have been the singer herself—only it wasn't so good looking!

It was quite wonderful and the audience applauded and laughed. Two girls behind me said "Goo-gracious". It was both charming and astonishing.

James Montgomery Flagg

Statement by A. L. Walsh, Director of Recitals for the Edison Laboratories:

"The instrument used at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on March 10th, 1920, is an exact duplicate of the original Official Laboratory Model, in developing which Mr. Edison spent more than three million dollars for research work. Every Edison dealer in the United States and Canada now has in his possession an exact duplicate of the instrument used at Carnegie Hall, New York,—and will guarantee it, without quibble or question, to be capable of sustaining precisely the same tests as those made at Carnegie Hall on March 10th, 1920."

* * * * *

If you do not know the name of the Edison dealer in your locality, write us and we shall be glad to send you his name and address and a copy of "Edison and Music". Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.



"Movie of the boss with a towel that DRIES" by BRIGGS

One of the greatest things ScotTissue Towels have done for industry is to make frequent washing possible in summer. Faces and hands *cooled* by water, stay *cool* during a ScotTissue drying. There is no rubbing or friction as with ordinary towels. ScotTissue Towels *dry* — are "self-acting."

Any person — employer or employee — can do *better work* when comfort is assured.

Of course, ScotTissue economy is another contribution. One dries the hands, another the face. Write on business letterhead for test installation.

Scott Paper Company
CHESTER, PA.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Scottissue Towels They Dry

ScotTissue Products for Personal Hygiene

(Continued from Page 145)

When he returned with them, "You may come in," he said.

Before I took in the scene I was aware of a man looking toward us from the platform and making oration.

"Comrades," the Herr Professor rapidly translated in my ear, "three American journalists representing important publications have asked permission to report this meeting. We wish America to know our cause. I have admitted them. Is there any objection?"

No one spoke. We seated ourselves.

We were in a big vaulted basement assembly room decorated in brown and gold. Before us sat a hundred and fifty men with one or two women. They looked for the most part what they were—laboring men in their best clothes. There was a sprinkling of men rather better dressed, as though they were walking delegates. I had attended a meeting of the San Francisco Labor Council the spring before and it struck me then that externally there was little apparent difference.

Herr Epstein presided. He had a thin, prominent hook nose, a shock of curly black hair, bright black eyes; he wore a flowing bow tie. He looked exactly like a stage version of the East-Side poet. He is, in fact, a Socialist editor. Beside him on the platform sat three other men—two rather roughly dressed; the other, with his black frock coat, his correct collar and cravat, looking out of place.

The secretary read a resolution, submitted by the Central Committee, which made us sit up and gasp.

The Bielefeld agreement had seemed to us enough for any government not gone entirely Bolshevik to swallow. But this—a neutral zone of twenty-five kilometers was to be drawn between the red army and the Reichswehr. The insurgents were to be allowed to return home with all their arms and to keep them as a guaranty that the Bielefeld agreement should be carried out. In short, rebels against the existing German Government were to be completely forgiven and to retain their arms in order to do it again whenever they wished! Sentence by sentence, the secretary read off this resolution, while his audience, with Germanic method, copied it down for reference during the debate.

Some Lively Speeches

The three men on the platform turned out to be visitors from Berlin, headmen in the Social Democrats, the Independent Socialists and the Communists. The Social Democrat opened the debate and we began to perceive another odd thing. He was arguing for acceptance of the Bielefeld terms, with this amendment—and he made it perfectly plain that he must needs argue against others who wanted even more extreme terms! The same thing happened when the Independent Socialist spoke.

Their speeches droned on for more than an hour, with only an occasional angry interruption. One o'clock passed; the audience got out black-bread sandwiches from their pockets, began to cut them with clasp knives, to divide them round and to eat. A careless usher banged a door in the far end of the hall. I could see the audience before me give one convulsive jump, as though the floor had been momentarily lifted and lowered. There was a queer tension about the whole affair.

Now the audience stopped eating, black-bread sandwiches poised in air halfway to hungry mouths. For the man in the frock coat was on his feet. He was tall: his long, narrow head was close-cropped. He had an aquiline, rather powerful Jewish head, with a pair of deep-set, burning eyes. This was Doctor Levy, leader of the Communists, the Lenine of Germany. He was just out of jail, where he had been suffering political imprisonment. He is an orator of real power. Poor as my German is, I felt that I should have understood him without the Herr Professor's running translation, so expressive were his gestures and intonations.

He had not spoken two minutes before I realized that the jig was up for the Ruhr republic. The Independent Socialists and the labor unions in the rest of Germany, he said, had refused to declare a general strike in sympathy with the Ruhr. Why should they? On these terms the Ruhr workers had won a victory. Moreover, to declare a general strike on top of the one which throttled Kapp was like trying to light dead ashes.

"Rest on your victory," said Levy. "Take home your arms and gather strength for the next struggle!"

He carried his audience with him; the seathing shouts of disapproval were drowned out in roars of applause.

As he sat down a slight young man in a simple, neat gray uniform sprang to the platform. He was not more than thirty years old; he had the firm, square-shouldered carriage of an old noncommissioned officer. His face was blond, regular, rather agreeable; but he, too, had the deep-set, burning eyes of fanaticism. This was "General" Leitner.

Now all the way through you kept learning conflicting reports as to who really led the red army. Sometimes Fixe was named, sometimes Rowenseipen, sometimes this Leitner. All these were noncommissioned officers in the Great War—no man who ever held a commission was ever allowed to command in the red army. As a matter of fact, I suspect that the real command lay much further back. This Leitner had been forging rapidly to the front in the past few days. A painter and paper hanger by trade, he was a leader of the irreconcilables and had been sent by vote of the soldiers to represent them before the general committee.

The Legislature's Swan Song

He hurled himself against Levy's argument, doubling up his trim, boyish figure and shooting his words into the faces of the audience. First he wished to report on the military situation. It was good—very good. The lines held about Wesel. Two days before a subordinate, "who thought he knew more about military matters than I do," said Leitner, had made a rash attack, bending their line perilously into the shape of a letter S, threatening their center with annihilation. But he, Leitner, had ordered an attack which straightened the line; further, he had restored discipline. Now the railroad lines and main highways between Münster and Wesel were all held by the red army. This morning they had attacked Wesel again from along the river. They had failed, he said, only because the Belgians had fired upon them.

Leitner went very lightly on this alleged Belgian breach of neutrality, but his audience roared disapproval, and I, with my guilty consciousness of having just come from the Reichswehr front, felt myself shrinking into my chair. Well we know, the wire hound, the Herr Professor and I, under what provocation of shells and bullets from the insurgents the Belgians had fired. Had we not ourselves, while on Belgian territory, run like rabbits with insurgent riflemen sniping at us? Colonel Préaux, of the Belgian Army, had told us, his eyes flashing, that the next time it happened he was going to take a hand.

Then Leitner lashed into the present situation. Had he been in the Central Committee when that resolution was drawn up it would have been killed right there, he said. The red army must go on to the bitter end.

And here the audience began roaring like a den of lions. Explosive "*neins*" and "*jas*" punctuated the roars. "*Kleiner Ludendorff!*" yelled someone from the edge of the crowd. Others took it up in solo and in chorus.

"*Kleiner Ludendorff! Kleiner Ludendorff!*"

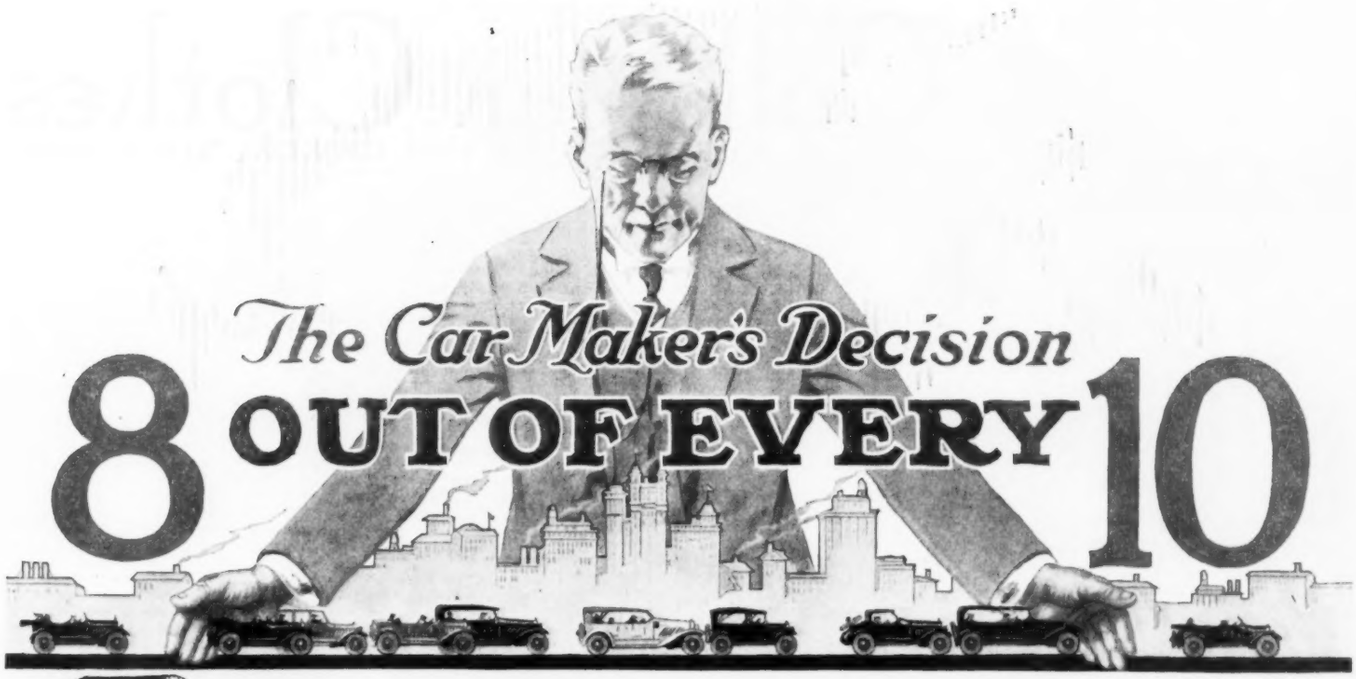
Red in the face, Leitner bawled back: "I can argue this question with level-headed men, but not with woodenheads!"

The crowd parted to let through the frock-coated figure of Doctor Levy, the firebrand. He leaped onto the platform, demanding if this man intended to set up a military dictatorship like Kapp.

Leitner, when the chairman had restored comparative quiet, asked who this Berliner was that tried to dictate to the Ruhr. Between roars of the crowd, which always sided with Levy, they had it out, back and forth. Levy and the crowd together silenced all the "general's" guns.

The resolution was passed almost unanimously and after considerable stormy debate another to the effect that the military forces of the Ruhr republic should always be under direction of the civilian powers. A little scattering business, including a law that prohibition should be enforced in the Ruhr—prohibition in Germany does not include beer—and the red legislature adjourned sine die. I believe this was its swan song—the last meeting it ever held.

(Continued on Page 151)



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Why?

Automotive Engineers differ widely on most car equipment. But they are almost unanimous in selecting Fan Belts—so nearly so that over 80% of the American Cars are GILMER equipped at the Factory.

The reason? There can be but one reason—superior service.

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Collegian

(Continued from Page 148)

Later in the day I saw at the Kaiserhof the British, American and French journalists who had been at Essen all through, certain government investigators and two figures in international socialism who had come up to see the show. These last were privileged at any moment to enter that gilded salon where the Central Committee held its continuous, troubled sessions. And what had puzzled us in the attitude of Leitner became clear at once, as did the prevailing air of anxiety.

The army didn't want to quit, because it had not the slightest faith in the promise of amnesty. Half the men out there in the ring about Wesel had served all through the war under Prussian officers of the kind now commanding the Reichswehr. They had seen what happened in Belgium and Northern France—they knew their men! They were certain, down in their bones, that if they laid down arms and went home the Reichswehr would initiate the white terror. Leitner believed he was fighting for his life and—to do him credit—also for the lives of his men. They preferred to die in arms rather than against a wall.

Then there was the extreme Communist nucleus. Fanatical enthusiasts, they were rather hoping for martyrdom. One investigator told me that he sat with a group of this element at the front, listening to their speculations on how long they had to live and just how their deaths would profit the movement. The secretary of war, interviewed that night, remarked that he had eighteen shots in his two automatic pistols—seventeen for whoever tried to get him, one for himself.

To complicate all this, atrocity rumors began to fly. Just as a Reichswehr deserter whom I met opposite Wesel told me that the reds tossed their prisoners in the air and burned them in petrol, so one red soldier, then innumerable red soldiers, informed me that the Reichswehr was cutting off the breasts of the red nurses. They offered to show me hospitals where nurses so mutilated lay under medical care. This had a familiar ring. Wild German atrocity rumor all through the war carried this particular story, just as our own horror mongers told how the Germans were cutting off children's hands. They did show me one or two ghastly photographs of dead red army soldiers shamefully mutilated, though this may possibly have been the work of shells.

Toward night a story spread which, I found later, had better foundation. Learning that the red army had no gas masks, the Reichswehr took a certain wood by assaulting it with gas grenades. Fifty red infantrymen were dying in five minutes. This story was retailed with bated breath in Essen.

"Think of it!" they said. "Germans use gas on Germans!"

An Army on Union Rules

Nor was this strange perversion of logic on the part of the people who introduced poison gas confined to the red army. Later I told this story to a Cologne hotel keeper of reactionary principles, who in a general way sympathized with the Reichswehr. He said exactly the same thing—"Germans use gas on Germans!"

From these same observers, running back and forth between Essen and the ring round Wesel, there came quaint, unusual pictures of the red army in action. Every radical working girl in the district, it seemed to some, had put on a red brassard and such imitation of a nurse's veil as she could find and gone out to succor the wounded. In places it looked as though there was a nurse to every soldier. So, too, older women performed the functions of camp cooks and laundresses.

The army was run on union labor rules. One difficulty of the officers was in getting the men to stay on the job of nights. Once a company was told off to guard a road. As night came on a hundred and fifty of them went home to their wives, returning when the factory whistles blew next morning. In places they fought with the sheerest valor, charging into machine guns without even the poor protection of helmets. In other encounters they developed unaccountable panics.

One of the reporters made his way toward the front in an automobile which he had managed to hire at Essen. He was caught in the rush of a retreat. A group of red soldiers surrounded him.

"You have no business with an automobile," they said, "when hundreds of wounded are lying over there across the hill. Hand it over! We have no ambulances."

The panic ceased; the officers began to rally the soldiers. Presently the automobile returned. It contained only one wounded soldier and a slightly wounded nurse—all the casualties there were.

As I have recorded elsewhere, the raw recruits of the Reichswehr in Wesel developed at times the same tendency to run away from their own shadows. Now, according to some, the insurgent army was tending to melt away. Visitors to brigade or battalion headquarters reported seeing soldiers hand in their guns and bandoleers.

"I have fought for ten days," they would say; "I have done enough. It is time I went back to my job."

Those who resigned in this fashion belonged almost always to the more moderate elements—usually the Social Democrats. If toward the end the character of the revolution grew continually more extremist, if from the workingmen's army it became the red army, it was because the white and pink elements fell away, leaving the blood red alone in the field.

A Stormy Session

The organization at Essen was just as unusual, just as tragically entertaining. The policy of the leaders, up to a certain moment, was to keep the industrial life of the district going. They pulled certain factories from which they wanted recruits, but these were comparatively few in the aggregate. Industrial men of Essen with whom I talked confirmed the red statement that not a mine had been forced to shut down and that the Ruhr had produced since the revolution more than eighty per cent of its 1920 normal.

The men of the red army were paid from their union treasuries at strike-benefit rates. This money was regularly deposited and drawn at the bourgeois Essen banks. The union funds giving out after the first week, the Central Committee demanded that the employers give all men gone with the red army half or three-quarters of their regular pay. The employers, most of whom sympathized with the Reichswehr, came through with what grace they might—they had to. Except at Duisburg—the reddest city of all, as Düsseldorf was the mildest—the banks had not been touched. In Duisburg the revolutionaries made a regular levy for support of their army on all financial institutions. Except for this, there had been virtually no looting—a fact which I give on the testimony of all observers. So far only one attempt at disorder had occurred in Essen. The wreckage of that attempt I saw in coffins before the secretary of war's door. However, when the red army finally broke up and its remaining units ran to cover there was some looting and perhaps some other offenses of a more serious kind.

The insurgents had at once commandeered all automobiles. The best of them they took for staff cars and messenger service, returning the poorer. Upon the owners complaining that their cars would be ruined, the reds replied that the owners had the privilege of sending along their own chauffeurs to drive them. And this very generally was done—the owners paying the salaries of the chauffeurs!

That Palm Sunday evening the atmosphere about the Kaiserhof thickened somehow; things of importance were afoot. The Central Committee seemed to be in stormy, all-night session. Delegations from the front, all stained with mud and armed to the teeth, threw themselves out of fast automobiles at the door, to stride with an aggressive air into the meeting. "General" Leitner arrived. I noticed then, and I noticed whenever I saw him afterward, that his hand was always on the butt of the automatic at his belt.

Trying to sleep that night, I lay listening to the regular rifle shots by which the red sentries signaled "all's well," and made of it nothing whatever. One thing looked significant: As if specially inspired, everyone about red headquarters had begun talking about the possibility that the extremists, if the Reichswehr came on, would destroy the mines—those mines from which alone Germany can pay her debt of coal to France. From conjecture and rumor the reds passed to threats. One who knows the Ruhr very well called me aside and whispered that this was only bluff. The Ruhr miner, he said, was not merely a revolutionist. He was

(Concluded on Page 154)



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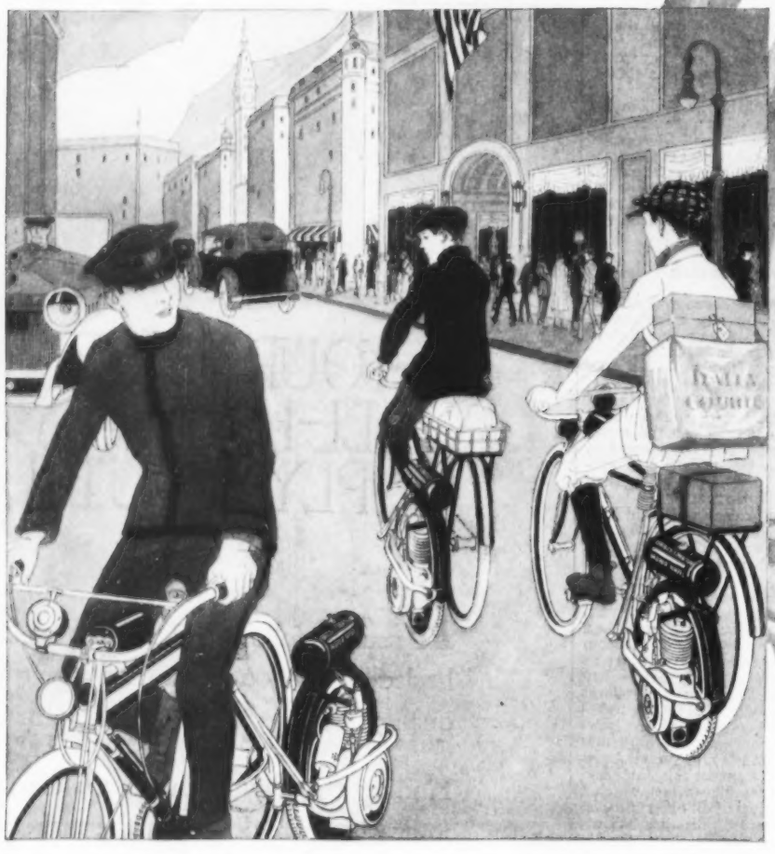
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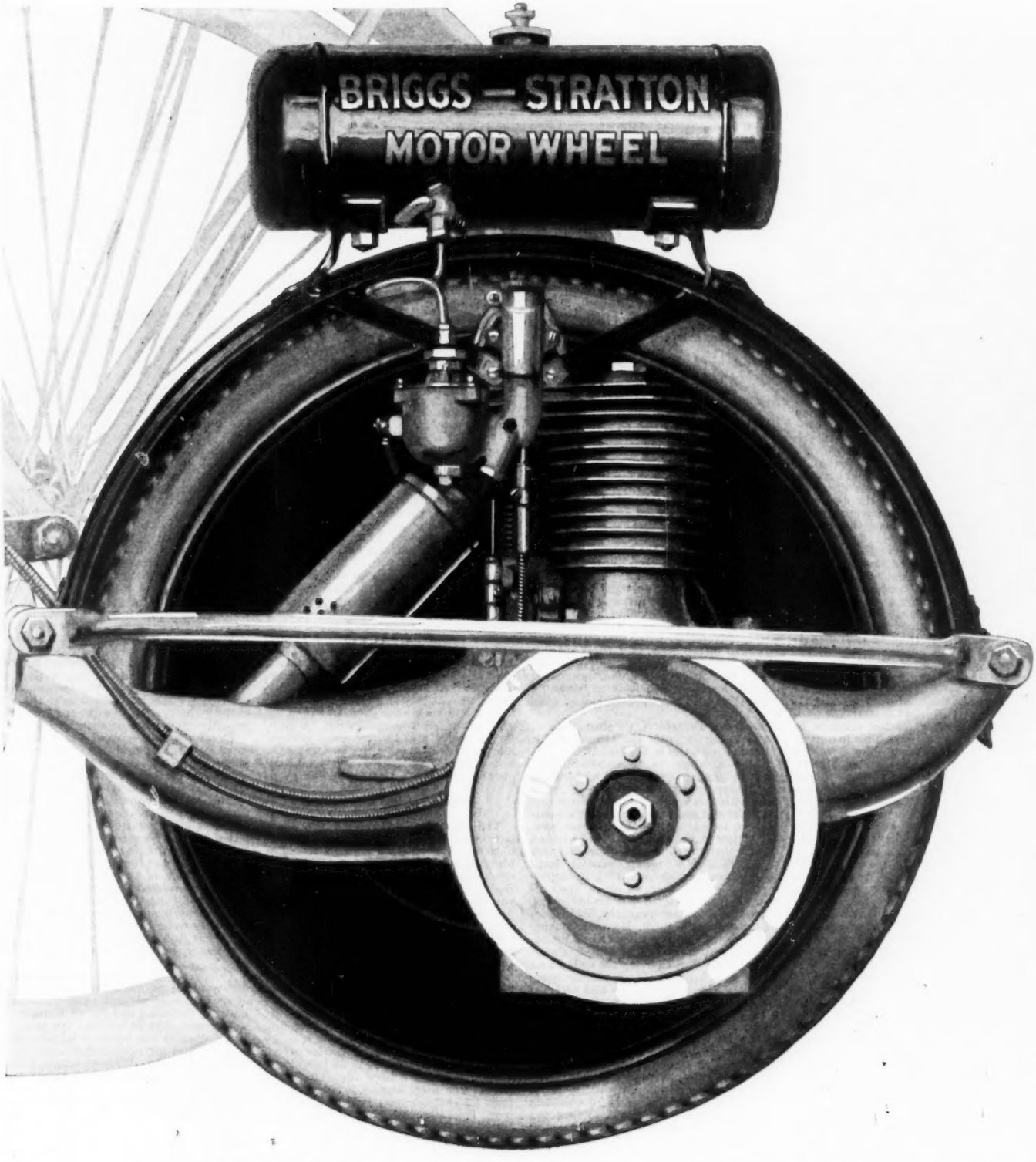
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MOTOR WHEEL

MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION
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(Concluded from Page 151)

also an expert craftsman with affection for his mine. Moreover, he was not fool enough to destroy his means of livelihood. I scarcely believed him at the time. Now I know he was right.

This had happened: At a moment when Gessler, the new Minister of War, was telephoning from Berlin most conciliatory messages to Essen, promising the insurgents amnesty, suggesting that he would give favorable attention to their demand for retaining arms—at that moment General von Wotter, the new Prussian commander of the Reichswehr in the Ruhr, had sent across the lines an ultimatum signed solely with his name. At noon on Tuesday the reënforced Reichswehr proposed to move into the Ruhr. After that hour all inhabitants of the Ruhr found in arms were to be held as rebels and treated accordingly. The wording, together with the known character of General von Wotter, made it plain that "accordingly" meant "with a firing squad."

The Central Committee decided that night to play its last two cards. Next morning two men, one of them not a German, went from the Kaiserhof to Cologne. There, as I know for a certainty, they put it squarely up to the Allies. The revolting district of the Ruhr is in the fifty-kilometer neutral zone. The Allies had reserved the right to invade that zone whenever Germany should violate the treaty. In the zone were regular troops in excess of the treaty allowance. Would not the Allies come in and hold the bag—stand between the forces until the insurgents dispersed and got cover? Otherwise the dynamite squads forming among the extremists could not be prevented from doing their work; otherwise—anarchy.

The Allies seem to have listened with polite but noncommittal attention. It was plain that they could not move at once, and noon of Tuesday, the moment set for the Reichswehr advance, was only twenty-hour hours away. The workingmen's government of the Ruhr played its last card. It declared a general strike in the district, beginning Tuesday morning.

A Super-Sunday in Essen

We have never experienced a real general strike in the United States; the phenomenon is growing all too common in Europe. It is perhaps impossible to convey the spirit of the occasion—how it settles suddenly like a paralysis, a kind of artificial super-Sunday; how still everything becomes. That morning before daybreak detachments of the red guard surrounded the Krupp works and the other great factories. The stream of workmen coming with their dinner pails all turned back. Our cheap hotel served no meals in these strange times. We found a bakery lunch room open—managed to get coffee without sugar and some very soggy cake instead of bread. The proprietor pulled down the shutters to prevent us from being seen, hurried us out as soon as we were finished and before we had turned the corner was putting up his protective iron lattice over the door.

The Kettwiger Strasse—Broadway to this metropolis of steel—was already crowded. People drifted aimlessly but nervously north and south; the bourgeoisie seemed to be all out. You identified this element not so much by their clothing as by the manner in which they were refusing even to see the red soldiers. The city noises of wheels and hoofs were stilled and there was but little conversation, so that the composite tread of thousands of feet seemed to be the only sound you heard.

An automobile horn tooted far down the street and "General" Leitner's car, carrying the "general" himself, rolled along the deserted center pavement. As he approached he seemed to be sitting nonchalantly, his right elbow cocked up carelessly on the back cushion. As he came level with me I could see that his hand was on the automatic at his belt.

Red soldiers marched in groups here and there; red soldiers just from the front, looking altogether more dangerous than the mere policemen of the street corners. They strode along toward the common focus of city hall. But here for the first time a cordon of guards backed by machine guns cut off all approaches to the square. These soldier delegations stopped, clamored and held impromptu soviets outside the cordon. They wanted, it appeared, nothing more important than their pay. The Ruhr republic was breaking down and its finances were breaking first of all.

When we returned to the Kaiserhof, the only place in Essen which seemed to be open for business, we found that a delegation of soldiers had just entered the lobby and, after threatening to beat in the door of the salon with gun butts, had invaded the meeting of the Central Committee. We met them emerging; they were led by a tall, handsome brigand dressed in an Austrian slouch hat and a Russian blouse. In his hat he wore a bunch of fresh May blossoms.

"Did you get what you went after, comrade?" asked the sentry at the door.

"You're dead right we did!" he responded—or its German equivalent.

The Wire Hound in Distress

Things somehow seemed to be growing more and more nervous. The wire hound visited the telegraph office to file a dispatch. It was refused. Up to now the reds had exercised only a nominal censorship, though the transmission of telegrams was uncertain owing to the demands on the wire. The manager of the telegraph bureau made it plain that he, a government official, was not on strike. But the reds had insisted on censoring all dispatches and if they wanted to play on those terms they could put in their own manager! This was serious for the wire hound, whose job consists in getting the facts to America red hot and in advance of hated competitors. A strategist of the news, he formed his plan at once. The telephone was still open. He would employ some German newspaper man as local correspondent and take up his station at Düsseldorf beside an open wire to Paris.

Moderate Düsseldorf, we already knew, was refusing to enter the general strike, otherwise universal in the Ruhr.

Our search led us to a certain Herr Doktor, highly recommended, who worked for the conservative newspaper—a young man with the carriage of an officer and over face and scalp the most elaborate pattern of sword slashes that I ever saw. While they bargained and planned I looked idly through the window into the counting-room. Suddenly heavy martial steps sounded on the staircase. Into the counting-room burst five armed men. Their officer, a little popeyed lad probably not more than seventeen years old, held before him an automatic pistol. He was crouching and advancing with cat steps like Kit Carson on the trail or Old Sleuth. I almost envied him. He was living the melodrama which most boys of his age merely imagine. The clerks glanced up and resumed their counting. A woman at the desk shrank slightly, then resumed paying her subscription.

The Herr Doktor of the crisscrossed countenance looked inside and answered my glance of inquiry with: "Oh, they're just searching us for concealed arms. They do that nearly every day."

Then as we emerged we heard what was like a small riot. A knot of soldiers was scuffling with someone; from the center of the struggle rose feminine squalls of rage. It all resolved itself into a news woman fighting valiantly for possession of her papers, which the soldiers were tearing away. They succeeded and, sucking a bruised wrist, she hurled at them language which would have done credit to an army-mule driver. It appeared that the organ of the trades-unions had printed news that the general strike order was not obeyed at Dortmund. That town had belatedly ordered the strike just after the paper went to press, whereupon the Committee of Action had ordered the edition suppressed. That was the ostensible reason at least; the real one was an editorial denouncing the Little Ludendorffs who were keeping up the fight at the front.

Once more on the Kettwiger Strasse I noted a phenomenon significant to the experienced eye. The crowd was drifting no longer; it was gathering, congealing into groups. That always seems to happen in moments of impending danger, as though all men were looking for close human comfort. I saw it in Louvain when the Germans entered, in Venice when news came that the Carso line was broken, in Cologne when the first information of the Kapp revolution appeared on the bulletin boards.

We reached the Kaiserhof. Usually the square before it held curious persons, keeping respectful distances from the sentries. Now it was swept bare. And here we found that twin rumors were running through the town. It was nearly eleven o'clock. The Von Wotter ultimatum expired at twelve and everyone knew that the red army of the front was not going to quit. Now half the citizens of Essen were saying that just at twelve Reichswehr artillery was going to open on the city and especially on the Kaiserhof. I knew this to be inherently impossible. The lines were forty kilometers away.

The other rumor was equally definite and even more dreadful. It held that the massacre of the bourgeoisie by the reds was set to begin at noon. That, I knew by all my observations and intuitions, was equally improbable.

Yet mob instinct gets us all. I was to know that morning why a timid man will charge like a hero against machine guns. Quite certain though I was that these anticipations were ridiculous, I found it impossible during the next long hour to control an occasional catch of the breath. At a quarter past eleven I went for a look at the Kettwiger Strasse, two blocks away. The crowd was slimmer; children had disappeared. At half past I looked again. Now the women were gone and from all sides resounded banging shutters. A quarter to twelve and the red-army soldiers, moving stolidly about army business, were alone visible. I passed the remaining quarter of an hour in front of the hotel.

And Nothing Happened

The manager had ordered the steel-latticed gate closed all but a crack. Before it he took his station, chewing a strand of his upturned Kaiserish mustache which had drooped away from its neighboring strands. Beside him stood his two clerks. At intervals they took a deep breath. Half a dozen American and British journalists waited with them. As the minutes wore on we found it impossible to talk. We just stood smoking cigarettes end to end, glancing every few seconds at our watches.

Out of such a silence as I have never heard at noon in a great city came the deep clang of a bell. It was the clock in the old Münster on the first stroke of twelve. It finished. A minute or two more we waited. No scream of a shell, no roar of a mob, no rifle shots. Suddenly the proprietor gave a short, hard Prussian laugh; he turned and threw back with a bang the sliding steel gates. The noise seemed to waken us as from an enchantment. We laughed with him. Presently I went out to look at the Kettwiger Strasse. People—even children—were beginning to drift in from the side streets. Shutters were banging again—this time going up. By one o'clock the thoroughfare was once more crowded. Certain bold tobacconists were even opening their doors for customers and I noticed that for the first time since early morning the crowds were talking.

But guns had opened fire sharp at noon—on the front, forty kilometers away. The Reichswehr, reënforced, equipped, ready, was bombarding those parts of the line where the irreconcilables still held out; was beginning its slow, methodical advance. Much of the inside to this strange episode is still hidden. Few know—and they are not telling—the history of that Von Wotter ultimatum. Was the government, while seeming to negotiate, treacherously playing for time? Or did Von Wotter, now reënforced by part of the Baltic troops who assisted the Kapp uprising, take things into his own hands? I incline to the latter theory. For it is certain now, ten days later, that in this concentration of officers and adventurer soldiers the German Republic, hope of stability in Europe, faces the danger of a new royalist revolution.

Lessons of Democracy

At first the whole affair gave me a bewildered impression of the curiosities in the German mind. I find myself able to understand a British or French, an Italian or even a Spanish political row. But this seemed to manifest somehow a psychology entirely alien. In my youth I have seen half-wild range cattle suddenly begin milling and stampeding for no reason that any human could understand.

"They just do it—that's all," said the cowboys.

So at times during the Ruhr upheaval did I feel about the Germans. But in that Palm Sunday meeting of the general Ruhr committee I got a sudden illumination.

Herbert Hoover, talking on the political affairs of this world, said once: "The reason why the Western democracies have succeeded is that individuals have learned by experience to yield to the will of the majority. If you are a prohibitionist and the district goes wet, you don't take a gun and go out to enforce prohibition on your own account. You accept the will of the majority and try to change it by persuasion. That's the reason for the constant revolutions, the political instability, in Central America—they haven't yet learned that principle. The spirit of yielding to the will of the majority, plus free discussion for the minority—it is all a democracy needs."

The German, so advanced and sophisticated in science and abstract philosophies, appears to be a whole stage behind the rest of us in political development. The necessary principle, which the Anglo-Saxon learned in the five centuries after Magna Charta, which the Gaul learned in two flashes of history during the French Revolution and the Napoleonic dictatorship, is only an airy working theory to the German—it does not live in his instincts.

Three times in a month a German minority had refused to accept the verdict. First Kapp from the Right; a week later the Ruhr workingmen from the Left; lastly the Reichswehr from the Right. I was seeing in the Ruhr the birth pains of German democracy, learning its lesson, feeling its way.

This proof of political undevelopment does not look promising for Germany. One other symptom seemed more promising, both for Germany and for all Europe. It was always plain to me that the confused Ruhr rebellion was less a social revolution than an uprising against militarism in its old German form. Without cannon fodder in plenty this system cannot exist. Now the humble people of the Ruhr showed plainly that the cannon fodder will be fed to the cannon no more. The men who must make the rank and file of German armies seeking a place in the sun are sick to the heart of the goose step and the sharp edge of the sword, of officers who push civilians off the streets, of drill sergeants who enforce discipline with a belt buckle or a heavy boot.





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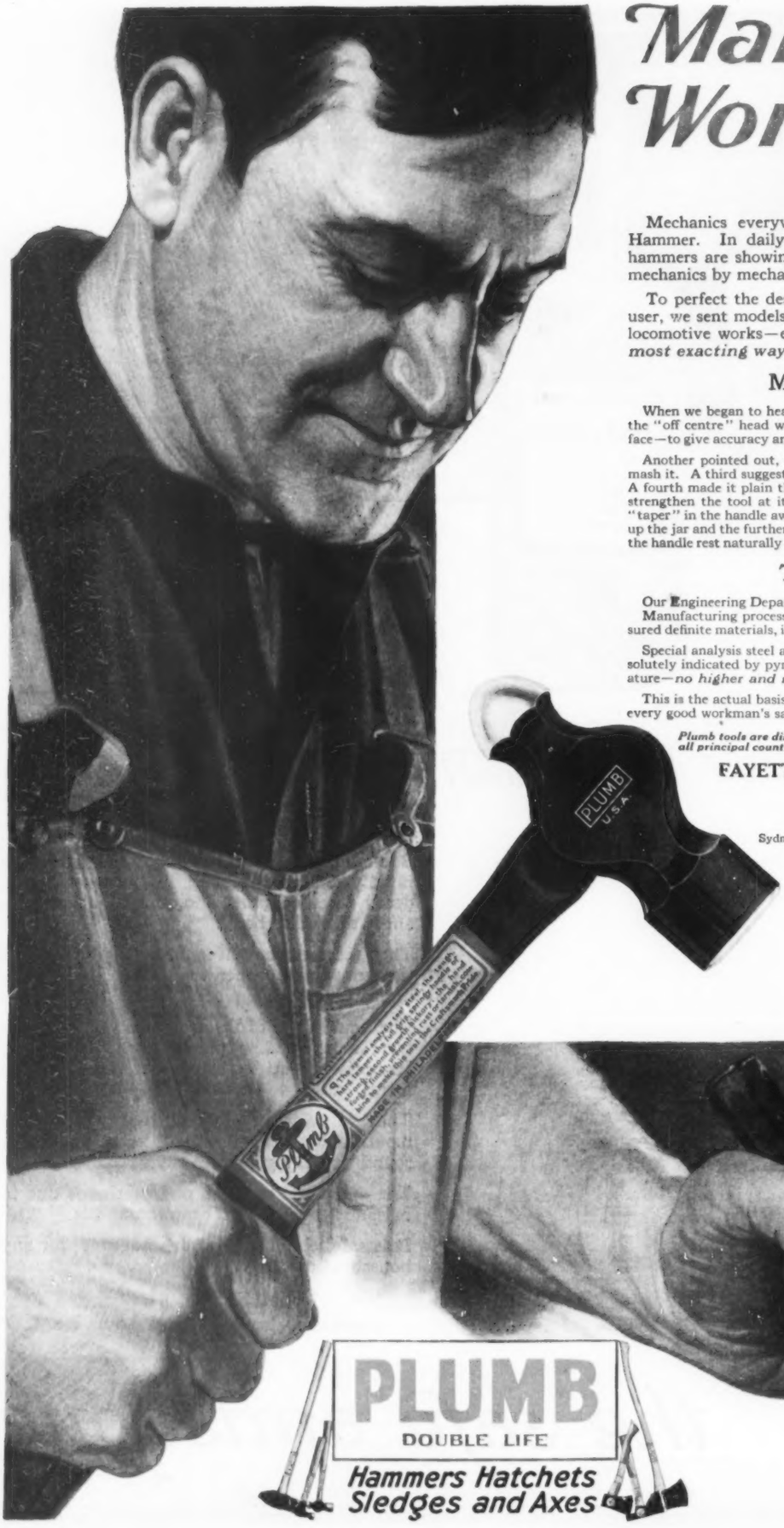
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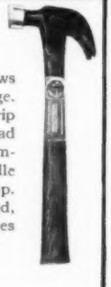
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THE STRING ON THE GERMAN EXODUS

(Continued from Page 15)

"We have forbidden the stimulation of emigration by private agents," said Doctor Jung. "There have been many organizations in Germany whose object consisted of obtaining emigrants to South America. For the most part these organizations were fraudulent, and were organized merely to secure money from credulous persons. Some of the persons at the head of these organizations claimed to have colonies in South America; others claimed that they were in a position to assure work to Germans who were willing to go to South America. The eagerness of the Germans to emigrate led them to listen to these people and to pay them large amounts of money for which they received no return. We are prosecuting many persons who have thus obtained money under false pretenses. In some cases we have had these false agents fined heavily and sentenced to long prison terms.

"The new law provides that in the future all information and advice concerning emigration must have the sanction of the German Emigration Bureau. Nothing can be done without consulting this office. No steamship line can issue any propaganda of any sort concerning any country without our permission. No person can accept money for advising prospective emigrants. We have even forbidden the giving of free advice concerning emigration without the permission of this department. Any person who even gives free advice contrary to the desires of this department will be severely punished.

"There are in Germany many private societies and religious societies which exist for the purpose of advising poor people in regard to emigration. We recognize that these societies do a good work. But in the future every one of them must do its work in conjunction with and according to the wishes of this department. If we tell these societies that they must stop advising emigration to any country they must stop instantly, or their officers will be fined and imprisoned. The German Emigration Bureau realizes that it cannot keep the people of Germany from going to any country. But it can discourage them to such an extent that all movement to that country will practically cease."

The Official Gloom Factory

The German Emigration Bureau, then, intends to say where the 5,000,000 Germans who are going to emigrate in the next ten years are going to go. Germany knows what it's doing, and people who think that it doesn't are barking up the wrong wireless pole, so to speak.

General instructions for all advisers of German emigrants, whether of a professional or amateur sort, have been issued by the emigration bureau. A copy of these instructions fell into my hands. Emigration, say these instructions, must be discouraged.

Nobody must refer carelessly to any country as a swell place.

"Should they in spite of this be desirous of emigrating," continue the instructions, "information and advice are to be given in such manner that the interests of the emigrants correspond with German interests."

This statement is pure Prussian. It says in effect that Germans are to be told anything in order to get them to go where Germany wants them to go. The ideas put forward are the ideas of the Prussia before the war. The war has had no effect on the offices in Wilhelmstrasse. It's the same old Prussia behind a putty-colored mask of Social Democracy.

"For this purpose," continue the general instructions, "it is desirous of turning their thoughts to countries in which their interests will be furthered economically, socially and culturally, and where they can without detriment to their new country show their loyalty to their mother country by further cultivating the German language and by keeping their German sentiment. For economic reasons prospective emigrants must be directed toward countries where they will remain German customers, and where they will not be employed in any work which damages German production by competition."

These instructions are couched in careful language.

"If it can be done without detriment to their new country," say the instructions.



CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

At the German Derby Races. The Latest in Styles

As a matter of fact, the Germans don't care two wags of a chameleon's tail whether these things are detrimental to the emigrant's new country. They want them done, whether they're detrimental or whether they aren't. Doctor Jung was a bit balder in some of his statements.

"Up to the war," said he, "a man had to live in Germany to be considered a true German. It is now our purpose to build up a sort of universal state, extending all over the world. Wherever a German shall find himself, he will consider himself in Germany, and he will be as much of a German subject as though he were still within the boundaries of the Fatherland. That is our plan."

It is understandable that a country should be averse to losing her citizens. Germany, however, realizes what it means for immigrants to enter a country, live together and adhere to the speech and the living conditions of their former country.

"It is to be feared," says Doctor Kaindl, a German emigration authority, "that every German who now emigrates will in time be replaced by an immigrated non-German, and thus the dismemberment of the country at home be started."

Europeans have some horrible examples of the results of immigrants entering a country, flocking together and preserving their own speech and habits. In the case of Hungary, for example, a slice has recently been amputated from that country because it was inhabited by German immigrants who had lived there for a long time. Another slice was cut off because it was partly inhabited by Rumanian immigrants of long standing. America is planning to Americanize the immigrants who come to her shores. If these immigrants retain the ideas which Germany to-day is pumping into all would-be immigrants, a problem will one day rise which will cause great agony of spirit to Americanizers, uplifters and those who sympathize with the immigrants who wish to retain their national culture.

The general instructions of the German Emigration Bureau are followed up by specific instructions concerning the arguments which should be delivered to all persons wishing to emigrate to South America. Every South American republic is given a black eye by these instructions. If it isn't one thing it's another. When a person hears all the drawbacks under which South America labors—according to the information dispensed by the German Emigration Bureau—he wonders how it is that anybody can bear to live there.

Here is the sort of conversation to which the prospective German emigrant to the Argentine must be treated by official order of the *Reichswanderungsamt:*

"It is true that the Argentine Government is favorably inclined toward prospective immigration. German settlers in the Argentine, however, warn Germans against coming there. All of the good land in the center of the country was sold long ago, and when a decent farm occasionally comes into the market its price is exorbitant. Moreover there is probably a flaw in the title. There is still some free government land to be had in the extreme north of the country, but the climate is so hot there that northern Europeans cannot endure it. There are tropical forests to be cleared, which requires endless labor. Government land can also be rented in the south—Patagonia—but the land is good for nothing but sheep breeding. The country is barren, the climate is very bad and the farms are several days' journey from the railway stations. The housing and food arrangements offered to farmers and agricultural laborers are far below the German standards."

After hearing such an arraignment of a country the average German is inclined to become an ardent advocate of South America for the South Americans. The person who could still wish to move to a land where the country is barren, the climate is very bad and the farms are several days' journey from the railway stations must either be a fugitive from justice or crossed in love.

The professional man and the skilled laborer are assured pointedly that South American republics are only good for somebody else to live in.

"With scarcely any exceptions," read the instructions to be given to engineers, doctors, merchants, business employees and skilled workmen, "Germans in South America strongly advise against emigration at the present time. There is no chance to attain prosperity. All through South America the English, American and South American business houses have discharged most of their German employees during the war. As a result the few German firms in South America are oversupplied with help of all sorts. There is also a great deal of unemployment."

Mexico is branded with curt but potent words of disapproval. The German Emigration Bureau orders that prospective emigrants to Mexico be told that "in consequence of the revolution which has been going on for almost ten years, the safety of body and property is so small that, quite apart from other considerations, Germans are strongly advised to refrain from going there to settle for a long time."

The Fruit of the Goldenrod

Chile, Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Venezuela, Bolivia, Uruguay and Paraguay all receive harsh words from the German emigration authorities. The only places not on the black list are the two states of Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul in South Brazil. For many years these two states have had a large German population, and the emigration authorities grudgingly admit that a few German farm laborers would probably be helped by the Germans in those two states—but only a few.

All this has given rise to a situation in the emigration magazines which has deceived many people. On the cover of an emigration magazine may be a beautiful picture of, let us say, the town of Razooza in Ecuador. The printing of pictures is not *verboten*. The prospective emigrant sees the pretty picture and promptly buys the magazine. He turns over the leaves, and on Page Five he finds the notes on Ecuador inspired by the emigration bureau.

"Ecuador," say the notes in effect, "is a poor place to live in. The sun almost drives you crazy, and the flies eat you alive. Disease is rampant and Germans are disliked there. There are no jobs. Emigrants going there will probably starve to death with great fluency."

So the effects of the picture are counteracted. But it has sold the magazine.

It has not been difficult for the emigration authorities to check the desire among Germans to emigrate to South America. When Brazil last winter published in German papers its offer to transport 3000 Germans to Brazil free of charge the emigration authorities immediately followed up the offer with a mass of anti-Brazilian information. Anybody who read it inevitably leaped to the conclusion that a residence in Brazil was even more undesirable than a life sentence in a jail which had few modern conveniences. As a result, only 500 people had taken advantage of this offer six weeks after it had been published, in spite of the keen desire on the part of the Germans to go somewhere.

The chief reason for all modern emigration is the desire for better living conditions and more money. Immigrants don't come to America because they have been oppressed in thought or speech. They come because somebody in America tells them that America is so besmeared and bedaubed with money that one must scrape it off his shoes when entering the home so that the rugs won't be messed up. They are informed on authority which appears to them unimpeachable that cameo scarfpins grow on bushes, and that gold watches and chains come to full fruition every autumn on the luxuriant goldenrod plant. If their informants do not convey this information in so many words they imply it.

(Continued on Page 160)



At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor

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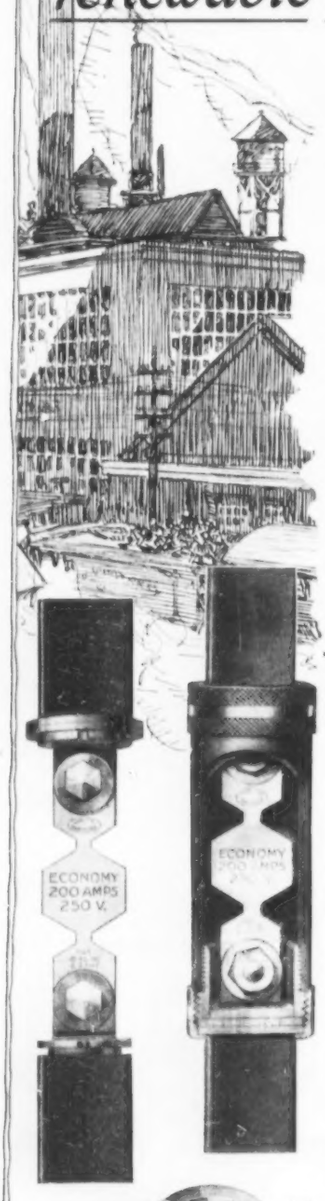


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(Continued from Page 157)

All over Europe, especially in the districts which provide large numbers of immigrants, every American is regarded as a millionaire. The American traveler in such districts senses the keen desire on the part of all the natives to ask him how he made his first million. Such travelers occasionally attempt to point out to the natives that if America were, as they firmly believe, a nation composed of nothing but millionaires nobody would care to throw away the precious hours at driving trolley cars or occupying a cage in a bank or policing the streets. But such efforts are always received with incredulous smiles by the natives, who know better. You can't kid them. All Americans are millionaires.

In Italy I ran into a young man who has already achieved an enviable reputation as an archæologist, though he is not yet out of his twenties. He has unearthed entire regiments of ancient Roman statues, and by examining the foundations of a residence which has been buried for twenty centuries he can unhesitatingly describe the upper stories of the house, and even estimate the cost of the roof. Unfortunately archæology is not a profession at which one can earn large amounts of money. A highly paid archæologist who wished to live on his salary at the present time would have to live in a tent and subsist on grass salad. The young Italian archæologist wishes to be married, but archæology will not permit it.

"I shall go to America," said this young man, "and find work in a great New York banking house; and after three years I will have enough money so that I can come back to Italy and be married and devote myself to archæology."

He has the same idea that all foreigners—and a great many American college men and doting mothers incidentally—have in regard to the making of money in banks and business houses. I asked him how much he thought he'd be paid if he succeeded in getting a position in a New York banking house—which he would be fortunate to do, since the banking business is not in immediate need of expert archæologists. He wasn't sure, but he had a vague notion that he would probably draw down something like $50,000 a year. When I told him that he'd be unusually fortunate to receive fifteen dollars a week he almost swooned.

Doctor Jung's Views

At any rate, an emigrant emigrates because of the exciting stories which he hears of wealth in the land to which he is going. He used to get these stories from the agents of steamship lines and woolen mills and such-like people. Nowadays, generally speaking, he gets them almost entirely from letters which are written to the home folks by emigrants who have gone before. Such letters nowadays are rarely received in Germany from Germans who emigrated to South America before the war. Consequently the efforts of the German Emigration Bureau to stifle migration to South America have been very successful. The scarcity of glowing letters to Germany from South America is due to two reasons: Not nearly so many people have emigrated from Germany to South America recently as some think; and a lot of the Germans in South America don't like it there. The conditions in many cases are too primitive. Moreover, emigration from Germany to South America was growing less and less with each year which preceded the war. For example, the largest German emigration to any South American country has always been to Brazil; yet in 1834, when approximately 54,000 immigrants came into the United States from Germany, the figures of the German Emigration Bureau show that only 1288 emigrants went from Germany to Brazil. In 1900 the number of emigrants who went to Brazil had dropped to 364. There were 353 in 1910; 363 in 1911; 225 in 1912; and 140 in 1913. In the latter year more than 34,000 people emigrated from Germany to the United States.

In addition to putting a quietus on prospective German emigration to South America, the German emigration authorities also wish to kill the desire to emigrate to the United States. The first is easy, but the second isn't. The Germans are making hard going of it, but they are determined to do it.

Doctor Jung's upturned mustaches seemed to me to quiver with suppressed emotion as he stared coldly at me and gave me the reasons why German emigration to America would be suppressed.

"In the first place," said Doctor Jung, "the American laborer does not want the German laborer in competition with him, because the German laborer is a better workman. Even before the war the trades unions of America made every effort to discourage German immigration. The employers and capitalists want German laborers because they are good men, but the laborers don't. All the labor papers since the war say so. Germans have been branded as strike breakers and undesirables. Therefore we do not wish Germans to go to America.

"In the second place Germans in America are inclined to neglect the German tongue, take up the English language and not remain true Germans. This is contrary to our wishes. It is our understanding that the United States is to forbid immigration entirely for a period of two years. If this is true it is exactly what we wish. We prefer to keep our people here rather than have them go to America and lose their nationality."

Those Elusive Letters

"In the third place the people of Germany do not trust the United States. During the war the American people and the American Government treated German civilians terribly. All civilians who were interned in the United States during the war have given us letters telling of their horrible experiences in America and their awful treatment at the hands of American officials. In Germany no American civilian was deprived of his liberty. He was allowed to go about his business in almost complete freedom. But in America the Germans were treated like criminals for no reason at all. We are carefully preserving all the letters of this nature which we have received, and we are taking steps to see that every civilian who was interned in America writes us such a letter on his return to Germany. These letters will be shown to all Germans who apply to this office for information concerning emigrating to America—and all Germans wishing to emigrate to America must apply to this office or one of its branches. The mass of people in Germany realize that it was America that brought Germany to her present pitiable condition, and they are deeply resentful of it. A few Germans will go to America—the few who have friends and relatives there—but the remainder will listen to us and will not go."

Doctor Jung made no reference to the internment camps for German civilians in America which provided tennis courts, swimming pools and orange groves for the suffering internees. Some of the letters which the emigration bureau receives will probably contain some bitter complaints about broken strings in their tennis rackets and too many seeds in their oranges, or about their eggs being underdone, or the reading lights over their beds being too bright. However, I couldn't ask about such things. I wanted to hear all of the things which were resting on the chests of the German emigration authorities.

"Are there any other reasons why Germans will not be permitted to emigrate to the United States?" I asked.

"There are," said Doctor Jung dispassionately. "In America the people have not the same protection that they have in Germany. Here they are safeguarded against old age, poverty and sickness. All of their wants are looked after, and in the future these same provisions against misfortune will be kept up."

I longed to ask Doctor Jung why Germany didn't safeguard her people against Prussianism, double-dealing and trickery on the part of her rulers, but he was going so nicely that I didn't dare interrupt him.

"Since America provides none of these things," he continued, "we do not want our people to go there. And we learn that a German in America is regarded with dislike because of the war. Until Americans change their attitude toward Germans all emigration to America will be stopped."

"Will it be permitted to resume when Americans change their attitude?" I asked.

"Yes," said Doctor Jung—evidently forgetting the lack of provision in America for old age, poverty and sickness.

"You spoke of letters written by civilians interned in the United States," I told Doctor Jung. "Will you provide me with copies of some of these letters?"

(Continued on Page 162)



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(Continued from Page 160)

"Yes," said Doctor Jung, "we have hundreds of them. The treatment they received was shocking."

"This is not generally known in the United States," I told Doctor Jung. "Will you provide me with copies of some of these letters?"

Doctor Jung seemed to be willing to do this, but a series of holidays was approaching, and first one thing and then another prevented the emigration authorities from providing me with copies of the letters. Finally after a lapse of several days I persuaded them to give me a statement touching lightly on some of the most shocking of the civilian internment cases. The statement was to be followed later by copies of the letters themselves. But they were never forthcoming, though after I had been gone from Germany several weeks I received a further communication from the German emigration authorities asking that a correction be made in the statement, and promising again to send copies of the letters.

The statement is a rather remarkable one, and I reproduce it in full, since on the authority of no less a person than the president of the National Board of Emigration himself, every prospective emigrant to America is to be told of these shocking actions of Americans toward Germans in order to dissuade him from going.

The statement is headed "Cases made known to the board of emigration, Berlin, W., Wilhelmstrasse 71, of German civilian prisoners badly treated in the United States of America," and is signed by Doctor Kundt, who, next to Doctor Jung, is the highest official of the board of emigration.

"Especially numerous," declares the statement, "were complaints that when war was declared Germans in general were given an insufficient amount of time in which to leave the country. Where Germans were concerned, furthermore, there was an entire disregard on the part of the Americans for the American principle of law which provides that in cases in which persons are suspected of criminal acts arrests cannot be made without a written order from a judge, and that the person arrested must be brought before the judge within twenty-four hours in order to enable him to defend himself and regain his freedom. Practically without exception the several thousand Germans who have been interned during the war in the different camps of the United States were first put into American prisons and were often kept there for weeks. In many cases made known to us here they were imprisoned for months."

Other German Charges

"Internment was absolutely at random, without any regard for the age, health and family conditions of the interned. For example, Frank Meyer, an eighty-three-year-old German, was interned for more than a year and a half at Fort Oglethorpe, and a request made through the Swiss legation to have him put on parole was refused by the State Department. Another case is that of Frank Stadtler, a seventy-year-old clerk, who was interned at Fort Douglas. This man was suffering from asthma when interned, and on January 21, 1919, he died of this illness in the camp.

"In spite of the efforts of the Swiss legation, which represented German interests in Washington in a manner fully appreciated by the Germans, a sufficient protection of property, life and health of the Germans in the United States could not be obtained, as the American Government was either not in the position or did not want to take the proper measures to carry them out. For instance, the American State Department declined, in spite of the promise of reciprocity on the part of the German Government, to send lists of the interned Germans to Germany. The making of a summary of Germans detained in the United States has thereby been prevented. The mortality in the camps, due especially to poor sanitary conditions, was very high. Out of 4000 civilians interned more than 150 died. This number of cases has been reported to us, but the actual number of persons who died in internment or in consequence of internment is very much larger.

"Contrary to all military usage, military sentries guarding civilian camps were armed with shotguns. By careless and unpermitted use of these weapons a number of Germans were injured and killed. For instance, the civilian Peter Czan, interned at Camp Oglethorpe, was so heavily wounded during an alleged attempt to escape on July 8, 1918, that he died on the same day. A similar case happened in the following month at Fort Douglas in the state of Utah. On this occasion seven men were badly wounded by the guards because they were said to have insulted them.

"Owing to the internment and the consequences of internment, a number of Germans have become weak-minded. According to a report from the Swiss legation, dated in February, 1919, in St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington alone there were forty-one Germans who had become weak-minded. For the greater part they came from the internment camps, having been transferred from the camps to the hospital. This transfer only took place in the really bad cases, whereas the weak-minded who were not in such serious condition were kept at the internment camps. In the institution mentioned the weak-minded Germans, though they had committed no crime other than that of being Germans and being ill, were confined with criminals who were really weak-minded.

"According to official reports dated September, 1918, 3728 civilian prisoners were detained in the different camps. Besides this, twenty-six Germans were in the penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, and in several other prisons there were 230 more Germans."

A Hair-Raising Lie Nailed

In addition to the above shocking examples of the inhuman treatment accorded to interned German civilians during the war, there are other and still more shocking cases reported by Germans who are interested in stopping emigration to the United States. In the emigration bureau I was told a hair-raising story about the treatment suffered by the wife of a prominent German steamship official who lived in New York. This woman, so the story ran, was arrested by the Americans and incarcerated for three weeks without a hearing in a home for fallen women. While thus imprisoned she contracted a terrible disease. This story is common property in Berlin. Everybody has heard it. I ran it down as well as I could. The woman, who is a loud and frequent talker, was detained for a matter of four days in a perfectly good New York hospital, because there were no other suitable quarters available. She contracted no disease at all. Her husband is now at the head of a German society of people who have returned to Germany from foreign lands. Practically all the members of this society are eagerly seeking to return to America.

Just before I arrived in Berlin a comparatively young man with snow-white hair had delivered an emigration lecture in one of the Berlin lecture halls. His white hair, according to his story, had been caused by the treatment which he received while an interned civilian in the United States. For one thing, he claimed to have been hung up by the thumbs by his jailers and allowed to hang for several hours.

My object in recounting these cases is not to stir up resentment against Germans, but to show that it is the purpose of the German Government, by the admission of its own representatives, to instance to all prospective German emigrants so many cases of the mistreatment of Germans by Americans that they will lose all desire to emigrate to America.

"Should they still be desirous of emigrating," say the official instructions of the emigration bureau, "information and advice are to be given in such manner that the interests of the emigrants correspond with German interests."

Prospective German emigrants are being told emphatically and repeatedly that they must retain their German interests. They must go to countries where they can show their loyalty to Germany by further cultivating the German language and keeping their German sentiments. The official organ of the German Board of Emigration makes that specific statement.

Doctor Jung told me bitterly that the Germans in the United States had not been good Germans during the war. I was there to get information and not to fight the war over again, so that I was unable to argue this point. I asked Doctor Jung whether in his opinion all the Germans in the United States should have fought against the United States. He shifted his eyes and said somewhat querulously that they should have given America the proper picture of

(Continued on Page 165)

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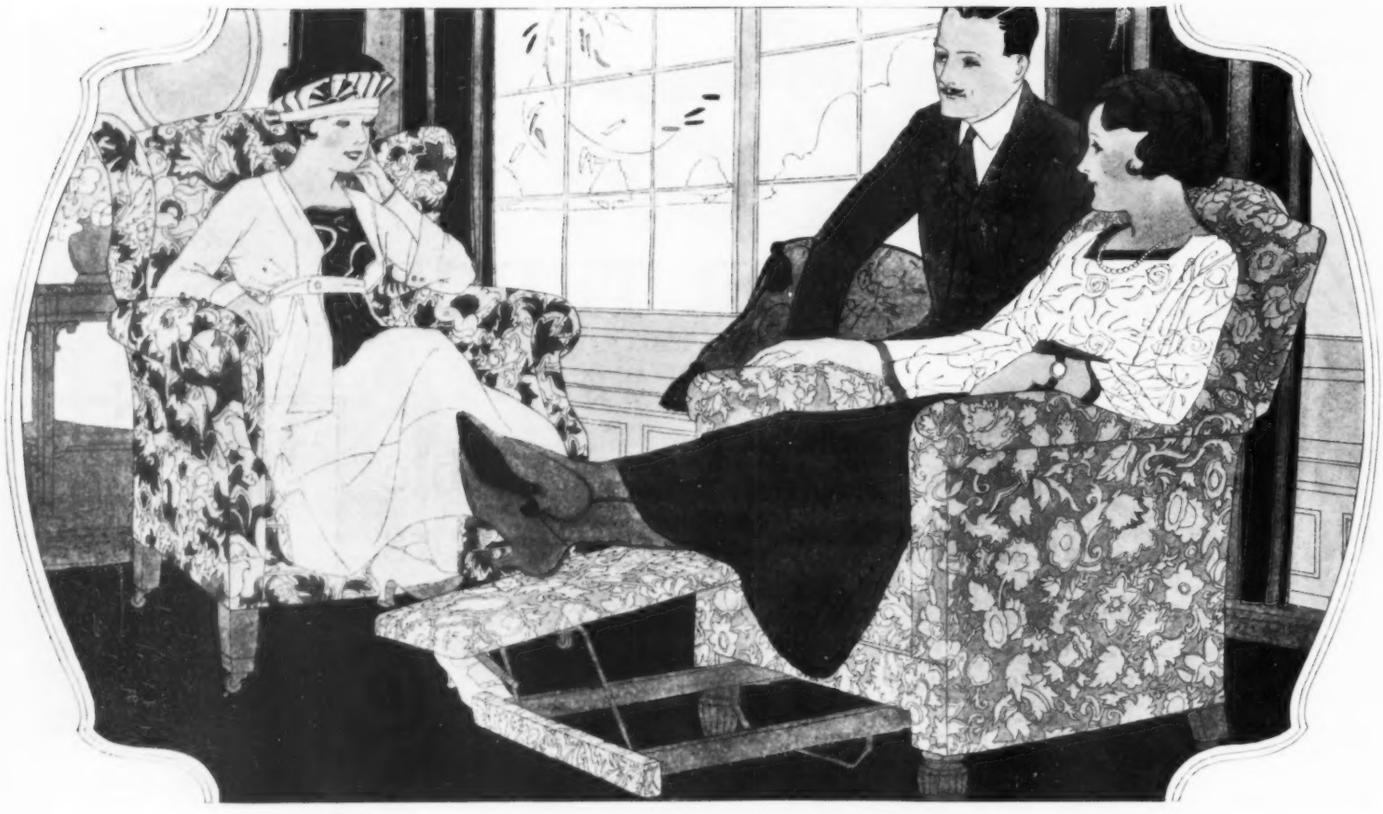
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Showing Leg Rest Concealed

(Continued from Page 162)

Germany, instead of allowing America to be misled by British propaganda regarding German atrocities. My interpreter informed me at this point that two of the strongest anti-German publications in America during the war—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and Life—were owned by British capital. The piquant humor of this assertion can best be appreciated by the solidly American owners of these two magazines.

Through all the emigration talk which is made by German officials and the official emigration publications and the unofficial emigration magazines, which take their orders from 71 Wilhelmstrasse or go out of business with the utmost celerity—through all these things run two clearly defined motifs: One is the motif about the necessity for German emigrants to adhere to the German language; and the other is the motif to the effect that German emigrants must always remain loyal Germans. Neither of these motifs is at all effective when played on American instruments. They have a singularly discordant, not to say sour, sound.

The Kenyon Americanization Bill requires 200 hours a year schooling for all alien residents of the United States who cannot speak or write English. In some cases this will make American citizens, and in other cases it won't. A great part of the trouble in Central Europe to-day is due to emigrants who have gone out from one country, settled in another and insisted on retaining their speech and their customs. Hungary's fight against dismemberment is based almost entirely on the fact that the dismembered sections are occupied by immigrants from other countries, and that the immigrants have received territory to which they have no title—as though California should be heavily populated by Japanese, and a peace conference should one day decide that California consequently belonged to Japan. The efforts of the Magyars to Magyarize their immigrants is exactly similar to the efforts of America to Americanize her immigrants; but in Central Europe such efforts are known as oppression.

In an article on Hungary I compared the present sentiment in that country with the sentiment in South Dakota if large numbers of immigrants from a hypothetical European state should succeed in taking South Dakota away from the Americans who originally settled there. In line with that comparison I wish to quote an extract from an official German emigration journal. This journal, under the names of the different countries to which there is a possibility of German emigration, prints items which might be of interest to emigrants from Germany to that country.

Germans in Nebraska

Under the heading "United States of North America," this publication early in 1920 printed the following paragraph:

"The New York Herald reports in a long article on the efforts of the German elements in the state of Nebraska to revive the teaching of all lessons in their schools in the German language. The Germans are comparatively strong there. Out of 1,400,000 inhabitants there are 200,000 Germans, many of whom settled there twenty, thirty and forty years ago; but in spite of earning their living there and of being American citizens they have remained Germans at heart. Now they are attempting, by appealing to the Supreme Court of Justice of the State of Nebraska, to have the law which concerns the teaching of foreign languages in schools revoked and to regain their former influence on the parochial schools. They threaten besides quite openly that they will do as they choose in the question of German teaching in the schools. Their chief aim at present is to have German teaching again established in the public schools.

"When America entered the war German was taught in all the schools of the state. Children from their eighth to their thirteenth years studied German as much as English. The German-American Union had stipulated and obtained that German teaching should be compulsory wherever a certain number of school patrons demanded it. The Germans saw that this claim was voiced everywhere. This law was repealed during the last legislative session, and it was superseded by a law which prohibited the teaching of any language except English to children under nine years of age. A few months ago the German population demanded the legal abolition of this law, but the demand was refused. Consequently they have now appealed to the Supreme Court.

"'A few weeks ago it was discovered,' writes the Herald, 'that regardless of the existing law a German school had been opened in the Hamilton district. The administration of the district had approved of it. Fifty-eight pupils were being instructed in the school. The school was forced to close. But the fact that it was officially opened and attended by many pupils shows the feeling and sentiment among Germans in Nebraska. In December a constitutional assembly will be held in Nebraska in order to draft a new state constitution. In November the elections of the assemblymen are to take place. As a matter of fact, all candidates are already known, and many of them are partisans of the German-American Union. In certain districts German schoolmasters are running for assemblymen. In some districts the Germans boast openly that they will elect so many of their candidates that the abolition of the law made during the last legislative session will be assured.'"

This paragraph was printed without comment in the German emigration magazine. It is merely a part of the general campaign in Germany to impress on emigrants that good Germans keep right on speaking German, no matter where they are.

There is a tremendous lack of knowledge in the United States concerning the alien communities which have come into existence in various parts of the country, and which have deliberately cut themselves off from American ideas and American progress. They have kept their own language, literature and ideals. They print their own newspapers, or they import them from their own countries. They go so far as to have their own governments, pass their own laws and punish certain infractions of these laws with death. Foreign propaganda finds these communities the most fertile of all breeding grounds, and from them are launched the most violent attacks on the principles and the institutions of the American Government.

After the Money

The propaganda which the German Board of Emigration admits that it is carrying on is nothing more or less than an attempt to perpetuate the isolated and un-American communities which have been a thorn in America's side for many years, and which will become far greater thorns as years go on unless they can be eradicated.

However, the German authorities are making every effort to prevent Germans from emigrating to America, because, to a great extent, of the unfortunate habit which Germans in America have acquired of becoming as good Americans as America is able to boast. This fact was impressed on them in every battle of the war in which Americans participated, because of the large number of soldiers who were of German descent.

What the German authorities are trying to do as regards emigration and what they are succeeding in doing are two very different things. They know where they want the 5,000,000 Germans to go in the next ten years. They also know that they don't want them to go to South America or the United States. They can keep them away from South America with comparative ease, but they'll have to work a great deal harder to keep them away from the United States.

Doctor Jung's statement that the people of Germany do not trust the United States, and that they are so resentful of the part which the United States played in winning the war that they do not want to emigrate there, is all nonsense. Doctor Jung's coterie of friends may view America with loathing and horror, just as the Kaiser's intimates might; but if the mass of people in Germany feel that way about it, every one of the large number of clerks, hotel waiters, laborers, shopkeepers and farmers that I talked with failed to mention it. Not all of them want to go to America, but a lot of them do; and those that do are only interested in knowing when the United States is going to remove immigration restrictions. The attitude of the American people means next to nothing in their young lives. The money that can be earned there means everything.

The wonder isn't that so many of the Germans want to go to America, but that



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they don't all want to go. America has been press agented for the past two years as the richest nation in the world and the place where the highest wages are paid. All good things are supposed to be in America; that fact is daily advertised to all Germans by the American Relief Warehouse posters, which inform them that if they have relatives or friends in America they can write to them and ask that food drafts be sent to them so that they can get American food. America is feeding all the nations of Europe; America is expected to finance all the nations of Europe; America is the place!

The propaganda of the German emigration authorities against America has turned the attention of some would-be emigrants to other places. Some regard America as hopeless because of immigration restrictions. Some regard it as hopeless because of the cost of going there. But none are averse to going there because of the part that America played in the war.

With the rate of exchange where it is to-day, the cost of emigrating to America from Germany is very high. Suppose the rate of exchange is eighty German marks for one dollar. In order to travel from North Germany to New York by steerage, to supply himself with the minimum amount of food for his travels and to have fifty dollars left with which to get his start in the United States, a German would have to have about 10,000 marks, which amounts to one year's wages for a skilled laborer. It's not so easy to get as it might be, but as soon as it's possible for Germans to go to America the Germans will get the requisite amount of money, and get it in large numbers.

Supposedly it is impossible for Germans to go to America until diplomatic relations are resumed. Actually it isn't at all impossible. Last autumn eight members of the Locksmiths' Guild in Berlin, having heard of the tremendously large wages which were being paid to members of their craft in America, went to a person who had been very successful in helping Germans to leave the country. They wished to be assisted in going to America. They were told that no help could be given them, so they went away glumly. Two months later the person who had been unable to help received a post card from one of the eight locksmiths telling of his safe arrival in the United States. A few days later another of the eight locksmiths announced his arrival in America. Within three months of the day when the eight men had first attempted to obtain assistance and failed the person to whom they applied had received post cards or letters from every one of the eight, and all the post cards and letters had been mailed in America. They had gone to Mexico and crossed into the United States from there. As I have said before, Mexico was about the easiest country for a German to get into during 1919 and early 1920; and to get from Mexico into the United States is so simple that it's a joke. Between Matamoros and Piedras Negras alone there is a 500-mile stretch in which there is only one port of entry. That stretch of territory is a hole that would be difficult to plug.

Rich Pickings in Russia

Germany is overpopulated and overcrowded. The cities are jammed and running over with people. Fifty-two thousand Germans have had to leave Alsace-Lorraine and come back into Germany. The figures that I quote were given to me by the German emigration authorities. Five thousand German subjects have had to leave Australia; 100,000 have come back from Russian Poland and the Ukraine; 30,000 have come back from Brazil; 10,000 have had to leave France; 6000 have been returned from the German colonies and 5000 from the United States. These people, as well as the people who find conditions intolerable in Germany, are the ones who are clamoring to get out. They are also the ones on whom Germany wants to keep her clutches.

"We want our people to stay where they will not be lost to us," said Doctor Jung. "We want them to stay as near home as possible. We do not want them across oceans; we want them where they can board trains and come back to us in case of need."

That is why Germany is determined to stop emigration to North America and to South America and to turn it to Russia, where the softest and the richest picking of modern times lies ready for the picker.

The German Emigration Bureau hasn't a good word for Brazil or the Argentine, for America or Canada or Mexico, for Paraguay or Uruguay or Chile or Ecuador or Peru. But for Russia and Siberia it has a large, mellifluous horn, and it is blowing steadily and resonantly into it with all the wind at its command. It is booming and tootling and oompahing away on the glories and the resources and the advantages of Russia and Siberia. It is making the welkin ring deafeningly with its persistent song. It may even be said that the welkin is being rung so steadily that a new welkin may soon have to be constructed.

The German Government is holding emigration in check by every means in its power until communication has been opened with Russia once more. Then it will take its 5,000,000 would-be emigrants and smooth down the path before them and strew roses on it and push them over into Russia with a loud huzza.

To many people this will sound like the result of a prolonged bout with a Welsh rabbit, a mince pie and several other indigestible and dream-provoking foods. Some will think that it is the result of sleeping on the back instead of on the side. It is not, however. It is the result of German thought and German efficiency and German foresight and German determination to patch up an empire in Europe which shall be an *ersatz*, or substitute, for the dream empire which she has lost.

I asked Doctor Jung about German emigration to Russia.

Germany's Land of Canaan

"Russia and Siberia," said he, "are the lands of promise. Russia to-day is impossible because of the disturbed situation. When the situation clears, however, Russia will be the logical goal for all German emigration. If necessary, when the situation has cleared, we shall encourage overland emigration rather than allow oversea emigration to get started."

In other words, Germany will put up the money to send her people to Russia if they show too many signs of wanting to go the other way.

One of the greatest financial experts in Germany stuck his thumb against a map and screwed it back and forth on the Altai Mountains, which divide the table-lands of Mongolia from Siberia, and among whose mighty slopes the three great Siberian rivers Obi, Irtysh and Yenisei have their beginnings.

"In these mountains," said he, "there lies an untold wealth of iron and copper and silver. Our explorers have reported that it is so. The iron mines of Lorraine are ours no longer, and we must have iron. The Altai region is the richest mineral region in the world. Germans will go to that region in great numbers. Suppose now that American capital were to interest itself in a scheme to assist German emigration to reach the Altai. It would mean preferential trade treatment for Americans, yes? It would open up a vast new outlet for American goods—an excellent working agreement for both Germany and America. Do you see?"

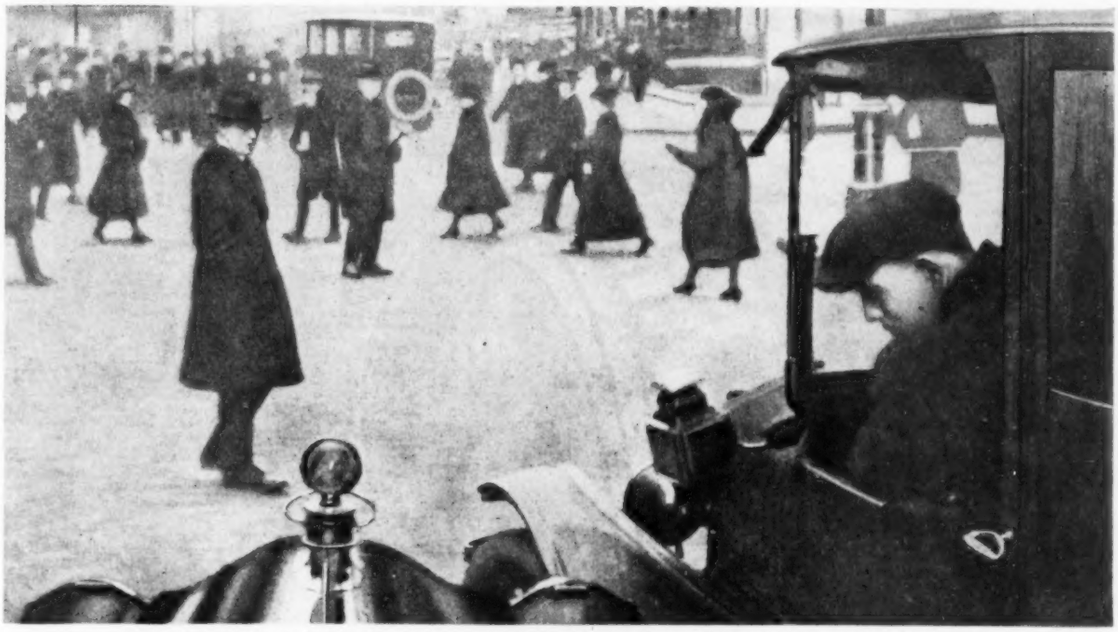
I saw—that German emigration is going to Russia and Siberia.

"I recommend," says Doctor Kaindl, German emigration expert, "that all Germans who must leave Germany should emigrate toward the east rather than across the seas. During many centuries the Germans wandered toward the east, creating villages and towns, populating whole districts and attaining great power and influence. This development was paralyzed by our overseas policy, and emigration toward the east was interrupted. If this had not happened we should have had an immense economic district in the east, and no war could have starved us. In the east lie our assured cereal reserves; the sources from which we may draw all raw materials; the best markets for our industrial products; the best field for workers, intellectual as well as manual."

This constant talk on the part of the emigration authorities and the agents of the emigration authorities has had its effect on a goodly percentage of the German people. They are waiting eagerly for the hour when the situation, as Doctor Jung phrased it, shall have cleared. Then they'll go.

The Communists of Germany don't need to be persuaded by the emigration authorities. Father Lenine has called them and they have heard the call. Last winter the Communists of Berlin and Vienna were in

(Concluded on Page 169)



The "tight-squeeze"— An hourly occurrence on every crossing and on every crowded street, with cars of fifty different makes— more or less under the driver's control

How Can the Motorist Save Himself from the "Other Fellow"

NEW YORK CITY recorded over three thousand motor car collisions last year in Manhattan Island alone.

Effective traffic regulation depends on each *individual driver* having his car under *positive control.*

If every driver could be as *sure* of his car as the Packard owner, there would be less congestion, and only the *careless* driver would get into "accidents."

THE Packard people believe that first-class transportation must deliver Safety, Ability, Comfort, Economy and Enduring Value to the highest degree.

Were the Packard to choose from the best sources of commercial parts' makers—we feel certain that these necessary features would not measure up to the present high standard maintained in the Packard car.

You are absolutely sure to get them by starting with *unified engineering* in the Packard manner.

Controlling parts by specifications and tests—through casting, forging, machining, heat-treating, finishing and inspection.

Paying 12 cents a pound for your steel, instead of taking a chance with steel at 6 cents.

You will be led straight to the Twin-Six Engine, with its sure and flexible power, and the greatest range of ability in high gear.

To gears heat-treated through and through—not merely case-hardened.

To clutch, brakes, universal and bearings that give you the safety of positive control—Packard designed for the Packard car.

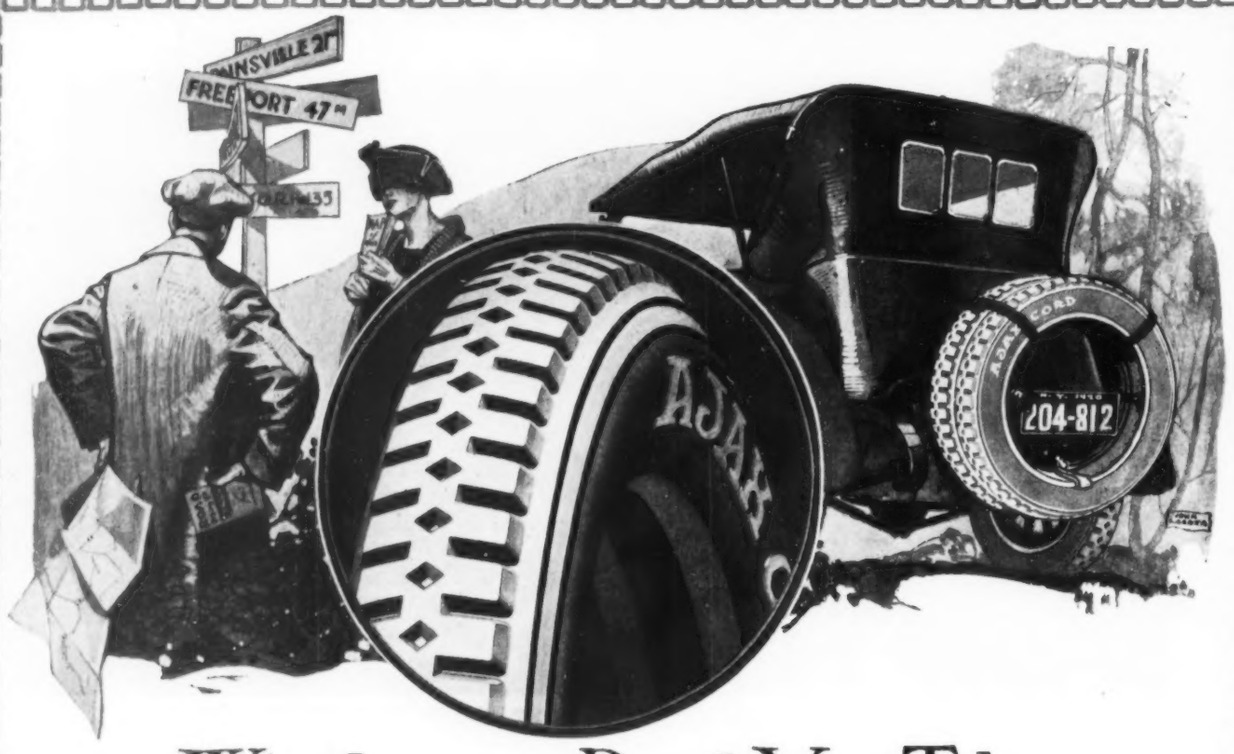
IT makes little difference whether the other fellow is to blame, or merely subject to the whims and weaknesses of his car.

The Packard owner has all the chances of the road discounted, because he is sure of what his Packard will do.

He is riding in first-class safety and first-class comfort. It costs him less *all around than riding* second class!

"Ask the Man  *Who Owns One"*

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*



Which-ever Road You Take—

AJAX Cord Tires are an investment in satisfaction.

They have the sturdy, in-built strength to resist the pound and grind of the roads. They have the trim, fleet appearance which adds so much to your car's good looks.

And Ajax Cord Tires contribute materially to low up-keep on your car, which is of more importance today than ever before.

* * *

Therefore it is easy to comprehend the tremendous strides Ajax has made in the world of automobiles. Ajax Tire sales are steadily increasing. We can only strive to keep pace with the demand.

Construction features of Ajax Cord Tires combine to give them the greater wear which makes them so popular. For instance—that Cleated Tread is extra heavy, and *it holds*. Those "Shoulders of Strength" are rubber buttresses that brace and re-inforce the tread.

And—in building Ajax Cord Tires, cord plies are laid gently in position—*never stretched or pulled*. This means that full resiliency is retained in the finished tire.

* * *

Quality marks the complete Ajax Line—Ajax Cord Tire, Ajax Road King (fabric), Ajax Inner Tubes and Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories.

Sold by Ajax Franchised Dealers Everywhere

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. *Branches in Leading Cities*

Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories include everything the car owner needs in making temporary or long lasting repair of worn tires.

AJAX CORD

(Concluded from Page 166)

almost daily communication with Bolshevik headquarters in Moscow. I went one day to see Karl Tomann, the Communist leader in Vienna. He wasn't to be found. I waited, and eventually word went round that a comrade from America was among those present. I was supposed to be the comrade from America. A very soiled agitator in a dilapidated soldier's uniform came and talked to me, addressing me as "Genosse." I am not sure of the spelling of that word, but it sounded like "Genosse," and it means "comrade."

All the other comrades, he said, were going to Russia as soon as the railroads were open. Father Lenine, he said, had written that all workmen should come to Russia. Father Lenine had especially requested the presence of all specialists—all skilled workmen. They were all going—all. Steinhardt had just returned from Moscow, and he had reported that all who came would be received with open arms. It would be the golden land, the land of plenty, the land of perfect equality.

Two days later I saw Tomann. I asked him whether it was true that Lenine had written that skilled workmen and laborers were greatly desired in Russia. Tomann said that such a communication had been received from Lenine. The word had been passed on. As soon as peace had been declared and it was possible to pass openly into Russia the skilled workmen and the unskilled workmen of Germany and Austria would go in great throngs.

I asked him whether Lenine had specified that all who came must be Communists.

"By no means," said Tomann. "He said specifically that all workmen would be welcome, whether Communist or not. But if they are not Communists they must not attempt to obstruct the plans of the Soviet government. That would not be tolerated."

Germany, Russia and Japan

It is not for nothing that German money continued to finance Lenine and Trotzky after the armistice of November, 1918. Talk to Polish intelligence officers and they will tell you that the so-called German Communist uprising of March, 1920, miscalculated by three weeks. They will tell you that it was a plot to crush Poland between Russia and Germany, and that if it had been properly timed it might have succeeded—and that the allied countries of Germany and Russia would then have extended solidly from the Rhine across the Urals to the Pacific. Ninety-eight per cent of the stories that one hears in Central Europe are so fantastic that they sound like pipe dreams. But when they are run to earth nearly eighty-nine per cent of them are true.

There is one persistent story that I encountered everywhere. I have found it in Siberia, in Japan, in the Philippines, in England, in France, in Germany, in Poland and all down through Central Europe. It is the story that says there is one of the greatest alliances afoot that the world has ever seen—the alliance of Germany and Russia and Japan. This may be one of the pipe dreams, and it may not be. But whether it is a pipe dream or whether it isn't, it is a fact that the German Emigration Bureau intends that the bulk of the 5,000,000 Germans who are going to emigrate in the next ten years shall emigrate to Russia; and it is equally a fact that Russia will welcome the whole 5,000,000. Already there is a bond, and a strong bond, between Russia and Germany.

"A few Germans," Doctor Jung told me, "will go to America; the few who have friends or relatives there."

Out of the 5,000,000 who are going to emigrate, probably 1,000,000 at the lowest estimate have either friends or relatives in America. This may be Doctor Jung's idea of a few; but from the standpoint of most Americans it's a pretty fair-sized lot of people to come from any one nation in two years' time. The Germans are hard-working, sober and industrious people. They belong to what is known as the old immigration—immigration from the north of Europe, as opposed to the new immigration from the south and east of Europe—and the old immigration is our best immigration—the backbone of the America of to-day. Five and one-half millions of these people have already come to the United States; and hundreds of thousands of men of German ancestry wore olive drab in the late unpleasantness. Many of them were at Belleau Wood and Cantigny and the St.-Mihiel salient and the Argonne Forest; and they gave the Germans as much as they got, and more besides. These are the sort of men that America wants, and they are the sort of men that the Germans don't want us to have. The German officials want the men who come to us to stick to the German language and retain their German customs and stay on the German side of the fence if it ever comes to another show-down between the United States and Germany.

Let Russia Have Them

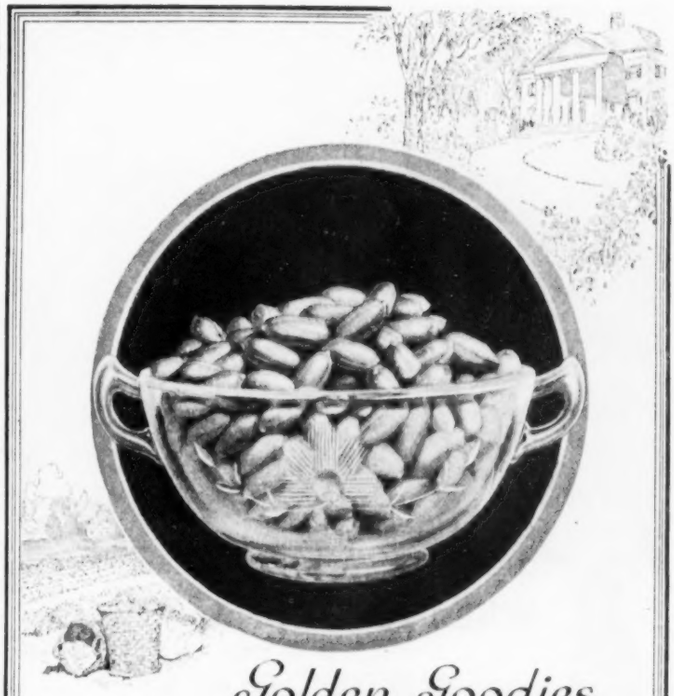
There is no tendency to dispute the statement that a man cannot serve two masters. It is therefore an impossibility for German emigrants to come to the United States and behave as the German authorities are instructing them to behave. They cannot be good Germans and good Americans too—or at any rate, America's experience in the past has shown that they can't.

My belief, after talking to a large number of Germans who wish to go to America, is that the propaganda of the German emigration authorities has no more effect on most of them than a soft south wind would have.

Most of them are willing to shake the dust of Germany from their feet forever and become American citizens as soon as ever they can. But so long as the old slogans of Prussianism are being dinned constantly into their ears—a world-wide German state; once a German, always a German; back to Germany when Germany calls; the retention of the German tongue and German customs; the superiority of German institutions to all others—just so long must America view all of them with suspicion.

It's hard on the well-intentioned Germans who are willing to give their best to the country to which they go, as the vast majority of Germans in America have done; but until the leaders of Germany profit by the teachings of the war the many must suffer for the sins of the few. Just so long as America is slanged by the German emigration authorities for its shocking treatment of Germans, and just so long as it is their policy to give information and advice to all Germans headed for America in such manner that the emigrants' interests correspond with German interests, just so long will it be highly advisable for America to further German interests by not robbing Russia of any of the 5,000,000 Germans that Germany hopes to send there in the next ten years.





Golden Goodies Fresh from Dixie

Only the choicest nuts gathered from sunny Southern fields are selected for the PENNANT SALTED PEANUT packages. Clean and whole roasted

Planters PENNANT —BRAND— PEANUTS

"THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT"

have a delicious and satisfying flavor that every appetite delights in. Always ready to serve without slightest trouble. An ever-popular dish on the luncheon table. In the glass jar they are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession. No other salted peanuts are packed in the vacuum process—the only way to keep them ALWAYS fresh and crisp.

Sold everywhere in familiar 5c glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT." Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag—they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c; 6-oz. jar, 35c; Glassine bag, 5c
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When Your Springs Break
put on
VULCAN QUALITY
The Replacement Spring

Single handed you cannot smooth the roads, but it is not compulsory that you gamble with fate.

Nor need you suffer agonizing delay.

The best spring is within your reach. Thousands of dealers carry VULCAN springs to fit your car.

VULCAN quality springs will safeguard your comfort, your time, your life, your purse.

Ask for a VULCAN. Our name plate is on every spring. It is for your protection. Insist upon it.

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IN EVERY TOWN *for* EVERY CAR

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

No scheme for classifying desk material seems to excel the time-honored plan of dividing everything under four heads. First come unfinished letters and papers that are up for immediate consideration; second are matters held for future attention; third, letters and data that have been attended to and are ready for filing; and fourth come the desk equipment, writing materials and other working tools.

To-day's work should always be kept out of the drawers and on top of the desk, where it is a silent but constant reminder of things that should be done. The present day's work is simplified by having a special receptacle or portfolio with labeled compartments into which all matters demanding immediate attention can be properly placed.

The executives who accomplish most are the ones who plan each day's work the night before. This method eliminates the lost time that results from aimless action during the first half hour of the working day. Too many people mistake activity for productivity. Effective work that brings results can only be done by people who have a definite knowledge of just what they are trying to do and why they are doing it.

Thousands of people holding important positions read their mail at least twice—once to find out what the letters are about and again to dictate replies. Hours of time can be saved each week if all letters are answered on the first reading. If this is impossible the important sentences in the letters should be underscored and a comment written at the side of the sheet. This at least makes it unnecessary to reread the letter in detail.

Most executives have discovered that the human mind is somewhat like a locomotive. It will travel along smoothly when there is nothing on the track to hinder or disturb its progress, but when it gets off the track the going is neither rapid nor smooth. It is for this reason that efficiency in attention to important matters, and especially in dictating, can only be attained when the work is done in a room where there is nothing to distract the worker's mind.

Concentration is a mental quality of greater value and rarity than is generally supposed. Many men defer the practice of concentration, waiting for something of importance to come along that is worthy of their utmost attention. Such people usually fail when the vital moment arrives, because they have not made themselves ready for the big occasion by the practice of concentration each day upon the little things.

The worker who is efficient in business must be a master of psychology, and not only be able to look a man over but to look him through. At the same time he must be a student of detail in matters that may at first glance appear to be trivial. This person efficient must know the number and make of the pencil that suits him best. He must be a telescope in big matters and a microscope when it comes to little things. He must not only know the large principles on which his business rests, but the fine details by which it runs.

The thoughtful executive does not overlook the fact that some rubber bands will last a year, while others will last four; some carbon paper will make fifteen clear copies, while other brands will make thirty. In one office the bookkeepers will work best with steel pens, while in another organization a saving in time has been effected through the use of a certain style of fountain pens. Pens are temperamental things and are worth investigating. Some companies have saved considerable sums of money by mailing printed matter in open-seal envelopes which travel through the mails with a penny postage.

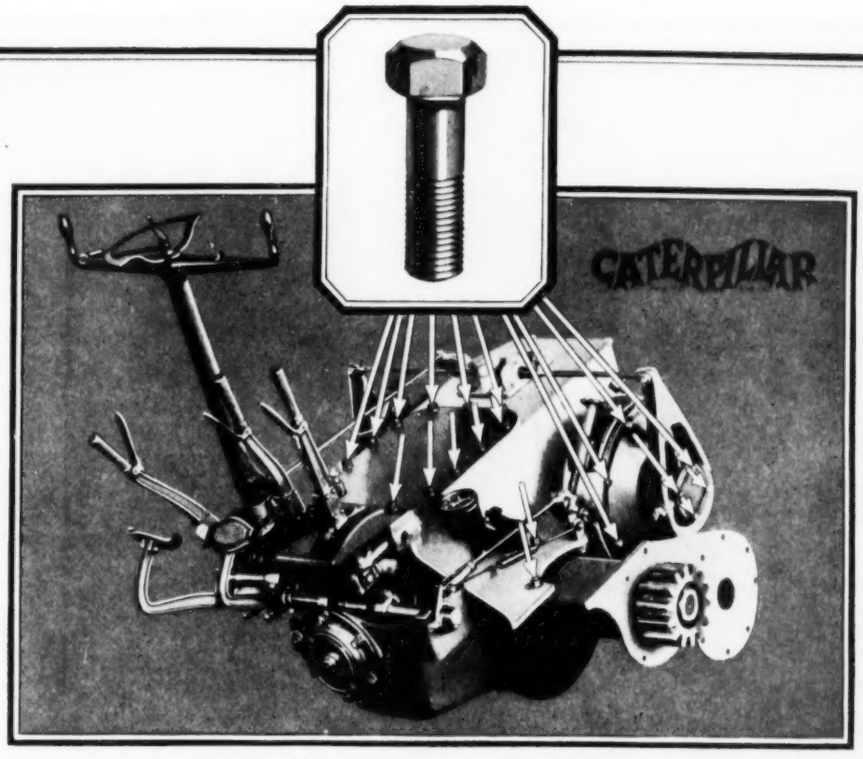
Our most successful business men have gained their high positions through following the plan of never doing those things that can be satisfactorily taken care of by their subordinates. When such men have found their time too largely taken up by callers they have provided a remedy by picking out a tactful, clever assistant, who is sometimes given a high-sounding title and who meets and satisfies the small army of visitors that call to talk business with the man higher up. Big men of this type are efficient because they emphasize punctuality. They keep all appointments on the minute and insist that those with whom they deal do likewise.

Time is often saved by asking prospective callers to send in advance of their visit a brief memorandum stating the principal points that are to be discussed. This memorandum can be quickly digested by the busy official and the time of the interview thereby reduced.

Great leaders in modern business to-day have learned to profit from defeat and make ladders out of difficulties. These officials have also come to know that in their fight for commercial or industrial supremacy they must make men before they can make money.

The size of the net profits of a business organization to-day depends very largely upon the size of the men that constitute the company's personnel.





Steering Control Assembly of the Holt "Caterpillar" Tractor

Helping the "Caterpillar" pull its mighty load

ALONG the battle fronts of Europe went Ferry Process Screws—an essential part of the famous "Caterpillar" Tractors.

Helping the "Caterpillar" do its tremendous work—from Belgium to Palestine—Ferry Process Screws met every demand for strength and endurance. Through the stress of hauling the Allied heavy guns to firing positions over shell-torn ground and through roadless wastes of mud and sand, Ferry quality withstood every test. Commenting on this, Holt officials have written to the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company as follows:

"'The service rendered by the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company's products in "Caterpillar" Tractors, built for the United States and Allied governments for war purposes, enhanced the quality of the product, withstanding the most intensive use without criticism of defective design or quality.'"

Today Ferry Process Screws are giving this same efficient service in peace, helping Holt "Caterpillar" Tractors carry on their big work in thirty-five different countries.

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Holt have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

This new principle in screw-making completely reverses the old method. Instead of taking a steel bar the *size of the head* and tediously milling it to the right size, the Ferry Process *begins* with a bar of steel the *size of the shank*, thus avoiding a great waste of both time and raw material.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut it to size and shape would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Out of this problem came Thomas Ferry's ingenious invention—a matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by proper compression.



The Old Way *The Ferry Way*

The head is finished, the end pointed, the shank threaded to micrometer exactness, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as standard. The Ferry heat treatment insures uniformity in strength. These steps are performed by patented Ferry equipment—high speed automatic machines and special tools. The result is the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it.

* * * *

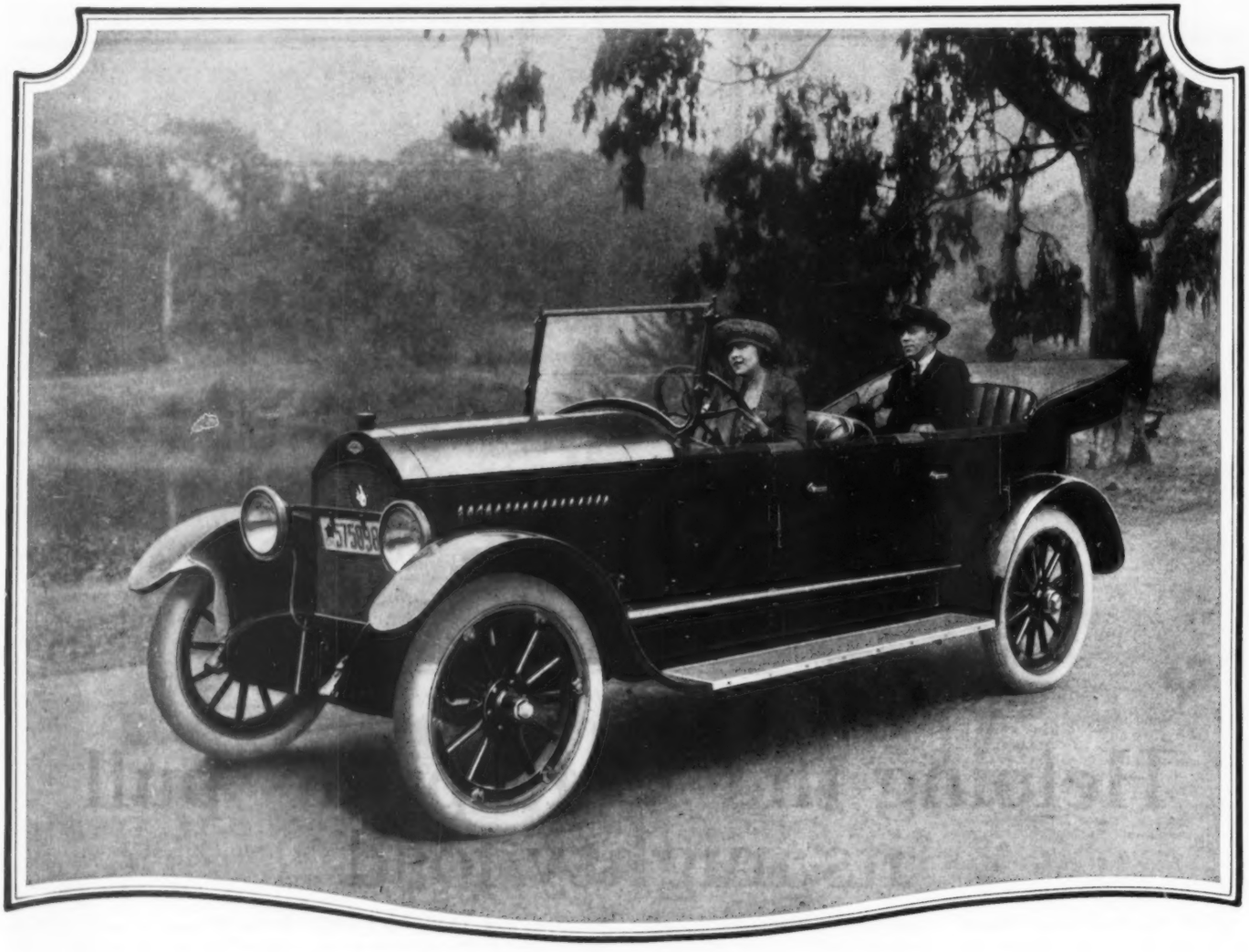
Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Holt, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co.
Buffalo Forge Company
Buick Motor Co.
Chain Belt Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Gendron Wheel Co.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co.
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Hudson Motor Car Co.
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Co.
Maxwell Motor Co.
Oakland Motor Car Co.
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Scripps-Booth Corporation
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corporation
Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
The White Company

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.

THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS



Delightful Driving

The quality that consistently stimulates pride of ownership in the Commonwealth is best expressed in "Delightful Driving." The brilliant performance of its power plant, comfort of its appointments and its sturdy construction — mark this Economy Four a master creation.

A wheelbase of 117 inches, reserve power, more speed than the law allows, an alert responsiveness, make driving the Commonwealth a care-free pleasure.

See your dealer or send for booklet giving facts in graphic form.

COMMONWEALTH MOTORS COMPANY

Main Offices: Chicago, U. S. A. Factories: Joliet, Illinois, U. S. A.

Also Manufacturers of the Quayle Oil Burning Engine. Write for Descriptive Folder.

For the Motor-Wise

Owners who keep careful records report more than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—1000 miles to a like measure of oil, 8,000 miles on fabric tires, and 10,000 miles on cords. Such performance is utmost proof of continuous economy.

"Built in America Girdles the World"

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F. O. B. Factory

COMMONWEALTH

"The Car with the Foundation"

ENCORE LES FEMMES!

(Continued from Page 11)

turbulence came of teaching her the alphabet. Women, he expostulated, had need of the conversation of men to brighten their vivacity and to cure them of that negligence to which they would abandon themselves if they were not animated by the desire to please. This desire, he declared, produced allurement in their countenances, grace in their deportment, and sweetness in their voices, from which he proceeded to conclude that it was really the men who gave charm to the women, who without them would fall into indolent or churlish dispositions. He wound up by quoting the old French couplet of the twelfth century:

A woman knows enough if but her range of understanding reaches
To telling one from tother coat and breeches.

Then there was a lady man-hater who gave utterance to some impolite remarks on the abominable conceit of man who desired that woman's life should be vacuous in order that like a mirror it should reflect only the image of man. She said a quantity of feverish, brilliant things which sounded very well. But in the end I threw all these special pleaders out of court, simply marking this portion of the notes: "Irrelevant—though interesting if true." For all these antagonisms, bitternesses and backbitings got the main question nowhere.

That main question I finally formulated roughly thus: Given—woman; a dynamic force; possessing—probably—certain constant and essential qualities or attributes; and possessing also—more than probably—certain other nonessential, inconstant and variable qualities, concerning both of which, constant and inconstant characteristics, a vast deal of rubbish has been written and said from the beginning of time. But if it were possible to separate the constant and essential elements from the variable and nonessential elements as one separates the alloys from gold; and if, further, it were possible to plot roughly the curve of the development of woman since the beginning of the historical record, to see how heredity and environment have modified or suppressed these constant elements; and if, still further, it were possible to obtain a clear stream picture of the development of that particular breed of the human species called the American woman, going back to the sources of the stream, the colonial-pioneer period, and following the river from its shining headwaters through the windings of the centuries, taking soundings now and again to observe how environment in the form of government, laws, industrial civilization, and, last but not least, how that other particular member of the genus, *homo sapiens*, the American male, has modified, reshaped or broadened the current—until, finally, we reach the year 1920, in the present era of grace, with the presidential elections looming in the foreground, and women, as voters, an important factor therein; then, in possession of these two powerful factors—woman's angle of constancy and her specific development here in the United States—could not one, taking the widest possible base, triangulate a point in the political future and say, with some degree of accuracy: "Thus and thus will American women react," and so map out a stable course?

Back to the Sources

To do this, to work out the theorem even roughly, seemed at this juncture of more value than to discover whether Mrs. Bill Jones would vote the Democratic or the Republican ticket. Perhaps, if we have luck with the general proposition, we shall know where Mrs. Bill Jones gets off too; for we shall have reduced all the Mrs. Bill Joneses to their least common denominators and obtained their political reactions, no matter what ticket they vote.

Going back to origins and sources, it is not pertinent to this particular study to make a detailed stream picture of the development of women since the beginning of time. But for amusement, as well as for benefit, one may drive down a few surveyor's stakes now and again along the shores of that stream as it has appeared glimmering through the pages of history; now a bright, clear flow of crystal wandering water, now muddy and defiled, now vanished altogether from view, hidden, darkling, murmuring along its secret twilight way; exciting wonder, hate, love; its power always admitted even when most scourged and abused—until, in the course of its wanderings, it appears in America, in the souls of our ancestors.

The remotest ancestor of man, in the pale gray dawn of organic life, so the scientists say, was the Pteraspis, the ganoid fish, an amiable chap, whose respected skeleton may now occasionally be found in sections of limestone. Upon the subject of how Monsieur Pteraspis treated Madame Pteraspis the dim æons are mute. We do not know whether he regarded her as an angel or a demifool; as a chattel, a hereditament or a slave; or whether as a free voting denizen of the briny deep she had the right to fin in on any aquatic dispute. Speaking privately and unofficially, subject to correction by the scientists, I think she finned in.

Passing the ganoid fish of the Silurian Kingdom, passing also sundry other relatives, saurians of the prime, we come to certain ancestors whose features, physical and spiritual, bear a faint resemblance to our own. It is Eve, the *enfant terrible*, ragging man in the garden of first love. Here, without doubt, certain significant characteristics of the radiant energy of woman as differentiated from that of man appear in this ancient record. But there is another legend of the Far East which narrates the origin of woman, and since we are glancing at sources, pagan as well as Christian, we may as well file both reports. Whence Eve was derived every schoolboy knows. But how Koo Koo came into this world is, as the French say, another pair of gloves.

The First Woman's Make-Up

It is related in the blurred hieroglyphic inscriptions on the crumbling walls of an ancient temple that when Twashtri, Lord of Life, had finished the invention of the world and that funny jack in the box called man, he found he had exhausted all his materials and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows: He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of rows of bees, and the joyous gayety of sunbeams, and the weeping of clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of the fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the kokila, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakrawaka—and he compounded all these subtly together and made woman and gave her to man.

But after one week man came to him and said: "Lord, this creature you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly and teases me beyond endurance, never leaving me alone; and she requires constant attention and takes up all my time and cries about nothing and is always idle, and so I have come to give her back to you, as I cannot live with her."

So Twashtri said: "Very well," and he took her back.

Then after another week man came again to him and said: "Lord, I find my life is very lonely since I gave you back that creature. I remember how she used to dance and sing to me, and look at me out of the corner of her eye, and play with me and cling to me, and her laughter was music, and she was beautiful to look at and soft to touch—so give her back to me again."

So Twashtri said: "Very well," and gave her back.

Then after only three days man came and said: "Lord, I know not how it is, but I have come to conclude that she is more of a trouble than a pleasure, so please take her back again."

But Twashtri, Lord of Life, said: "Out upon you! Be off! I will have no more of this. You must manage how you can."

Then man said: "But I cannot live with her."

And Twashtri replied: "Neither could you live without her."

And he turned his back on man and went on with his work.

Conklin

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And man went away murmuring: "What is to be done? For I cannot live either with her or without her?"

And from that day to this he has wanted to give her away at least once a week. So man took her back and he called her Koo Koo—spoken very softly, with the lips drawn in by the faithful. Unbelievers pout them out. It is further recorded upon the wall that there was an ancient song composed by the first Perse of Persia in his lighter hours, when he was aweary of affairs of state, the first line of which runs: "I know a Koo Koo."

At this stage the hieroglyphics become blurred and undecipherable—and perhaps it is just as well! But certainly this is a different account from that which Mr. John Milton gave of the first bridal pair: "He for God only, she for God in him!"

Here in this record, a record of origins and sources, we indubitably obtain an indication, a glimpse of that radiant, compulsive energy we have been talking about. Expressed primitively, in terms of symbols, of paradox, its testimony is, nevertheless, extremely significant. Pondering over the soul of this legend it seemed to me that the face of Koo Koo, peeping out down through the centuries, was still to be seen in civilized countries—most often, perhaps, in France, not in the cities, but in the hamlets and villages on a fresh Sunday morn; less in England; and in America, when seen, it was so overlaid by other things that the features were scarce recognizable as those of the ineffable, imperturbable Koo Koo herself, the Radiant One, in whose worship men in old days reared temples and cathedrals and carved her likeness in Winged Victories.

Leaving this source to glance down the centuries, we come to ancient Egypt. Here women enjoyed freedom, dignity, power. They engaged in trade and commerce under their own names and one could read any morning, in the street of the merchants, posters of papyrus like this: "Miss Isis, of the House of Nepenthe, respectfully calls the attention of her distinguished clientele to the superfine quality of cotton of the Upper Nile which to-day she is selling at a tremendous sacrifice on account of moving into her new bazaar. Excellent for wrapping the sacred dead. Our mummies endure forever." The women studied medicine, music, law, and argued their own cases in court; attended camel races, regattas on the Nile, and, when need was, pushed their too importunate lovers over the parapet to the crocodiles. Altogether, a group of fine, free, independent dames, with the Koo Koo strain running strong.

The Greek Suffragette

In Greece the stream picture gives back a different reflection. In the beginning, to be sure, they had freedom and initiative aplenty, as witness the songs of Homer in which he recounts the exploits of the overseas hero, Ulysses, and the episode with Nausicaa. Nausicaa, descending to the seashore to bathe with her maidens, sees the shipwrecked warrior, *sans* coat, *sans* hat, *sans* the price of a haircut, *sans rien*, peering wistfully at her radiant young beauty from behind a screen of trees. Pitying his plight Nausicaa bids him be fed, bathed and attired in a conventional costume. Presently, when she sees him emerge from the bath, shaved, clothed, sleek and handsome as Apollo, and gayly ready to throw his hat into the ring, she exclaims with delightful candor: "Would that such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide!"

Koo Koo herself, in her winsomest mood, could not have spoken better.

This was in the fresh morning of Greek civilization. Later on the women did not fare so well. For the Greek husbands took to locking up their true and lawful wives, pocketing the keys, and then going off to play by themselves in the open, at the games, in the sculptors' studios, arguing with Socrates on the sidewalk or sporting with Amaryllis in the shade. That the wives, descendants of Koo Koo and of Nausicaa, objected to this we have the record of Xanthippe to prove. For she used to break out of her prison, come running down the street with red ruin in her eye, and tell Socrates and the young bloods gathered round him exactly what she thought of them. She was, I suppose, the first militant suffragette.

Looked at from any point of view, the conduct of these latter-day Greek husbands was thoroughly unsportsmanlike; and partisan historians have attempted to trace the entire downfall of the Greek civilization to that one defect. But to this the present nonpartisan reporter cannot agree; for though freely admitting that an individual or a nation ought to fall down, and fall down severely, for such unamiable conduct, it nevertheless looks as though such conduct must be regarded as a symptom rather than as a cause of disintegration. Many other things contributed to ruin the morale of the Greeks; and they exhibited their decline in their treatment of women.

The next port of call is ancient Rome. Here, as in primitive Greece, the early Romans, a simple, warring, jovial lot, made their wives their companions, conquered with them the barbaric tribes of Englishmen and Gauls, hearkened to their advice in camp and court, and the word of Koo Koo was held in great esteem. Later, as the blazing star of the Roman Empire paled, the power and prestige of the Roman woman waned also and she fell on evil days.

The Dark-Age Women

We pass now to that obscure twilight period called the Dark Ages, when the stream whose shores we are following took an abrupt dip underground; a period wherein Koo Koo was considered an invention of the devil—instead of a gift of the Lord of Life—to send man to hell; marriage was held to be a condition of mortal sin, and celibacy the pious and desirable state. During this paradoxical period man betook himself to a monkery, Koo Koo hid herself in a nunnery, and if one so much as glanced at the other both wore hair shirts for a month. But there were a few compensations, at least so far as the women were concerned, in being considered the children of Beelzebub; for they found time to read, to learn ancient tongues, to make music, paint illuminated missals, and become skilled in nursing and medicine. They even studied higher mathematics and philosophy. But neither man nor woman was intended to live alone, and this period of asceticism tended to degrade women.

Approaching more closely our own times, we come to France. Here, under the Code Napoléon, woman was placed entirely under the guardianship and control of her nearest male relative. Later, some—though not all—of the more oppressive laws of the code were repealed. But public opinion in France has always been far in advance of its laws respecting women, and their state, practically if not technically, is one of broad social independence and power. It was a witty Frenchman who remarked that all women should reign but not rule. Certainly they reign in France; and not seldom they also rule.

In Germany, a new crude nation politically as compared with France, the attitude toward women in the last two centuries is typified by the action of the father of Frederick the Great, of whom it is related that whenever he met a woman in the street he would raise his cane and say: "Get back into the house! An honest woman should keep indoors."

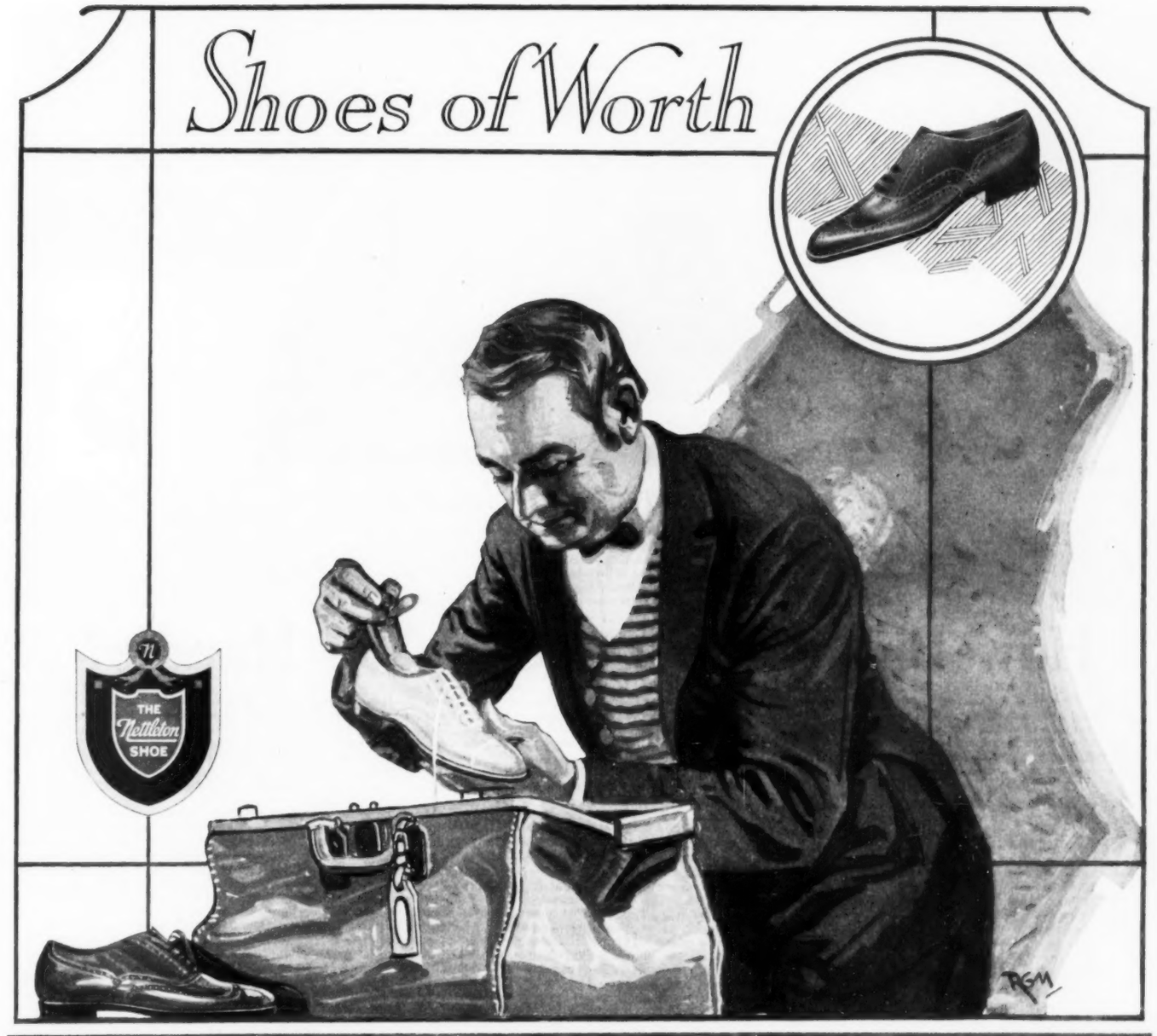
The next nation is England, in which the development of women, in its broad features, is known to us through the similarity of language, literature, politics and governmental forms. And now we have charted roughly a kind of topographical stream picture of the history of woman from her original source in the far-off legendary land of Koo Koo, down through the centuries, until we come to the rock-bound coast of Plymouth, U. S. A. After which, from now on, it is unnecessary to consult legends, blurred hieroglyphics on the crumbling walls of ruined cities; unnecessary to peruse the carved bas-relief of an ancient funeral urn to catch a glimpse of the fleeing figure of Koo Koo; or to dream over the songs of an old blind Greek wanderer who struck his blooming lyre for all the world to hear, and an American, gathering up those golden notes on his own tuning fork, sang:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

. . . . . .

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

(Continued on Page 177)



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(Continued from Page 174)

From now on all is clear sailing down the stream of time. One has only to walk into the nearest library, and say to the efficient person at the desk, "What have you on the development of American women during the colonial period?" and she conducts you straight to a wall bristling with drawers which contain a billion indexed cards. Ah, Koo Koo, we have you cornered now!

In the observation of the stream picture of the development of women in America it seems better to break the whole period into three parts: calling the first, Woman, the Pioneer; the second, Woman in Industry; and the third, Woman, the Political Animal. But before taking up, briefly and from one particular angle only, the study of these three periods, I am going to return for a moment to that phase of the problem in which I set myself the task of defining woman in terms of power, in terms of her essential constant elements, as one defines water by the formula of H_2O.

Upon this particular phase of the problem the historical record, unfortunately, has been darkened and smirched by two antagonistic groups: A few embittered women who wish to prove the absolute inferiority of the entire male sex; and a larger group of men who wish to confine woman rigorously to what they consider her sphere. There is something odious, ignoble and revolting in these petty recriminations—man trying to prove something against woman, and woman trying to catch man in a trap. Nothing is gained by such antagonism and the truth is often obscured; for the fundamental truth is that men and women are allies, not enemies; formed for friendship and love, not suspicion and hate. They are the two halves of the whole, and each half has need of the other half to make a unit. For this very fact of halfness means that neither man nor woman is altogether whole, perfect or complete in himself or herself. It also means that neither half is the mere replica, echo or reiteration of the other half. Thus, woman is no more an underdeveloped man than man is an overdeveloped woman. She is not a child; she is not simply an affectionate and docile animal of inferior grade. She is—herself; first of all, before wife or mother, a human being; subject to the same weaknesses and distempers as man, and reacting in substantially the same fashion to all chemical and mechanical agents.

Concerning their mentality, Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, says: "In nearly thirty years of teaching college men and women I have found no male and no female mind. The logical processes of young women and of young men seem to me to be the same in the same subjects."

The Sex of Genius

In addition, it should again be stated that there is rarely to be found among civilized beings a man who is pure unadulterated male or a woman who is pure unadulterated female. Almost every man has a streak of feminine in his nature and almost every woman has a streak of masculine in her nature; when those streaks run too wide a man is called effeminate and a woman masculine. It was, no doubt, something like this which the French philosopher had in mind when he remarked sardonically: "There are no women of genius; women of genius are all men." But this, as Havelock Ellis points out, is only partly true; for in genius there is the male, the female—and also the element of childlikeness. This was preëminently true of the Greeks, of Shakspere and of Goethe.

After, however, one has made all these admissions and modifications, thrown out antagonisms and questions of superiority and inferiority, there still remains a residuum, both on the one hand and on the other, in which woman energy, so-called, appears to react differently from man energy. And now we are getting down to bed rock. Yet, as a further modification and caution, it should be stated that the opinions here given represent only the present scientific status of the subject, and it is well known that the scientific dogmas of one age are to the succeeding age a matter of derision and scorn. So it may well be that, as the development of the woman in the eighteenth century was far greater than that of the seventeenth, and that of the nineteenth exceeded that of the eighteenth, their still further development in the twentieth may cause the scientists to eat their present dicta. Until they do, their pronouncements stand.

These pronouncements may be stated as follows:

There appears to be a greater general variability exhibited by the male sex—a greater variational tendency; they swing to wider extremes. Genius is generally conceded to be an organic congenital abnormality or disproportion, and abnormality is more common in men. "Thus, while genius, so-called, is by no means confined to one sex," says Havelock Ellis, "it is yet predominantly associated with one sex." He continues: "From the organic standpoint, women represent the more stable and conservative elements in evolution; they are more primitive. We have therefore to recognize that in men there is an organic variational tendency to depart from the average; and in women, in females generally, an organic tendency—notwithstanding all their facility for minor oscillations—to stability and conservatism, involving a diminishing individuality and variability. . . . A large part of the joy that men and women take in each other is rooted in this sexual difference of variability. In men women find leaders. In women men find beings who have not wandered so far as they have from the typical life of earth's creatures. Women are for men the human embodiments of the restful responsiveness of Nature. Woman is more in harmony with Nature than man, and she brings man into harmonious accord with Nature. This organically primitive nature of woman in form and function and instinct is always restful to men, tormented by their vagrant energies."

Appeasing a Jealous Wife

Continuing the discussion of the principle of the greater variability of the male and the corresponding greater stability of the female—the two qualities thus perfectly poised—he says: "The special liability of women to be affected by minor vital oscillations is balanced by a special resistance to more serious oscillations; so that against the affectability of women we must place their large disvulnerability." And again: "The greater variability of men, while it produces many brilliant and startling phenomena, also produces a greater proportion of worthless or even harmful characters, and the balance is thus restored with the more equable level of women.

"In the intellectual region, men possess greater aptitude in dealing with remote and philosophic interests of life; women have at least as great an aptitude in dealing with immediate practical interests. Women, it is true, remain nearer than men to the child state; men, on the other hand, approach nearer than women to the apelike and the senile state. The more nearly we investigate, the more clearly and emphatically these compensations stand out. As women are close to Nature, women's interests are more closely identified to Nature's interests." Ellis notes also "a greater precocity of the female, involving greater rapidity of growth and consequently an earlier arrest than in man."

Differences pointed out by other psychologists may be briefly summed up as follows: Masculine methods of thought tend to be massive and deliberate. Women are more quick to perceive and more nimble to act. How often through the ages has man, in mortal danger, been saved by the brisk intervention of Koo Koo! Men appear better able to apply what they learn; they are more inclined to supplement their acquired knowledge by reflection or further independent investigation. Women, in the large, dislike the intellectual process of analysis; they dislike rigid rules; they are prone to accept or reject as a whole, to reduce the impersonal to the personal, and the general to the concrete.

To illustrate this latter point a Frenchman related the following episode: He said that one unfortunate day he inadvertently remarked to his wife that he admired the blue-eyed type. Whereupon the dark-eyed partner of his destiny immediately instituted an espionage over all his letters in order to discover the address of her blue-eyed rival. "The more I laughed at her," he said, "and told her she was a silly little goose, the more stonily convinced of my perfidy she became. The domestic temperature sank to round zero. My mother came to visit us, observed the frigid atmosphere, and I gave her the lay of the land.

"My mother looked at me thoughtfully and then she inquired: 'Well—is there somebody?'

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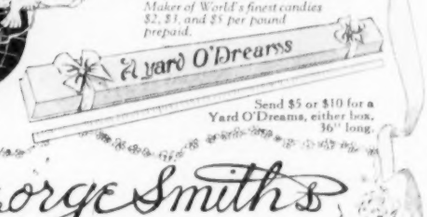
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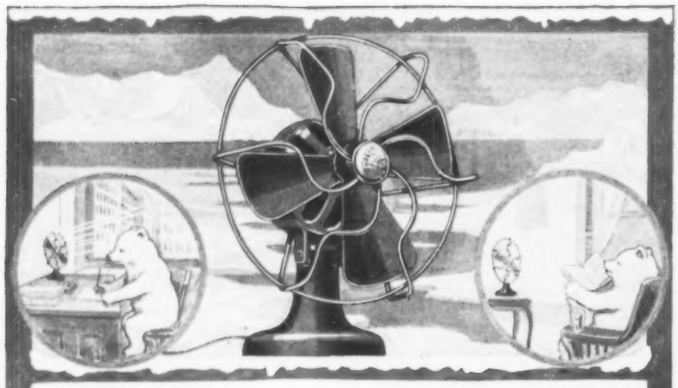


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"'Grand Seigneur, mother!' I exclaimed. 'You're as bad as my wife.'

"'You've not answered my question.'

"I answered it to her satisfaction; she meditated a moment and then remarked: 'All right I'll arrange it. I'll tell her you were thinking of me.' Which she did—completely appeasing my wife. And by a ruse which would never have entered my head."

But it was no ruse. Both women simply reduced the general to the particular, and the blue-eyed mother went a step farther, realizing the profound truth that a man, whether he be conscious of it or not, is apt to have a natural predilection for eyes of the color which he first stared solemnly up into as a babe, and investigated thoroughly from the safe vantage of a mother's arms.

One cannot leave this part of the subject without reference to Schopenhauer, that brilliant unstable genius, who, hating woman, fearing woman, yet uttered one of the profoundest truths concerning her nature that is to be found in the record of the century. In it he marks definitely her different relationship to power, to life, from that of man. "In the darkest recesses of their hearts," he cries scornfully, "women live altogether more in the race than in the individual." And this is so true that there is no need to quarrel with its author. He has stated in a single sentence the main difference between the man angle and the woman angle in its relationship to life. As distinct from man, woman is a being to whom the race means more than does the individual; its needs mean more to her than the needs of the individual. High or low, rich or poor, good or bad, women will be found guarding the interests of the race against the interests of the individual. On such a question all the Mrs. Bill Joneses in the world will vote the same way.

Balanced Essentials

Recapitulating briefly, there are, then, constant essential elements in the energy of woman which differentiate it from the energy of man, and give it a peculiar value in society, government and law. These constant essential differences may be stated as follows:

A greater general variability of the male and a corresponding greater stability of the female.

A greater precocity of the female, involving a greater rapidity of growth and a consequent earlier arrest than in man.

A greater aptitude in the male for abstract philosophic interests and a greater aptitude in the female for immediate practical interests.

A primitive quality in the female; a nearness to Nature and to Nature's interests. Woman is a being to whom the race means more than the individual—she guards the race from the individual.

Looking at these enduring and essential qualities of women, juxtaposed as they are by the enduring and essential qualities of man, one is arrested by a striking phenomenon, namely—that neither of these sets of constants, neither that of woman nor that of man, appears to be independent of the other set.

On the contrary, they appear in every instance to be delicately yet powerfully poised and balanced one against the other, and their fusion necessary to the perfect whole. Thus, destruction is offset by conservatism; genius and abnormality by a sound average; wandering by stability; divergence from Nature by a peculiar closeness to Nature; and the whole further bound mystically together by a profound hankering of each of these lonesome little constants for its other half, its mate.

If there is any conclusion to be drawn from this it is that the masculine and the feminine elements, each in equal measure, have need of the other in society, in government, in the home, wherever men and women are. Neither half of the constants is fashioned to go it alone. Each half by itself topples over, flies to pieces, drags. Each set of constants is especially ordained and designed to influence the other set to the uttermost. We want, therefore, the masculine and the feminine elements in our nation; and we want a free, noble expression of both of them in our private and public lives.

If emphasis has been laid on these constant essential characteristics of women it is because there appears to be a general tendency in the world to thrust out of sight these solid, eternal values, to ignore them, to sweep them off the stage; and to crown instead those values in woman in which she merely parallels, imitates or follows man.

Reducing the matter to a formula, let us call man's unique contribution to the world *a*, and woman's unique contribution *b*, and *c* the desirable sum of *a*+*b* in human affairs. But if woman forsakes her *b*-ness, in which lies her peculiar power, and slides over to *a*, then the result *c*, will have in it too much masculine *a*-ness and lack the flavor and salt of *b*. The birthright of Koo Koo will have been sold for a mess of pottage—of which nobody likes the taste.

This point of the equal value of both the masculine and the feminine elements in life has been so obscured by animosity and hate, and the battle waged has been so stern, each side demanding the other side's scalp, that these bottom facts have been trampled underfoot. Both men and women have become confused as to what they really are fighting for. Is woman, then, struggling to throw overboard her *b*-ness, and say that she stands on her *a*-ness along with man? Heaven and Koo Koo forbid!

To a plain nonpartisan observer the proper method of procedure would appear to be to follow the straight lead of Nature: Man playing his game, woman playing hers; neither railing at the other; but each hewing square to the line, let the chips fall where they may. Upon this subject Havelock Ellis says: "The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and the feminine elements in life. Respective fitness of man or woman for any kind of work can only be proved by actual open experiment. And exaggerated anxiety lest natural laws be overthrown is misplaced. The world is not so insecurely poised!"

Thus far I have attempted to sketch roughly the stream picture of woman's development in history; and, second, I have defined, approximately, the energy of that stream in terms of its constant elements. That is to say, sources have been glimpsed, and the angle of constancy has been determined. Let us call that constant angle in woman the angle of psyche; and the constant angle in man the angle of individuality. This angle of psyche, common to all women at all times, we are going to use later on as a measure to figure the slant of woman in politics—the line of her maximum power.

But in order to apply that angle of psyche with any degree of accuracy to American politics we must first establish a particular base. And for that base, in order to make it as wide as possible, I have chosen the line of development of American women from the colonial period up to the general elections of 1920. And now the main proposition, reduced to geometrical terms, reads something like this: Given woman's constant angle of psyche, *a*, and man's constant angle of individuality, *b*, and the base AB, to construct upon that base the political triangle of man's and woman's coöperation, ABC.

Handmade America

This base, AB, which is, in fact, the stream picture of development in America, I am going to subdivide into three portions, the first of which includes the activities of women during the colonial and pioneer period up to about 1840. A subtitle for this particular period might be called handmade America, in distinction from the second period, which was machine-made, coal and iron and steam made.

Looking back upon this handmade America in its beginnings, and comparing those first sturdy pioneers with the present heterogeneous flood that yearly rolls in upon our shores, one is arrested by the quality of the first immigrants, and the quantity of the present ones. Among those who crossed over before 1840 there were, of course, a few cheap, worthless types, but most of the leaders as well as the rank and file came that they might be free to think their own thoughts and lead their own lives. They were the type of strong men and women who had thoughts to think and faiths to defend. And to think those thoughts and to live by those faiths they were willing to face exile and the wilderness. The early portraits show them straight of brow, stern of eye, strong of jaw, a hardy, individualistic, fighting lot—ideal progenitors of a lusty nation.

They started off the new civilization by building churches and schools and homes

(Concluded on Page 181)



This 1,200-foot Rex Griplock Chain Refuse Conveyor has saved $10,000 in chain costs during three years' operation at the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company's mill on Puget Sound

Rex Griplock—Three Years—and $10,000

One of the big lumber mills on Puget Sound, the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company's plant, bought 1,200 feet of Rex Griplock Chain to equip a long refuse conveyor, about three years ago.

This chain cost about $2,000. It replaced a steel chain, forged in their own shop, which cost about the same amount and which used to give about six months of service.

Three years of the old chain cost six times $2,000—a total of $12,000.

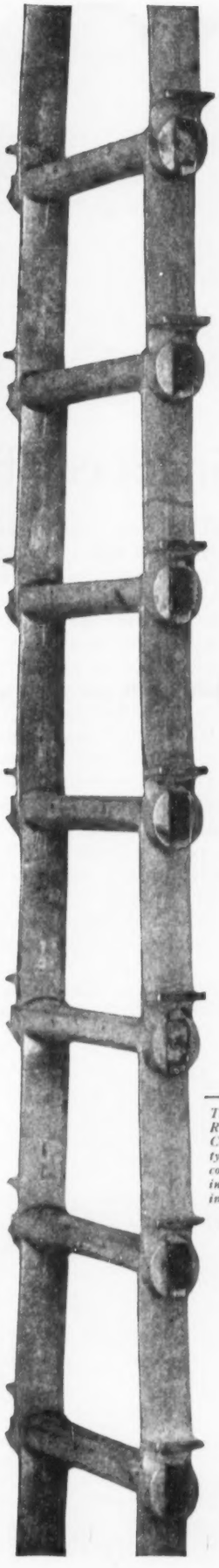
The original Rex Griplock Chain has run continuously, 24 hours a day, every day in the week, for three years and is still giving faithful service.

So, the Rex Griplock has given them three years of *better* service, has saved much in replacement and repair time, and has saved $10,000 in chain costs.

Service and savings such as these are not unusual where Rex Griplock Chains are used. The Griplock feature makes chains stronger than their link pins.

In the lumber, canning, oil and other industries where chain drives, elevators and conveyors are an essential part of the labor-saving, production-increasing equipment, Rex Chains, engineered to specific installations, are giving even, economical and long-lived service.

They can do the same for you.



This is a section of Rex Griplock Chain No. 480, the type used on the conveyor described in the accompanying story

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

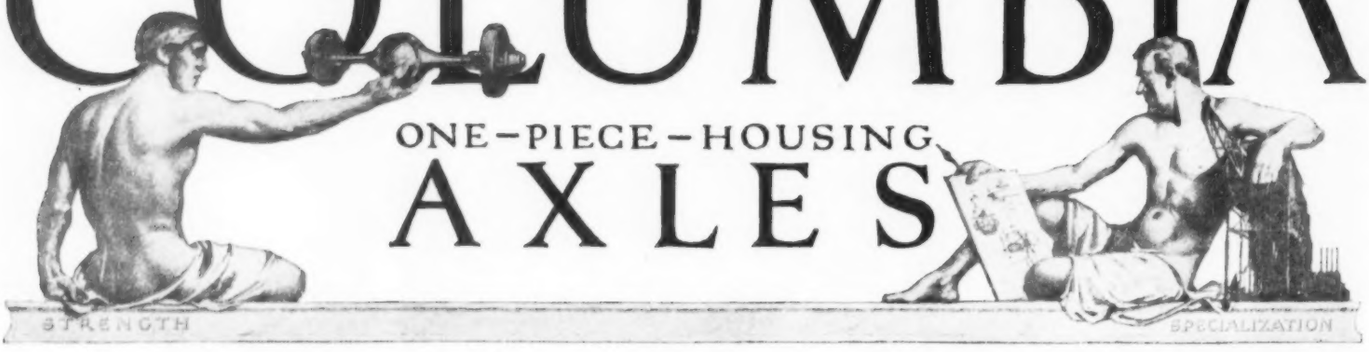
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Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad

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ONE-PIECE-HOUSING

AXLES



Lifting a car by its Own Bootstraps

A SHARP turn. A steep hill. A jam of traffic. A dead stop—and on again.

The occurrence is common enough. But have you ever given a thought to the herculean task it requires of the rear axle?

A giant's feat! At one instant it holds the brakes that try to twist it from the frame; at the next, it is lifting the car almost by its own "bootstraps," out of its deep inertia onward again towards the summit!

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Is it any wonder, then, that we, as axle builders, feel it necessary to concentrate the whole effort of our organization upon axles alone?

Backed by years of experience with axles, we came together in the Columbia Axle Company to make strong, safe axles.

The great success of the Columbia One-Piece-Housing Rear Axle has confirmed our policy—and we remain, as we began, axle specialists. We are proud to be able to offer you, as a motor car owner, this product of our conscientious endeavor.

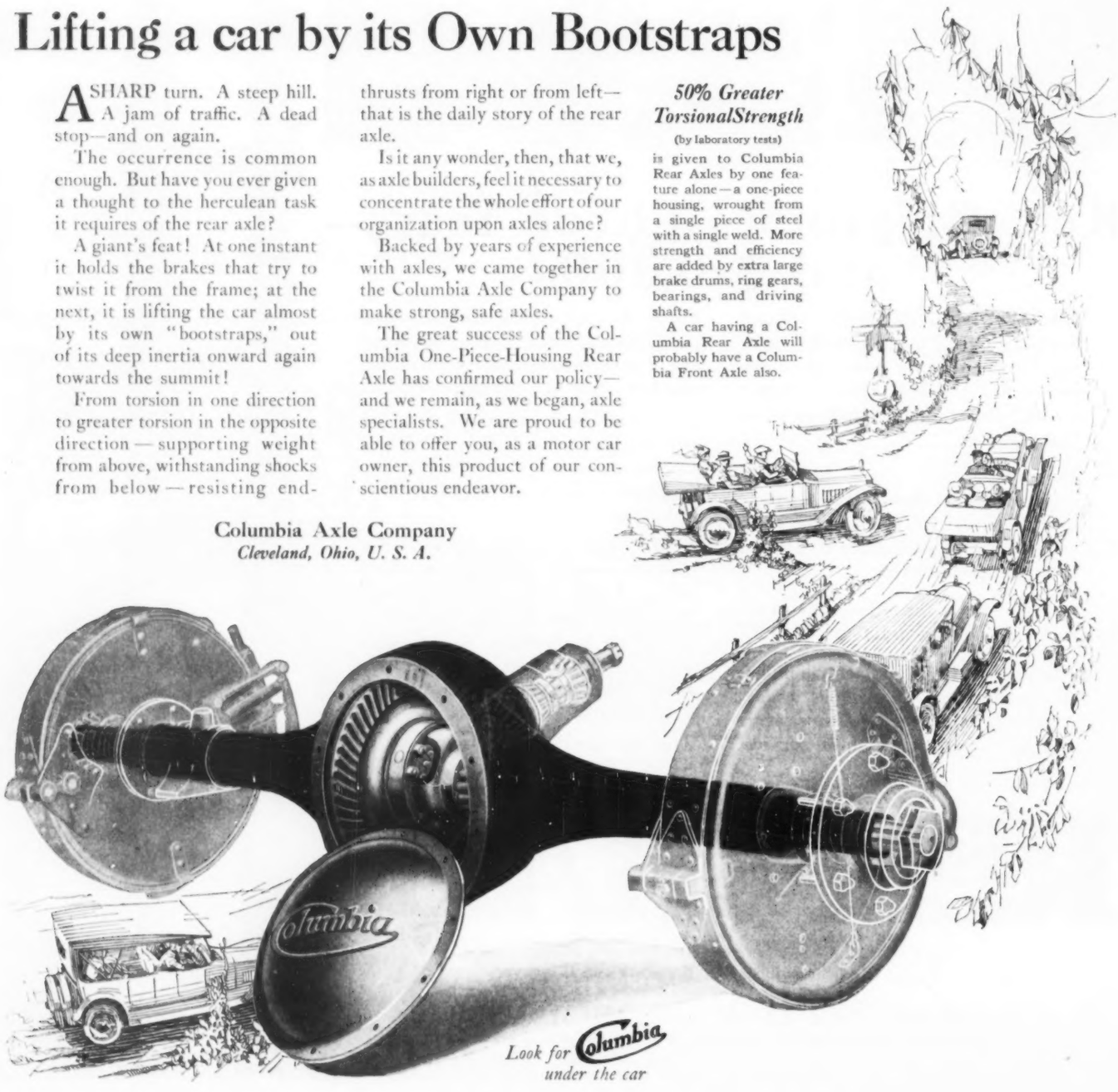
50% Greater TorsionalStrength

(by laboratory tests)

is given to Columbia Rear Axles by one feature alone—a one-piece housing, wrought from a single piece of steel with a single weld. More strength and efficiency are added by extra large brake drums, ring gears, bearings, and driving shafts.

A car having a Columbia Rear Axle will probably have a Columbia Front Axle also.

Columbia Axle Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.



Look for Columbia *under the car*

(Concluded from Page 178)

for their families—for these were family men, not single, reckless adventurers. Here, in this new environment, the conditions were extremely favorable for women to work out their freedom; to develop to the full the powers of their personality. For both men and women faced primitive forms of existence and did things in a new way; they had to do them in a new way in order to conquer their environment—in order to survive.

Women had thus to break with their old tradition of conservatism of doing the same old things in the same old way. They had definitely to break with the past.

The new life, with its multifold demands in every direction upon her personality, forced woman to exert herself to the last atom of her energy, to draw upon the deepest reservoirs of her strength. Looking back over this period of beginnings one cannot designate it as an era of particular happiness to women. To bear and rear a large family; to cook and wash and scrub; to feed the harvesters in summer; to conserve the meat and vegetables and fruit; to do all the spinning, weaving, sewing and mending; to care for the defective and sick—just to mention a few of the pioneer woman's favorite indoor sports—proved sometimes too heavy a task. It is recorded that for a farmer in the early days to outlive three or four wives was no uncommon occurrence.

When Families Flourished

But the purpose of this review of the past is not to hunt for happiness, but to check up the development of women along the psyche slant of their maximum powers. And there can be no manner of doubt that during this period of struggle and violent change American women broadened and deepened to meet the calls on their nature; became more supple, resourceful, alert, with an open hospitable threshold to ideas, customs and peoples against which in Europe they would have unhesitatingly barred the door.

And this alert resourcefulness, this looking forward instead of back, this hospitality to experiment and change, was a heritage which American women are cashing in upon to-day. Such a heritage was worth struggle, sacrifice, pain. This from the selfish viewpoint of a descendant. Thank you, ancestors!

This period of the nation's infancy I have called a handmade period, likening it to a handmade garment, strongly and carefully fashioned by painstaking hands. Everywhere upon this early fabric is visible the hand of man, and, equally with his, the hand of woman—an able, patient, toil-roughened hand. For in those times much more than now, the unit of the nation was the family—and the family was largely a handmade woman's job. Practically all forms of activity centered there. Each family produced its own food, clothes, and often furniture. Educational and religious instruction were included in the daily régime. Even the amusements were homemade.

And the controlling force of each one of these small solar systems was woman; she was the center and sun. Round her the entire mass revolved; she furnished the light and the heat. If what woman is after is opportunity to develop to the full her personality, then the handmade home of handmade America before 1840 offered almost ideal conditions.

In the different sections the family life took different slants according to the environment. Thus in New England—a small, closely knit homogeneous community, very near to the culture and politics of Europe, yet with a quick and jealous pride in this new land of promise—there was reared up a brood of stalwarts of whom we are justly proud to this day: statesmen, diplomats, jurists, editors and writers whose brains could—and did—compare favorably with the best brains of Europe.

In the South the big plantations—with an entire community dependent on the energy and organizing power of the mistress—took the youth out-of-doors into agricultural pursuits. The period was patriarchal—and matriarchal. The mothers of the South bore large families, guided the domestic destinies of a household, black and white, as large as a village; they were rulers, producers, artisans, economists, administrators. And in addition, perhaps to an even greater degree than their sisters of the North, they kept hand in hand with the careers of their husbands and sons, not forgetting also to preserve the more elusive and fragrant qualities of Koo Koo, which have rendered the women of the old South famous for their beauty and grace and charm. In the West, also, the family life, crude, robust, vital, was the center of power. Thus in North, South and West the same general proposition held true: The strength of the nation lay in its family life; the strength of the family life lay in its women; and the strength of the women lay in the fact that they were developing to the full those constant and essential elements of the feminine energy which are their best gift to the nation and to man.

This is by no means to be taken as an argument that woman's sphere should always be circumscribed by the home. It depends on the home. It depends even more on the position of the home in the stream of historical time. It depends on how that stream is being shaped by external factors, by inventions, discoveries, and the application of mechanical agents to modern life.

The greatest revolutionary mechanical agents in America, the agents which wiped out and obliterated this early period in which family life attained its finest flower; agents which altered and remade us from the ground up; which changed our systems of trade, industry, finance, education and modes of thought; which made us as remote from our ancestors as if they had been the citizens of fabled Greece and Troy—those mighty mechanical transformers of a nation's type of civilization were steam and coal and iron. When this triumvirate of forces struck the stream of American progress it so deflected the current that family life, along with everything else, took on a different slant. Women as individual units had no more to do with the change in the family life which supervened than had individual men. The three Titans were the responsible agents. When a minor force meets a *force majeure* there are three courses of action: The first is to get out of its way; the second is to fight; the third is to swim with the tide. What the American woman did in face of this force belongs to the second part of these observations on the stream picture of her development. Here, in this first period, we are only concerned to point out that the age was handmade, the family life powerful, and woman's personality developed to the full.

Colonial Views on Suffrage

In formal political life, it is true, she did not figure to a great degree; no doubt, she could have figured more with benefit to all concerned. But at the particular time it did not greatly matter, for her own circle was so extended that her powers and capabilities were all engulfed therein. Her contribution counted just the same. In nine of the thirteen original colonies woman had a right to vote in municipal and state affairs. That right she lost when the Federal Constitution was framed, it being deemed, rightly or wrongly, that the matter of suffrage belonged to the states. And the states, when it came to remaking their constitutions, did not confirm her rights under the colonial administration, and thus they lapsed.

That some of the early American statesmen took a liberal view of the subject is evidenced by the words of John Quincy Adams, who in defending the political petition of the women of Plymouth declared that "women are not only justified, but exhibit the most exalted virtue when they do depart from the domestic circle to enter on the concerns of their country, of their humanity and of their God."

So much for political rights. As for occupations, outside of matrimony, it is recorded that up to 1840 only seven kinds of employment were open to women. These consisted of teaching, needlework, keeping boarders, working in cotton mills and in book binderies, typesetting and household service. Compared with the wide range of women's occupations of the present day this seems a limited list. But looked at from the angle of the development of woman's constant and essential characteristics, those characteristics which are of peculiar value to the state, the period is significant. The psyche element in her nature had practically full swing. She was contributing to the nation her best gift along the lines of her maximum power.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Miss Frazer. The second will appear in an early issue.



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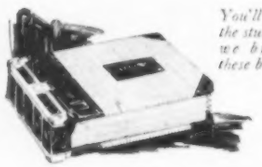
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Gives the Ford this smart look—Protects from weather—Outwears celluloids several times—Will not tear nor sag curtain. The glass fits present opening; metal sashes, one on each side, are clamped tightly to reinforced edges of opening with eight screws. **$2.50** buys set of three.

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Lite-a-ford provides as good driving light at 10 miles as at eighteen without it. It avoids burning out lamps and gives better lights for meeting on country roads than are found on the higher priced cars. Easily attached to any Ford model in fifteen minutes. Price **$8.00**.



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GRAVEY

(Continued from Page 13)

easily enough that the thousand had come into the possession of the smug and placid Esaw Flemmin.

Stylus did a little careful thinking. Then he did a little more. Finally he besought Florian Slappey.

"Florian," he said quietly, "I wants you to do me two favors."

"Done with you," retorted the immaculate Florian, who owed Stylus a trifling matter of twenty dollars. "What they is?"

"Tell me fust off," pursued Stylus, "is you one of these heah spirumtilists?"

"Says which?"

"One of these heah which b'lieves Esaw Flemmin is got a telyphone cinnection with heaven?"

"Nossuh," snapped Florian positively, "I ain't!"

"Good. Now fo' my two favors: The fust one is will you keep yo' mouth shut 'bout it?"

"'Bout what?"

"'Bout the secon' favor?"

"Yassuh, Brother Willuby, I will."

"Well, then the secon' one is this: Esaw Flemmin thinks he's 'bout the bes' pool player in the world. I wan' you to vagel him into a pool game an' lose this heah money"—and Stylus handed over thirty dollars to Florian—"to him. All the time you keep a-tellin' him what a swell pool player he is. An' when he's done cleaned you outen that thutty dollars you siggest that he plays with me on account I think I'm a swell player, but really I ain't as good as him—see?"

Florian nodded, and the faint beginnings of a grin twisted the corners of his mouth. "An' then ——"

"An' then," finished Stylus, "w'en I finishes with Esaw I might possibly loant him his pants to go home in."

Two hours later the balls were racked for what proved to be the final game of the Slappey-Flemmin set-to. The air of Bud Peaglar's place was heavy with the smoke of cheap cigars and cheaper Turkish cigarettes. A huge crowd had jammed about the table, and side betting was rampant. Prominent among the spectators was Stylus Willuby, who stood hunched against an adjoining table, silent for the most part, but occasionally spewing forth a comment which made Esaw Flemmin squirm.

Florian was beginning to entertain doubts. Instructions or no instructions, he had come to realize that Esaw Flemmin could spot him ten balls and beat him in a twenty-five-ball game. And he had a dark and horrible suspicion that even then Esaw was playing under wraps.

The final game was for ten dollars. Esaw broke and missed his ball. Florian, playing well above form, ran eleven. Esaw chalked up his cue and clicked off twenty-five straight. The crowd applauded. Florian racked his cue.

"I ain't in yo' class a-tall, Brother Flemmin," he remarked. "What you'd oughter do is to play some reg'lar player like'n to Brother Stylus Willuby!"

A hush settled over the crowd and all eyes focused on Stylus. That gentleman shook his bullet head in negation.

"Nossuh, boys—I ain't gwine shoot no pool with no feller which shoots like Mistuh Flemmin does."

Esaw swallowed hook, line and sinker. He was enormously pleased with the adulation of the spectators and, as had been planned, misinterpreted Stylus' hesitation. And here, he reflected, over the green cloth and under the bright lights, was a golden opportunity to humble once and for all the obnoxious Stylus. Esaw planted himself before Stylus.

"You ain't scared of me, is you?" he taunted.

"You shoots a pretty good game," grunted Stylus. "Co'se I shoots a good one too."

"Bet you ten dollars you cain't beat me."

Stylus shook his head. "Ten dollars is too much."

"Five."

Stylus hesitated. Florian nudged him.

"Whyn't you be a spoht, Stylus? Five dollars ain't gwine put you in the po'house?"

Stylus turned and doffed his coat.

"Gimme a cue, Bud," he said to the proprietor; and as Bud turned his back he grinned.

There is a certain peculiarity about all pool rooms which is most manifest in those resorts frequented by the members of the Afro-American persuasion, and it has to do with the town champion. It was showing itself now.

There was not a man about the table—barring the victim—who did not know that Esaw Flemmin was in for a thorough trimming. There were many who liked Esaw and disliked Stylus, but not one of them opened his lips in warning to Esaw. This was the unwritten law: "When a good pool player gits him a fish let him land him!" They were standing back, their attitudes indicating clearly that in their opinion Stylus was the victim being led to slaughter, their indifference superbly simulated.

The balls were racked, the game started. It was a close game and an exciting one. Esaw took no chances. He played his best, and in that particular game his best was good enough to win. Stylus offered an alibi.

"If I hadn't of missed that easy shot on the eight-rock I would of won," he said.

Esaw chuckled to himself. "Want to play another?"

"Yeh! You said it."

Stylus won the game on an apparent fluke, and the contestants were financially even. Esaw spread two tens and a five on the table. "That much says I wins the next game."

Stylus covered the twenty-five dollars. Esaw won.

"Double?" queried Stylus. "I'd oughter have a chance to win my losin's back."

Fifty dollars, and Stylus won. Esaw was peeved; he was as yet blissfully ignorant of the fact that he was being successfully played for a sucker.

"Hund'ed?" he asked.

Stylus nodded. Furthermore, Stylus won, and was one hundred and twenty-five dollars ahead of the game. Again he had played his man carefully, selecting a three-cushion shot for the winning ball, which impressed Esaw as flukish.

"Two hund'ed?" challenged Esau.

"Nothin' doin'," negatived Stylus. "Hund'ed dollars is enough."

"Piker!" choked Esaw, producing a hundred dollars from the thousand-dollar roll which had been intrusted to him by Mural Gettins.

Stylus began to extend himself a trifle. He won that game by a six-ball margin and was two hundred and twenty-five dollars to the good.

"You is mo' than two hund'ed dollars winner, Mistuh Willuby," raved Esaw. "How 'bout playin' me one mo' game fo' two hund'ed?"

Stylus shook his head. "Too much money. Hund'ed dollars."

Florian Slappey interfered. "Don't be no cheap skate, Stylus. You is playin' on velvet."

Stylus allowed himself to be persuaded. Two hundred dollars a side was wagered on the next game.

The crowd about the table had become a dense dark mass. The faces were eager, yet impassive. No hint was dropped the floundering Esaw by way of reminder that he was in for a thorough fleecing. The mass psychology of the spectators gave Esaw the impression that Stylus was playing over his own head and was certain to crack.

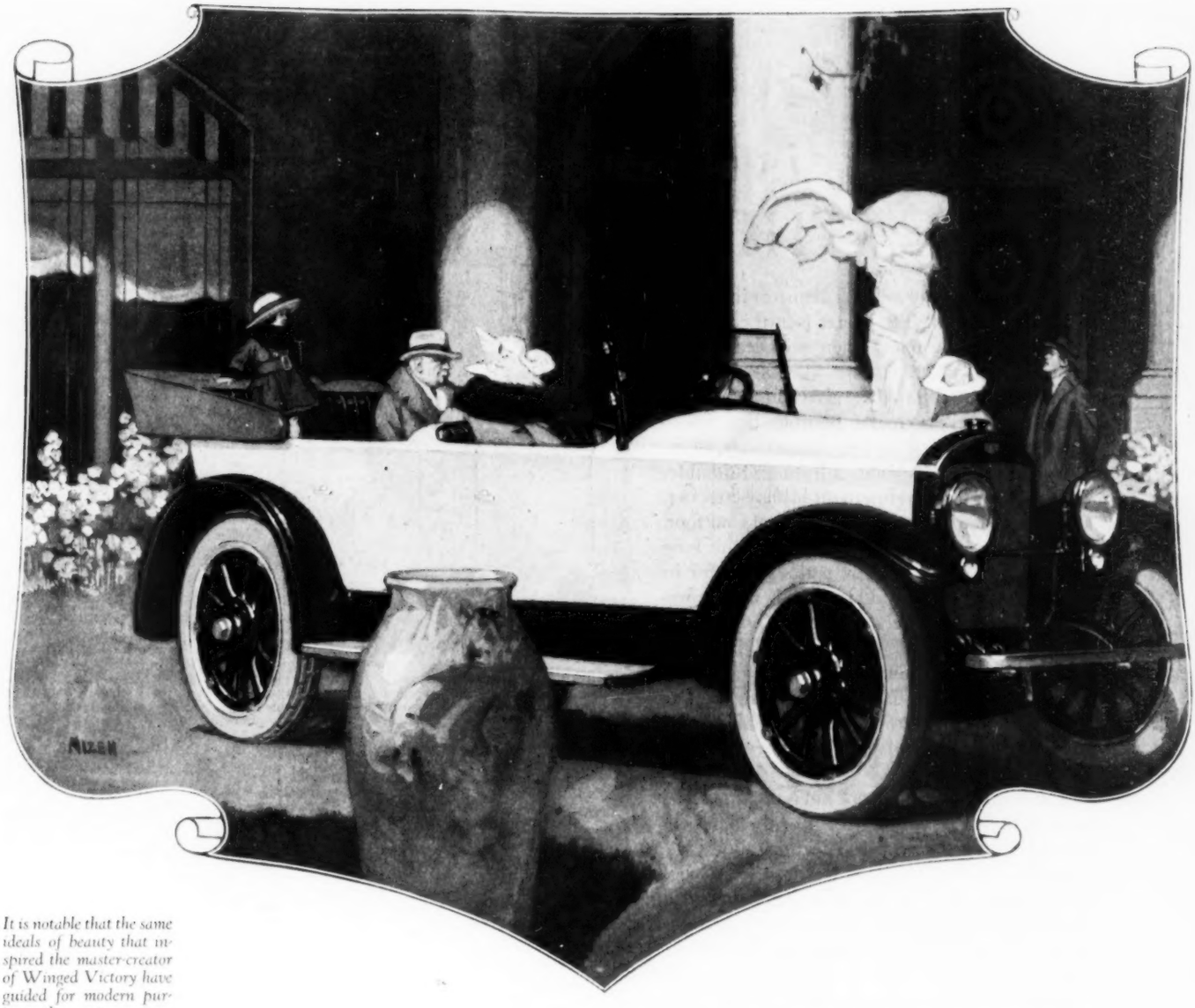
Esaw entered that game superbly confident. Stylus broke, called the far corner ball for a bank shot beneath him. He made it. He ran three more. Then he missed. Esaw sighted round the table, ran seven and then bobbled a set-up. Stylus found himself sewed completely and tried a safety which failed to work. His ball rolled a fatal quarter inch beyond the spot he intended and left the table wide open for Esaw. With eighteen to go, Esaw quickly clicked off twelve. Then he missed the thirteenth, leaving the score at nineteen to four.

Stylus chuckled happily. And just as happily, just as easily, and with a poolish insouciance almost insulting, he ran off his needed twenty-one and pocketed the four-hundred-dollar stake.

Esaw looked up with the first hint of suspicion. But the suspicion had come too late. Four hundred and twenty-five dollars of Mural Gettins' money had gone. He was forced to continue in a desperate effort to recoup. There was no backing out now.

One hour later Esaw Flemmin staggered into the night. In his pockets reposed the

(Continued on Page 185)



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AUBURN Beauty-SIX

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The SECRET is in the LEATHER

A MAN need not sacrifice comfort in having stylish shoes. The secret is in the leather, and it's a secret many men will learn with satisfaction.

The very qualities that give kid leather its congenial comfort make possible the finest-looking shoes.

Good kid, such as Vode, is light and flexible. This means greater refinement in shoe making, and a trim shoe that follows the lines of your foot.

Many a man has been surprised at the long wear of kid shoes, but few realize that, for its weight and thickness, kid is actually the strongest of all upper leathers. This fact was proved in tests for tensile strength, made by Professor George B. Haven in the laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Despite its light weight, genuine kid, like Vode, stretches but little and practically never breaks through in wearing.

The proverbial comfort of kid is not due alone to its lightness and resilience. For the hair cells are so constructed that kid leather allows the foot to "breathe," with attendant freedom from perspiration.

Add to the qualities of style, comfort and durability the important detail that kid shoes are particularly easy to keep clean, and you understand the growing popularity of Vode Kid.

This popularity has brought forth many other leathers that masquerade as kid. The shoe manufacturer and retailer who sell shoes made of Vode Kid are good men to patronize, because you know they are providing genuine kid leather. You can get smart shoes of Vode Kid in tan, dark brown, and black. They give you the rare combination of style with comfort.

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Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

SHOES OF VODE KID DO NOT MEAN HIGHER-PRICED SHOES, BUT BETTER SHOES

(Continued from Page 182)

sum of six dollars and forty-one cents, which amount included a Canadian dime.

Esaw was up against it and up against it hard. Not only had he lost the thousand dollars of Mural's money, but he realized that his failure to return that sum would bar him from all chance of getting his hands on the four thousand which she still retained.

Esaw padded along Eighteenth Street, bound southward toward his boarding house. Birmingham's Darktown was preparing for a night of tranquil rest. Not so Esaw. Esaw's cosmic scheme had suddenly gone kerflooie. From roseate outlook the immediate future had become a dull drab thing. Esaw reached his boarding house, entered his ornately furnished room, tenderly placed high hat on the bureau, doffed his Prince Albert coat and seated himself on the bed.

Obviously there was nothing for him to do now save marry Mural. And that undertaking was hazardous. Heretofore he had feared Stylus, but only in a physical way. Now he was nauseatingly certain that Stylus had played him for a come-on in the most approved method. That he, Esaw, had been hoist by the petard of his own pool-shooting ego was a realization which came when all else had gone. Principally Mural's thousand dollars.

Well, Esaw sighed profoundly with a sigh which set his belt buckle to quivering—he would marry Mural and depart from Birmingham before the inevitable exposé. After all, the lines were not so terribly hard. Men had done worse than marry a pretty widow with money.

Esaw was still trembling at recollection of the pool session through which he had just come. Many times in his career he had sent the ivory balls scampering over the table with ten or even twenty-five dollars at stake. But two hundred dollars a game! Pool history had been made in Birmingham!

The front doorbell jangled suddenly. Esaw straightened. There was something ominous in that particular ring at this particular hour. Then he heard voices in the hall and his door was flung open. A man entered. The door closed. The man stood for one split second with his back against the door.

Esaw visioned a gentleman whose enormous size and square jaw betokened immeasurable brute strength. He was roughly dressed in a suit which had long since seen its best days. He wore upon a big head a cap of purplish plaid, which hung at a menacing angle. Tremendous apish arms swung easily—too easily—at his sides. He seemed to fill the entire side of the room.

Twice Esaw opened his lips to speak. They were dry, and his tongue refused point-blank to function. The man before him spelled trouble with a capital T, and Esaw knew it—knew it instinctively by the cold perspiration that beaded his pudgy little face and sent cold wriggles of apprehension cavorting up and down his spine.

For perhaps half a minute the tableau held. Then the stranger moved, ever so slightly. But that simple little movement of the body betokened annihilating power. Esaw again tried to speak, and succeeded only in emitting a shrill little "Oh!"

And then the voice of the stranger boomed into the room, filling the cramped space with appalling sonorousness.

"Mistuh Esaw Flemmin?"

"Y-y-y-y——" The monosyllable would not out and Esaw bobbed a fat affirmative.

"You is Esaw Flemmin?"

"Wh-wh-who says I ain't?" gasped Esaw.

"Who says you is? Does you?"

"I is; yassuh, I is."

"Ha!"

The dialogue became sickeningly static. The stranger said nothing. For perhaps two minutes he continued to say it. Then Esaw broke; his voice, piping shrill with hysteria, punctured the silence.

"Who you is?"

The eyes of the big man narrowed. The head was shoved forward by a bull-like neck. The lips opened and a name came forth like a knell o' doom.

"I is Clemint Gettins!"

"Clem-Clem——" Esaw wabbled his head from side to side. "Oh, my Lord!"

"I is Clemint Gettins!"

"No!" Esaw put out a pleading hand. "Please suh—you is daid."

"Does I look daid?"

"Nossuh, b-b-b-but Mural says ——"

"Is anybody ever saw my body? C'n anybody swear which was buried was I?"

"I ain't know nothin'. Oh-h-h! Lawsy!"

Another nerve-racking silence, broken by the newcomer.

"I is jes' gotten back."

"Back? Fum where?"

"From where I been at, over to Memphis. I ain't so big n'r strong like I useter be."

"Y-y-you ain't? I—I—I don't wonder that injine di'n't hu't you."

"No injine never hit me. That was some other feller."

"Insurance comp'ny says you is daid."

"That ain't daidin' me none, is it?"

"No-o, but ——"

"They ain't nobody knows I is heah." Esaw pricked up his ears hopefully. "Not even my wife. But I hearn 'bout you ca'yin' on fummadiddles with her an' sayin' you is been talkin' to me in heavum. I come straight to you."

"Wh-wh-what you is gwine do?"

Esaw bent forward eagerly. The stranger laughed harshly.

"Ise gwine step on you, cullud man, an' sqush you."

And then Esaw came to life. He was on his feet in an instant, pleading shrilly with the returned husband to spare him. Esaw knew that his game was up. What bothered him was that it was up so high that it bade fair never to come down. He recognized that this was his cue to get out of town and stay as far out of town as the diameter of the earth permitted.

He didn't have a chance, and he realized it poignantly. With the physical presence of Clemint Gettins to give the lie to his psychic pretensions, even the adoring Mural would be more than likely to doubt. And with her faith in him destroyed and news of his thousand-dollar pool game with Stylus bruited about, there was small chance that she would swallow any story about his having invested her money elsewhere.

And thereupon he bent himself to the task of placating the bloodthirsty husband of the Widow Gettins. He argued, he pleaded, he cajoled. And finally the big man nodded.

"I gives you fo' hours to gitten yo'se'f outen Bummin'ham," was his ultimatum. "If'n at the en' of that time you ain't went, then you is gwine be where you thunk I was at."

Esaw whirled, seized his suitcase and commenced piling clothes into it. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the big man thinking. Finally the other spoke.

"I wants a writin'."

"'Bout which?"

"The feller which was tellin' me 'bout you an' Mural also tol' me you had some money of hern. I wan's that money or I wan's a writin' sayin' you ain't gotten it. They's mo'n li'ble to be trouble with the 'surance comp'ny when I tu'ns up livin'."

For a second Esaw contemplated argument, then he saw the futility of such a course. He didn't know how much the stranger knew or how easily his ire might be roused. He seated himself on the bed, produced a gold-filigreed fountain pen and went to it. After ten minutes of arduous labor he handed over the writin'.

"*My dere mr. Clemint Getins:* this is to say on account you is hear And ant ded that all what i said bout you been ded is a lie and i ant been takkin to you in heven at all becoz you was not there. also where yore wife thinks her money is—it ant there neether. yrs. respeckfuly,

"ESAW FLEMMIN."

Clemint read the letter and grunted. Then he handed it back.

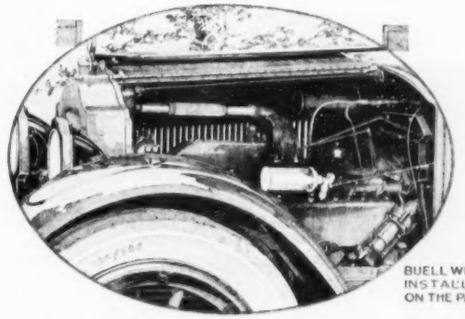
"'Tain't enough."

"'Tain't enough which?"

"Say sumthin' 'bout you is a fake; also what you done with the money."

More literary effort, and this appeared on the end of the letter:

"P. S.—i is a fake. i ant got no friends in heven at all And ant never spoke to them. also yore money which i had i gave it to stylus willuby."



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WARNS EVERY TIME



FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE

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Florsheim Oxfords are cool and perfect fitting. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

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Manufacturers Chicago



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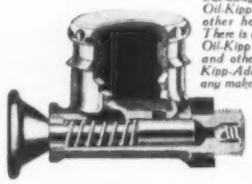
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Grease is merely a fibrous sponge, the pores of which are filled with oil.

After the oil is squeezed out, the fibrous part gums up the bearing surfaces of spring bolts and steering knuckles.

This gummed or caked grease prevents a new supply from reaching the bearing surfaces; squeaks, rattles and difficult steering result.

Oil-Kipps lubricate spring bolts with oil—heavy oil—shot through the drill holes and over the entire bearing surface.

They replace any kind of lubricating cup, gun or other device.

They are small magazine force-pumps that one filling loads with enough oil for a month. By simply snapping their spring plungers the entire chassis can be lubricated in three minutes—with heavy oil.

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Madison, Wisconsin

Oil-Kipps
KEEP CARS NEW

Madison Kipp

If your dealer does not carry them as yet, send for the free bulletin, "Silencing the Chassis."



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F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

Twenty minutes later, armed with an armistice promise of four hours and possessing in cash the whole of a sinking fund of twenty dollars which had been kept in his suitcase against just such an emergency, Esaw Flemmin started up a dark alley toward the Terminal Station.

As he emerged into Twenty-sixth Street he bumped into someone. He recoiled from the impact and found himself face to face with Stylus Willuby. The face of neither man reflected any enormous elation at the meeting. Stylus spoke:

"Who you runnin' into?"

"Nobody."

"Who ain't nobody?"

"You ain't nobody—you is somebody."

They stared at one another, and quite suddenly, quite inexplicably, Esaw Flemmin found himself in the grip of an idea.

The idea came to him all at once. Unlike most of the ideas which had belonged to Esaw in the past, he didn't have to think about having this one. It just came—full panoplied.

It was a wonderful idea, a stupendously marvelous one—an idea so fraught with keen satire, rich humor and good old-fashioned homely revenge that—if successful—it promised Esaw the opportunity of departing from Birmingham with shoulders back and head held high with pride.

His manner underwent a change. He smiled in a rather oily fashion and his voice came forth mellowly:

"They ain't no reason why I an' you cain't be frien's, is they, Brother Willuby?"

"Yes, they is," grunted Stylus, "an' you knows her name well as I do."

Esaw took on a sanctimonious expression.

"Pshaw! Brother Willuby, you misjedges me horrible. You must think Mural is in love with me."

"Wimmin is all fools," snorted Stylus.

"Mural ain't." Esaw planted himself firmly. "Brother Willuby, I wan's to see that woman happy, so I tells you heah an' now that she loves you an' wants to make ma'iage with you."

"What?"

"Tha's the truth. Take my advice an' go right down an' see her. Ast her will she ma'y you. She is gwine say yes. Come time she does, you grab her an' run right off to the preacher's house. Make a 'lopement with her. Git ma'ied right away. Will you do it?"

Stylus' face broadened into a hearty, healthy grin.

"Will I? Oh! Pickled tripe! Jes' won't I?" A brief pause, and then: "Brother Flemmin—you is sumthin', ain't you?"

When the Chattanooga accommodation pulled out from under the huge shed of the Terminal Station forty minutes later Esaw Flemmin was ensconced in a window seat, his mind happy in a picture of the bridal couple, Stylus and Mural—a bridal couple so superlatively blissful that the wrecking of their matrimonial bark at the very moment of its launching was to be ample revenge for the ignominy which had been heaped upon Esaw.

He envisioned the end of the four-hour period and the avalanchian appearance of the giant Clemint Gettins. He grinned broadly at thought of the utter extermination which was destined to settle about the shoulders of Stylus Willuby in the immediate future.

Then Esaw Flemmin dozed.

Back in Birmingham, Stylus was as good as his word. He sought Mural Gettins and suggested to her an immediate marriage. She held off coyly.

"S'posin' Brother Flemmin should happen along?"

"He ain't gwine to."

"How come not?"

"He's done lef' Bummin'ham, an' he's gwine to stay lef'."

"Says which?"

"Heah's the how of it, sweetness," explained the ardent Stylus. "When Esaw finished that pool game you is done a'ready hearn about where he los' that thousan' dollars of yourn to me, he foun' yo' daid husban' waitin' there to meet him."

"Clemint?"

"No—not Clemint, but Simeon Broughton; an' Simeon said he was Clemint. Y'see, honey lamb, I always knowed Esaw Flemmin was a fake, an' this heah proves it." And Stylus handed to Mural Brother Esaw Flemmin's confession.

Mural deciphered it meticulously. When she looked up her eyes were beaming.

"You went an' thunk of that scheme right outen yo' own haid, Stylus?"

"Yassum—all by my ownse'f. Is you gwine ma'y me?"

"Is I?" Mural snuggled her head on his breast. "They ain't ary woman could keep from ma'yin' a man with the brains what you is got; specially sence you is proved to her that her daid husban' is gwine min' his own business fum now on!"

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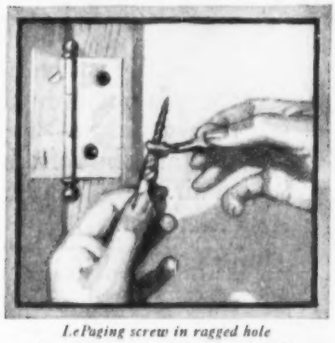
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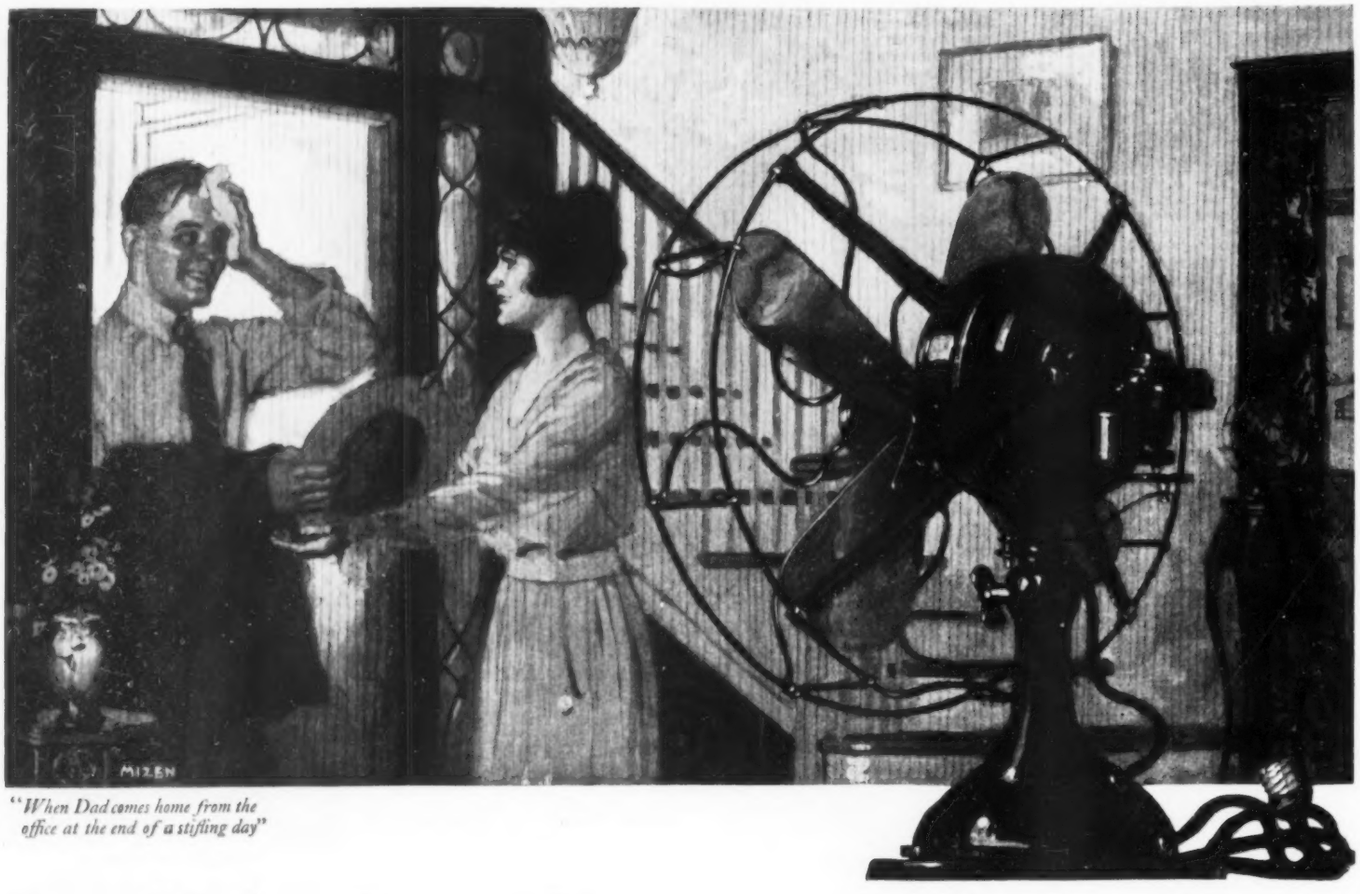


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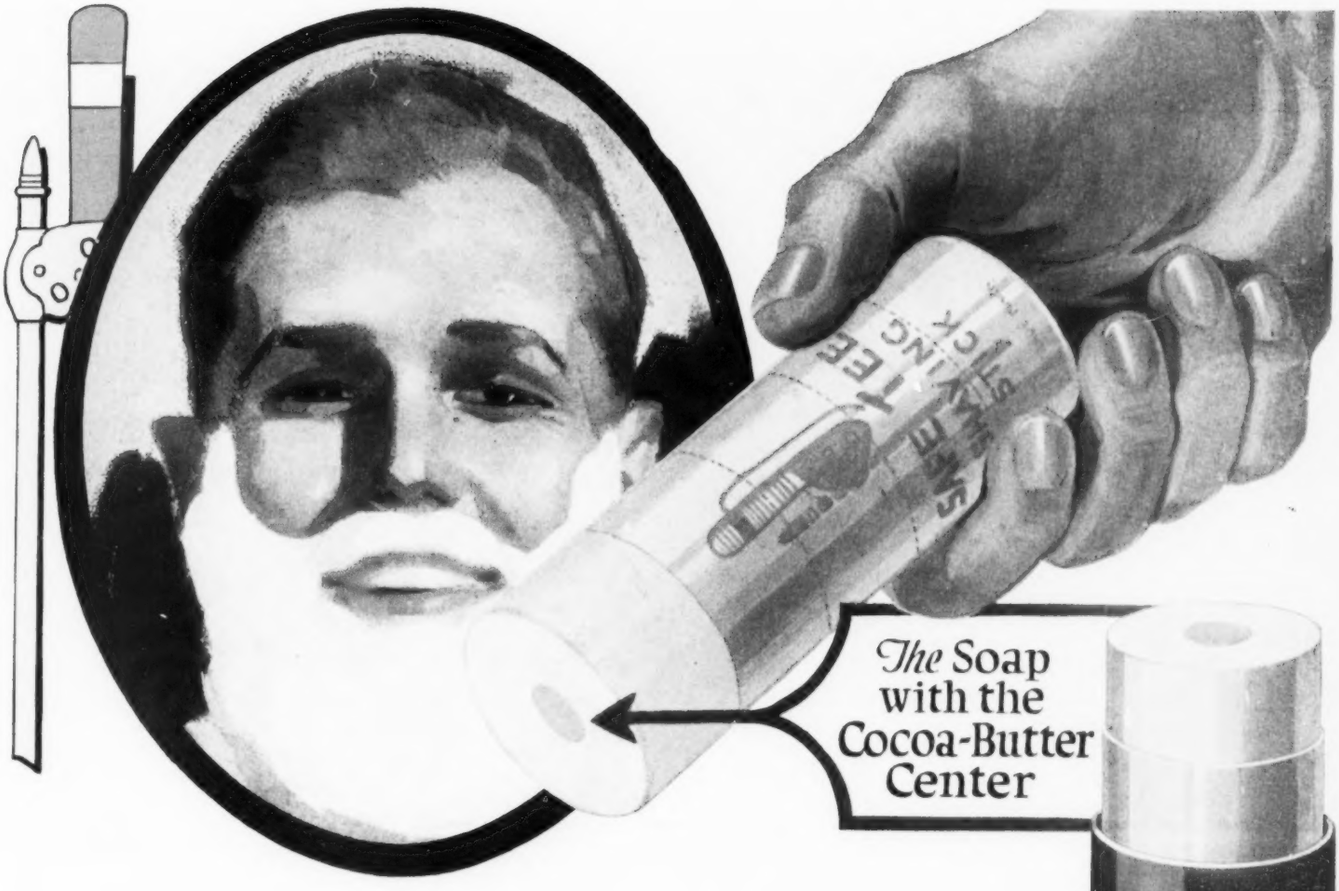
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Jay & Johnson Sts., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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